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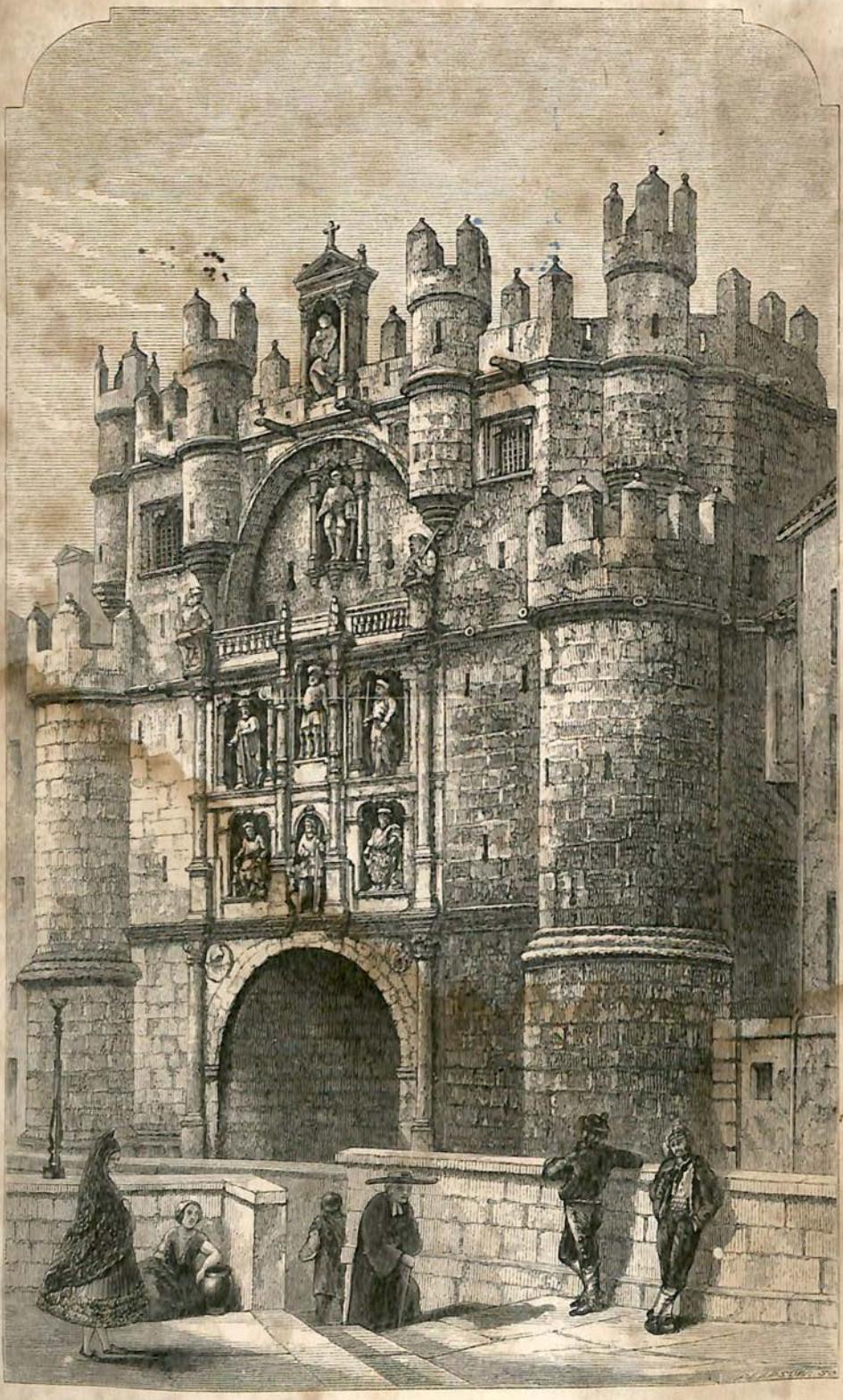

Gateway, Burgos.

IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN

IN

1866.

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BY

LADY HERBERT.

WITH FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

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TO

THE LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON,

WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED

MORE THAN ANY ONE IN ENGLAND

TO GIVE A HEALTHY AND RELIGIOUS TONE TO THE

POPULAR LITERATURE OF THE DAY,

AND WHOSE WORKS ARE AN INDEX OF HER HOLY HIDDEN LIFE,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

Oct. 26, 1866.

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IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

ST. SEBASTIAN AND BURGOS.

WHAT is it that we seek for, we Englishmen and Englishwomen, who, year by year, about the month of November, are seen crowding the Folkestone and Dover steam-boats, with that unmistakable 'going abroad' look of travelling—bags, and wideawakes, and bundles of wraps, and alpaca gowns? I think it may be comprised in one word:—*sunshine.* This dear old land of ours, with all its luxuries, and all its comforts, and all its associations of home and people, still lacks one thing—and that is climate. For climate means health to one half of us; and health means power of enjoyment; for, without it, the most perfect of homes (and nowhere is that word understood so well as in England) is spoiled and saddened. So, in pursuit of this great boon, a widow lady

and her children, with a doctor and two other friends, started off in the winter of 186–, in spite of ominous warnings of revolutions, and grim stories of brigands, for that comparatively unvisited country called Spain. As far as St. Sebastian the journey was absolutely without interest or adventure of any kind. The express train dashed them past houses and villages, and picturesque old towns with fine church towers, from Paris to Bordeaux, and from Bordeaux to Bayonne, and so on past the awful frontier, the scene of so many passages-at-arms between officials and ladies' maids, till they found themselves crossing the picturesque bridge which leads to the little town of St. Sebastian, with its beach of fine sand, washed by the long billowy waves of the Atlantic on the one hand, and its riant, well-cultivated little Basque farms on the other. As to the town itself, time and the prefect may eventually make it a second Biarritz, as in every direction lodging-houses are springing up, till it will become what one of Dickens' heroes would call 'the most sea-bathingest place' that ever was! But at present it is a mass of rough stone and lime and scaffolding; and the one straight street leading from the hotel to the Church of S. Maria, with the castle above, are almost all that remains of the

old town which stood so many sieges and was looked upon as the key of Northern Spain. The hotel appeared but tolerably comfortable to our travellers, fresh from the luxuries of Paris. When they returned, four or five months later, they thought it a perfect paradise of comfort and cleanliness. After wandering through the narrow streets, and walking into one or two uninteresting churches, it was resolved to climb up to the citadel which commands the town, and to which the ascent is by a fair zig-zag road, like that which leads to Dover Castle. A small garrison remains in the keep, which is also a military prison. The officers received our party very courteously, inviting them to walk on the battlements, and climb up to the flag-staff, and offering them the use of their large telescope for the view, which is certainly magnificent, especially towards the sea. There is a tiny chapel in the fortress, in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. It was pleasant to see the sentinel presenting arms to IT each time his round brought him past the ever open door. On the hill-side, a few monumental slabs, let in here and there into the rock, and one or two square tombs, mark the graves of the Englishmen killed during the siege, and also in the Don Carlos revolution. Of the siege itself, and

of the historical interest attached to St. Sebastian, we will say nothing: are they not written in the book of the chronicles of Napier and Napoleon?

The following morning, after a fine and crowded service at the Church of S. Maria, where they first saw the beautiful Spanish custom of the women being all veiled, and in black, two of the party started at seven in the morning, in a light carriage, for Loyola. The road throughout is beautiful, reminding one of the Tyrol, with picturesque villages, old Roman bridges, quaint manor-houses, with coats of arms emblazoned over their porticoes; rapid, clear trout-streams and fine glimpses of snowy mountains on the left, and of the bright blue sea on the right. The flowers too were lovely. There was a dwarf blue bugloss of an intensity of colour which is only equalled by the large forget-me-not on the mountain-sides of Lebanon. The peasants are all small proprietors. They were cultivating their fields in the most primitive way, father, mother, and children working the ground with a two-pronged fork like this: , called by them a 'laya;' but the result was certainly satisfactory. They speak a language as utterly hopeless for a foreigner to

understand as Welsh or Gaelic. The saying among the Andalusians is, that the devil, who is no fool, spent seven years in Bilboa studying the Basque dialect, and learnt three words only; and of their pronunciation they add, that the Basque write 'Solomon,' and pronounce it 'Nebuchadnezzar!' Be this as it may, they are a contented, happy, prosperous, sober race, rarely leaving their own country, to which they are passionately attached, and deserving, by their independence and self-reliance, their name of 'Bayascogara' —'Somos bastantes.'

Passing through the baths of Certosa, the mineral springs of which are much frequented by the Spaniards in summer, our travellers came, after a four hours' drive, to Azpeitia, a walled town, with a fine church containing the 'pila,' or font, in which St. Ignatius was baptized. Here the good-natured curé, Padre G——, met them, and insisted on escorting them to the great college of Loyola, which is about a mile from the town. It has a fine Italian façade, and is built in a fertile valley round the house of St. Ignatius, the college for missionary priests being on one side, and a florid, domed, circular marble church on the other. The whole is thoroughly Roman in its aspect, but not so beautiful as the Gothic buildings of the

south. They first went into the church, which is very rich in jaspers, marbles, and mosaics, the marbles being brought from the neighbouring mountains. The cloisters at the back are still unfurnished; but the entrance to the monastery is of fine and good proportions, and the corridors and staircase are very handsome. Between the church and the convent is a kind of covered cloister, leading to the 'Santuario,' the actual house in which the saint was born and lived. The outside is in raised brickwork, of curious old geometrical patterns; and across the door is the identical wooden bar which in old times served as protection to the château. Entering the low door, you see on your right a staircase; and on your left a long low room on the ground-floor, in which is a picture of the Blessed Virgin. Here the saint was born: his mother, having a particular devotion to the Virgin, insisted on being brought down here to be confined. Going up the stairs, to a kind of corridor used as a confessional, you come first to the Chapel of St. Francis Borgia, where he said his first mass. Next to it is one dedicated to Marianne di Jesu, the 'Lily of Quito,' with a beautiful picture of the South American saint over the high altar. To the left again is another chapel, and here St. François Xavier, the

Apostle of the Indies, said his mass before starting on his glorious evangelical mission. Ascending a few steps higher, their guide led them into a long low room, richly decorated and gilt, and full of pictures of the different events of the life of the saint. A gilt screen divided the ante-chapel from the altar, raised on the very spot where he lay so long with his wounded leg, and where he was inspired by the Blessed Virgin to renounce the world, and devote himself, body and soul, to the work of God. There is a representation of him in white marble under the altar as he lay; and opposite, a portrait, in his soldier's dress, said to be taken from life, and another of him afterwards, when he had become a priest. It is a beautiful face, with strong purpose and high resolve in every line of the features.

In the sacristy is the 'baldachino,' or tester of his bed, in red silk. It was in this room that he first fell sick and took to reading the Lives of the Saints to amuse himself, there being no other book within reach. Such are the 'common ways' which we blindly call 'accidents,' in which God leads those whom He chooses, like Saul, for His special service. The convent contains 30 fathers and 25 lay brothers. There are about 120 students, a fine library, refectory, &c. They have a large

day-school of poor children, whom they instruct in Basque and Spanish; and distribute daily a certain number of dinners, soup, and bread, to the sick poor of the neighbouring villages, about twenty of whom were waiting at the buttery door for their daily supply.

The English strangers, taking leave of the kind and courteous fathers, had luncheon at a little 'posada' close by, where the hostess insisted on their drinking some of the cider of the country, which the doctor, himself a Devonshire man, was obliged to confess excelled that of his own country. The good curé entertained them meanwhile with stories of his people, who appear to be very like the Highlanders, both in their merits and their faults. Some of their customs seem to be derived from pagan times, such as that of offering bread and wine on the tombs of those they love on the anniversary of their death; a custom in vogue in the early days of Christianity, and mentioned by St. Augustine in his 'Confessions' as being first put a stop to by St. Ambrose, at Milan, on account of the abuses which had crept into the practice. The drive back was, if possible, even more beautiful than that of the morning, and they reached St. Sebastian at eight o'clock, delighted with their expedition.

The next day they started for Burgos, by rail, only stopping for a few minutes on their way to the station to see the 'Albergo dei Poveri,' a hospital and home for incurables, nursed by the Spanish sisters of charity. They are affiliated to the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and follow their rule, but do not wear the 'white cornette' of the French sisters.

The railroad in this part of Spain has been carried through most magnificent scenery, which appeared to our travellers like a mixture of Poussin and Salvator Rosa. Fine purple mountains, still sprinkled with snow, with rugged and jagged peaks standing out against the clear blue sky, and with waterfalls and beautiful streams rushing down their sides; an underwood of chesnut and beech-trees; deep valleys, with little brown villages and bright white convents perched on rising knolls, and picturesque bridges spanning the little streams as they dashed through the gorges; and then long tracks of bright rose-coloured heather, out of which rose big boulder-stones or the wayside cross; the whole forming, as it were, a succession of beautiful pictures such as would delight the heart of a painter, both as to composition and colouring. No one can say much for the pace at which the Spanish railways travel; yet

are they all too quick in scenery such as this, when one longs to stop and sketch at every turn. Suddenly, however, the train came to a standstill: an enormous fragment of rock had fallen across the line in the night, burying a luggage-train, but fortunately without injury to its drivers; and our party had no alternative but to get out, with their manifold bags and packages, and walk across the débris to another train, which, fortunately, was waiting for them on the opposite side of the chasm. A little experience of Spanish travelling taught them to expect such incidents half-a-dozen times in the course of the day's journey; but at first it seemed startling and strange. They reached Burgos at six, and found themselves in a small but very decent 'fonda,' where the daughter of the landlord spoke a little French, to their great relief. They had had visions of Italian serving nearly as well as Spanish for making themselves understood by the people; but this idea was rudely dispelled the very first day of their arrival in Spain. Great as the similarity may be in reading, the accent of the Spaniard makes him utterly incomprehensible to the bewildered Italian scholar; and the very likeness of some words increases the difficulty when he finds that, according to the pronunciation, a

totally different meaning is attached to them. For instance, one of the English ladies, thinking to please the mistress of the house, made a little speech to her about the beauty and cleanliness of her kitchen, using the right word (*cocina*), but pronouncing it with the Italian accent. She saw directly she had committed a blunder, though Spanish civility suppressed the laugh at her expense. She found afterwards that the word she had used, with the 'ci' *soft*, meant a female pig. And this was only a specimen of mistakes hourly committed by all who adventured themselves in this unknown tongue.

A letter of introduction procured for our travellers an instant admission to the Cardinal Archbishop, who received them most kindly, and volunteered to be their escort over the cathedral. He had been educated at Ushaw, and spoke English fluently and well. He had a very pretty little chapel in his palace, with a picture in it of Sta. Maria della Pace at Rome, from whence he derives his cardinal's title.

The cathedral at Burgos, with the exception of Toledo, is the most beautiful Gothic building in Spain. It was begun by Bishop Maurice, an Englishman, and a great friend of St. Ferdinand's, in the year 1220. The spires, with their lacework

carving; the doorways, so rich in sculpture; the rose-windows, with their exquisite tracery; the beautiful lantern-shaped clerestory; the curious double staircase of Diego de Siloe; the wonderful 'retablos' behind the altars, of the finest wood-carving; the magnificent marble and alabaster monuments in the side chapels, vying with one another in beauty and richness of detail; the wonderful wood-carving of the stalls in the choir; the bas-reliefs carved in every portion of the stone; in fact, every detail of this glorious building is equally perfect; and even in Southern Spain, that paradise for lovers of cathedrals, can scarcely be surpassed. The finest of the monuments are those of the Velasco family, the hereditary high-constable of Castile. They are of Carrara marble, resting upon blocks of jasper: at the feet of the lady lies a little dog, as the emblem of 'Fidelity.' Over the doorway of this chapel, leading to a tiny sacristy, are carved the arms of Jerusalem. In the large sacristy is a Magdalen, by Leonardo da Vinci; and some exquisite church plate, in gold and enamel, especially a chalice, a processional cross, a pax, &c. In the first chapel on the right, as you enter by the west door, is a very curious figure of Christ, brought from the Holy Land, with real hair and

skin; but painful in the extreme, and almost grotesque from the manner in which it has been dressed. This remark, however, applies to almost all the images of Christ and of the Blessed Virgin throughout Spain, which are rendered both sad and ludicrous to English eyes from the petticoats and finery with which modern devotion has disfigured them. This crucifix, however, is greatly venerated by the people, who call it 'The Christ of Burgos,' and on Sundays or holidays there is no possibility of getting near it, on account of the crowd. In the Chapel of the Visitation are three more beautiful monuments, and a very fine picture of the Virgin and Child, by Sebastian del Piombo. But it was impossible to take in every portion of this cathedral at once; and so our travellers went on to the cloisters, passing through a beautiful pointed doorway, richly carved, which leads to the chapter-house, now a receptacle for lumber, but containing the chest of the Cid, regarding which the old chronicle says: 'He filled it with sand, and then, telling the Jews it contained gold, raised money on the security.' In justice to the hero, however, we are bound to add, that when the necessities of the war were over, he repaid both principal and interest. Leaving, at last, the cloisters and cathedral, and taking leave of the

kind archbishop, our party drove to the Town Hall, where, in a walnut-wood urn, are kept the bones of the Cid, which were removed twenty years ago from their original resting-place at Cardena. The sight of them strengthened their resolve to make a pilgrimage to his real tomb, which is in a Benedictine convent about eight miles from the town. Starting, therefore, in two primitive little carriages, guiltless of springs, they crossed the river and wound up a steep hill till they came in sight of *Miraflores*, the great Carthusian convent, which, seen from a distance, strongly resembles Eton College Chapel. It was built by John II. for a royal burial-place, and was finished by Isabella of Castile. Arriving at the monastery, from whence the monks have been expelled, and which is now tenanted by only one or two lay brothers of the Order, they passed through a long cloister, shaded by fine cypresses, into the church, in the chancel of which is that which may really be called one of the seven wonders of the world. This is the alabaster sepulchre of John II. and his wife, the father and mother of Queen Isabella, with their son, the Infante Alonso, who died young. In richness of detail, delicacy of carving, and beauty of execution, the work of these monuments is perfectly unrivalled—

the very material seems to be changed into Mechlin lace. The artist was Maestro Gil, the father of the famous Diego de Siloe, who carved the staircase in the cathedral. He finished it in 1493 ; and one does not wonder at Philip II.'s exclamation when he saw it : ' *We* have done nothing at the Escurial.' In the sacristy is a wonderful statue of St. Bruno, carved in wood, and so beautiful and life-like in expression, that it was difficult to look at anything else.

Leaving Miraflores, our travellers broke tenderly to their coachmen their wish to go on to Cardena. One of them utterly refused, saying the road was impassable ; the other, *moyennant* an extra gratuity, undertook to try it, but stipulated that the gentleman should walk, and the ladies do the same, if necessary. Winding round the convent garden walls, and then across a bleak wild moor, they started, and soon found themselves involved in a succession of ruts and Sloughs of Despond which more than justified the hesitation of their driver. On the coach-box was an imp of a boy, whose delight consisted in quickening the fears of the most timid among the ladies by invariably making the horses gallop at the most difficult and precipitous parts of the road, and then turning round and grinning at the fright he had given

them. It is needless to say that the carriage was not his property. At last, the horses came to a stand-still; they could go no farther, and the rest of the way had to be done on foot. But our travellers were not to be pitied; for the day was lovely, and the path across the moor was studded with flowers. At last, on climbing over a steep hill which had intercepted their view, they came on a lovely panorama, with a background of blue mountains tipped with snow; a wooded glen, in which the brown convent nestled, and a wild moor foreground, across which long strings of mules with gay trappings, driven by peasants in Spanish costumes, exactly as represented in Ansdell's paintings, were wending their way towards the city. Tired as some of our party were, this glorious view seemed to give them fresh strength, and they rapidly descended the hill by the hollow path leading to the convent. Over the great entrance is a statue of the Cid, mounted on his favourite horse, 'Babicca,' who bore him to his last resting-place, and was afterwards buried beside the master he loved so well. But the grand old building seemed utterly deserted, and a big mastiff, fastened by an ominously slight chain to the doorway, appeared determined to defy their attempts to enter. At last, one of them, more courageous than the rest,

tempting the Cerberus with the remains of her luncheon, got past him, and wandered through the cloister, up a fine staircase to a spacious corridor, in hopes of finding a guide to show them the way to the chapel, where lay the object of their expedition, i.e., the monument of the Cid. But she was only answered by the echo of her own footsteps. The cells were empty; the once beautiful library gutted and destroyed; the refectory had nothing in it but bare walls—the whole place was like a city of the dead. At last, she discovered a staircase leading down to a cloister on the side opposite the great entrance, and there a low-arched door, which she found ajar, admitted her into the deserted church. The tomb of the Cid has been removed from the high altar to a side chapel; and there is interred, likewise, his faithful and devoted wife Ximena, and their two daughters. On his shield is emblazoned the 'tizona,' or sparkling brand, which the legends affirm he always carried in his hand, and with which he struck terror into the hearts of the infidels. This church and convent, built for the Benedictines by the Princess Sancho, in memory of her son Theodoric, who was killed out hunting, was sacked by the Moors in the ninth century, when 200 of the monks were murdered. A tablet

in the south transept still remains, recording the massacre; but the monument of Theodoric has been mutilated and destroyed. The Christian spoilers have done their work more effectually than the Moslem! Sorrowfully our travellers left this beautiful spot, thinking bitterly on the so-called age of progress which had left the abode of so much learning and piety to the owls and the bats; and partly walking, partly driving, returned without accident to the city. One more memento of the Cid at Burgos deserves mention. It is the lock on which he compelled the king, Alonso VI., to swear that he had had no part in his brother Sancho's assassination at Zamora. All who wished to confirm their word with a solemn oath used to touch it, till the practice was abolished by Isabella, and the lock itself hung up in the old Church of St. Gadea, on the way to the Castle Hill, where it still rests. This is the origin of the peasant custom of closing the hand and raising the thumb, which they kiss in token of asseveration; and in like manner we have the old Highland saying: 'There's my thumb. I'll not betray you.'

Another charming expedition was made on the following day to Las Huelgas, the famous Cistercian nunnery, built in some gardens outside

the town by Alonso VIII. and his wife Leonora, daughter of our king Henry II.

When one of the ladies had asked the cardinal for a note of introduction to the abbess, he had replied, laughing: 'I am afraid it would not be of much use to you. She certainly is not under my jurisdiction, and I am not sure whether she does not think I am under hers!' No lady abbess certainly ever had more extraordinary privileges. She is a Princess Palatine—styled 'by the Grace of God'—and has feudal power over all the lands and villages round. She appoints her own priests and confessors, and has a hospital about a mile from the convent, nursed by the sisters, and entirely under her control. After some little delay at the porter's lodge, owing to their having come at the inconvenient hour of dinner, our party were ushered into the parlour, and there, behind a grille, saw a beautiful old lady, dressed in wimple and coif, exactly like a picture in the time of Chaucer. This was the redoubtable lady abbess. There are twenty-seven choir nuns and twenty-five lay sisters in the convent, and they follow the rule of St. Bernard. The abbess first showed them the Moorish standard, beautifully embroidered, taken at the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, in 1180. A curious old fresco

representing this battle remains over the arch of the church. She then took them to the choir, which is very rich in carving, and contains the tombs of the founders, Alonso and Leonora, and also of a number of Infantas, whose royal bodies are placed in richly carved Gothic sepulchres, resting on lions, on each side of the choir. In the church is a curious hammered iron gilt pulpit, in which St. Vincent de Ferrer preached. Here St. Ferdinand and Alonso XI. knighted themselves, and here our own king, Edward I., received the honour of knighthood at the hands of Alonso el Sabio.

The church is a curious jumble of different dates of architecture; but there is a beautiful tower and doorway, some very interesting old monuments, and a fine double rose-window. The cloisters are very beautiful, with round-headed arches, grouped pillars, and Norman capitals. The lady abbess then ordered one of the priests of the convent to take her English visitors to see their hospital, called 'Del Rey,' the walk to which from the convent is through pleasant fields like English meadows. It is admirably managed and nursed by the nuns. Each patient has a bed in a recess, which makes, as it were, a little private room for each, and this is lined with 'azulejos,' or coloured

tiles, up to a certain height, giving that clean bright look which distinguishes the Spanish hospitals from all others. At the end of each ward was a little altar, where mass is daily performed for the sick. There are fifty men and fifty women, and the surgical department was carefully supplied with all the best and newest instruments, which the surgeon was eager to show off to the doctor, the only one of the party worthy of the privilege. The wards opened into a 'patio,' or court, with seats and bright flowers, where the patients who could leave their beds were sitting out and sunning themselves. Altogether, it is a noble institution; and one must hope that the ruthless hand of government will not destroy it in common with the other charitable foundations of Spain.

CHAPTER II.

MADRID.

But the cold winds blew sharply, and our travellers resolved to hurry south, and reserve the further treasures of Burgos for inspection on their return. The night train conveyed them safely to Madrid, where they found a most comfortable hotel in the 'Ville de Paris,' lately opened by an enterprising Frenchman, in the 'Puerta del Sol;' and received the kindest of welcomes from the English minister, the Count T. D., and other old friends. It was Sunday morning, and the first object was to find a church near at hand. These are not wanting in Madrid, but all are modern, and few in good taste: the nicest and best served is undoubtedly that of 'St. Louis des Français,' though the approach to it through the crowded market is rather disagreeable early in the morning. The witty writer of 'Les Lettres d'Espagne' says truly: 'Madrid *ne me dit rien*: c'est moderne, aligné, propre et civilisé.' As for the climate, it

Madrid.

is detestable: bitterly cold in winter, the east wind searching out every rheumatic joint in one's frame, and pitilessly driving round the corners of every street; burning hot in summer, with a glare and dust which nearly equal that of Cairo in a simoom.

The Gallery, however, compensates for all. Our travellers had spent months at Florence, at Rome, at Dresden, and fancied that nothing could come up to the Pitti, the Uffizi, or the Vatican—that no picture could equal the 'San Sisto;' but they found they had yet much to learn. No one who has not been in Spain can so much as imagine what Murillo is. In England, he is looked upon as the clever painter of picturesque brown beggar-boys: there is not one of these subjects to be found in Spain, from St. Sebastian to Gibraltar! At Madrid, at Cadiz, but especially at Seville, one learns to know him as he is—i. e. the great mystical religious painter of the seventeenth century, embodying in his wonderful conceptions all that is most sublime and ecstatic in devotion, and in the representation of Divine love. The English minister, speaking of this one day to a lady of the party, explained it very simply, by saying that the English generally only carried off those of his works in which the Catholic feeling was not

so strongly displayed. It would be hopeless to attempt to describe all his pictures in the Madrid Gallery. The Saviour and St. John, as boys, drinking out of a shell, is perhaps the most delicate and exquisite in colouring and expression; but the 'Conception' surpasses all. No one should compare it with the Louvre pictures of the same subject. There is a refinement, a tenderness, and a beauty in the Madrid 'Conception' entirely wanting in the one stolen by the French. Then there is Velasquez, with his inimitable portraits; full of droll originality, as the 'Æsop;' or of deep historical interest, as his 'Philip IV.;' or of sublime piety, as in his 'Crucifixion,' with the hair falling over one side of the Saviour's face, which the pierced and fastened hands cannot push aside: each and all are priceless treasures, and there must be sixty or seventy in that one long room. Ford says that 'Velasquez is the Homer of the Spanish school, of which Murillo is the Virgil.' Then there are Riberas, and Zurbarans, Divino Morales, Juan Joanes, Alonso Caño, and half-a-dozen other artists, whose very names are scarcely known out of Spain, and all of whose works are impregnated with that mystic, devotional, self-sacrificing spirit which is the essence of Catholicism. The Italian school is equally magnificently

represented. There are exquisite Raphaels; one especially, 'La Perla,' once belonging to our Charles I., and sold by the Puritans to the Spanish king; the 'Spasimo,' the 'Vergin del Pesce,' &c.; beautiful Titians, not only portraits, but one, a 'Magdalen,' which is unknown to us by engravings or photographs in England, where, in a green robe, she is flying from the assaults of the devil, represented by a monstrous dragon, and in which the drawing is as wonderful as the colouring; beautiful G. Bellinis, and Luinis, and Andrea del Sartos (especially one of his wife), and Paul Veronese, and others of the Venetian and Milanese schools. In a lower room there are Dutch and Flemish chefs-d'œuvre without end: Rubens, and Vandyke, and Teniers, and Breughel, and Holbein, and the rest. It is a gallery bewildering from the number of its pictures, but with the rare merit of almost all being good; and they are so arranged that the visitor can see them with perfect comfort at any hour of the day. In the ante-room to the long gallery are some pictures of the present century, but none are worth looking at save Goya's pictures of the wholesale massacre of the Spanish prisoners by the French, which are not likely to soften the public feeling of bitterness and hostility towards that nation.

There is nothing very good in sculpture, only two of the antiques being worth looking at; but there is a fine statue of Charles V., and a wonderfully beautiful St. John of God, carrying a sick man out of the burning hospital on his back, which is modern, but in admirable taste. Neglected, in some side cupboards, and several of them broken and covered with dust and dirt, are some exquisite tazzas of Benvenuto Cellini, D'Arphes, and Becériles, in lapis, jade, agate, and enamel, finer than any to be seen even in the Grüne Gewölbe of Dresden. There is a gold mermaid, studded with rubies, and with an emerald tail, and a cup with an enamelled jewelled border and stand, which are perfectly unrivalled in beauty of workmanship. Then, in addition to this matchless gallery, Madrid has its 'Academia,' containing three of Murillo's most magnificent conceptions. One is 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary,' washing the wounds of the sick, her fair young face and delicate white hands forming a beautiful contrast with the shrivelled brown old woman in the foreground. The expression of the saint's countenance is that of one absorbed in her work and yet looking beyond it.* The other is the

* This picture was stolen from the Caridad, at Seville, by the French, and afterwards sent back to Madrid, where it still remains.

'Dream,' in which the Blessed Virgin appears to the founder of the Church of S. Maria della Neve (afterwards called S. Maria Maggiore) and his wife, and suggests to them the building of a church on a spot at Rome, which would be indicated to them by a fall of snow, though it was then in the month of August. In the third picture the founder and his wife are kneeling at the feet of the Pope, telling him of their vision, and imploring his benediction on their work. These two famous pictures were taken by Soult from Seville, and are of a lunette shape, being made to fit the original niche for which they were painted: both are unequalled for beauty of colour and design, and have recently been magnificently engraved, by order of the government.

But apart from its galleries, Madrid is a disappointment; there is no antiquity or interest attached to any of its churches or public buildings. The daily afternoon diversion is the drive on the Prado; amusing from the crowd, perhaps, but where, with the exception of the nurses, all national costume has disappeared. There are scarcely any mantillas; but Faubourg St.-Germain bonnets, in badly assorted colours, and horrible and exaggerated crinolines, replacing the soft, black, flowing dresses of the south. It is, in fact, a bad *réchauffé*

of the Bois de Boulogne. The queen, in a carriage drawn by six or eight mules, surrounded by her escort, and announced by trumpeters, and the infantas, following in similar carriages, form the only 'event' of the afternoon. Poor lady! how heartily sick she must be of this promenade! She is far more pleasing-looking than her pictures give her credit for, and has a frank kind manner which is an indication of her good and simple nature. Her children are most carefully brought up, and very well educated by the charming English authoress, Madame Calderon de la Barca, well known by her interesting work on Mexico. On Saturdays, the queen and the royal family always drive to Atocha, a church at the extreme end of the Prado, in vile taste, but containing the famous image of the Virgin, the patroness of Spain, to whom all the royalties are specially devoted. It is a black image, but almost invisible from the gorgeous jewels and dresses with which it is adorned.

One of the shows of Madrid is the royal stables, which are well worth a visit. There are upwards of 250 horses, and 200 fine mules; the backs of the latter are invariably shaved down to a certain point, which gives them an uncomfortable appearance to English eyes, but is the custom throughout Spain. One lady writer asserts that

'it is more modest!' There is a charming little stud belonging to the Prince Imperial, which includes two tiny mules not bigger than dogs, but in perfect proportions, about the size required to drag a perambulator. Some of the horses are English and thoroughbred, but a good many are of the heavy-crested Velasquez type. The carriages are of every date, and very curious. Among them is one in which Philip I. (le Bel) was said to have been poisoned, and in which his wife, Jeanne la Folle, still insisted on dragging him out, believing he was only asleep.

More interesting to some of our party than horses and stables were the charitable institutions in Madrid, which are admirable and very numerous. It was on the 12th of November, 1856, that the Mère Dévos, afterwards Mère Générale of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, started with four or five of her sisters of charity to establish their first house in Madrid. They had many hardships and difficulties to encounter, but loving perseverance conquered them all. The sisters now number between forty and fifty, distributed in three houses in different parts of the city, with more than 1,000 children in their schools and orphanages, the whole being under the superintendence of the Sœur Gottofrey, the able and charming French

'provincial' of Spain. The queen takes a lively interest in their success, and most of the ladies of her court are more or less affiliated to them. There are branch houses of these French sisters at Malaga, Granada, Barcelona, and other towns; and they are now beginning to undertake district visiting, as well as the care of the sick and the education of children—a proceeding which they were obliged to adopt with caution, owing to the strong prejudice felt in Spain towards any religious orders being seen outside their 'clausura,' and also towards their dress, the white cornette, which, to eyes unaccustomed to anything but black veils, appeared outrageous and unsuitable. The Spanish sisters of charity, though affiliated to them, following the rule of St. Vincent, and acknowledging N.T. H. Père Étienne as their superior, still refuse to wear the cornette, and substitute a simple white cap and black veil. These Spanish sisters have the charge of the magnificent Foundling Hospital, which receives upwards of 1,000 children; of the hospital called Las Recogidas, for penitents; of the General Hospital, where the sick are admirably cared for, and to which is attached a wing for patients of an upper class, who pay a small sum weekly, and have all the advantages of the clever surgery and careful nursing of the hospital (an

arrangement sadly needed in our English hospitals); of the Hospicio de S. Maria del Cármen, founded by private charity, for the old and incurables; of the infant school, or 'salle d'asile,' where the children are fed as well as taught; and of the Albergo dei Poveri, equivalent to what we should call a workhouse in England, but which we cannot desecrate by such a name when speaking of an establishment conducted on the highest and noblest rules of Christian charity, and where the orphans find not only loving care and tender watchfulness, but admirable industrial training, fitting them to fill worthily any employments to which their natural inclination may lead them. The Sacré Cœur have a large establishment for the education of the upper classes at Chaumartin de la Rosa, a suburb of Madrid, about four miles from the town. It was founded by the Marquesa de Villa Nueva, a most saint-like person, whose house adjoins, and in fact forms part of, the convent—her bedroom leading into a tribune overlooking the chapel and the Blessed Sacrament. The view from the large garden, with the mountains on the one hand, and the stone pine woods on the other, is very pretty, and unlike anything else in the neighbourhood of Madrid. The superior, a charming person, showed the ladies all over the house, which is large,

commodious, and airy, and in which they have already upwards of eighty pupils. They have a very pretty chapel, and in the parlour a very beautiful picture of St. Elizabeth, by a modern artist.

One more 'lion' was visited before leaving Madrid, and that was the Armoury, which is indeed well worth a long and careful examination. The objects it contains are all of deep historical interest. There is a collar-piece belonging to Philip II., with scenes from the battle of St. Quentin exquisitely carved; a helmet taken from the unfortunate Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Granada; beautiful Moorish arms and Turkish banners taken at the battle of Lepanto, in old Damascus inlaid-work; the swords of Boabdil, and of Ferdinand and Isabella; the armour of the Cid, of Christopher Columbus, of Charles V., of St. Ferdinand, and of Philip II.; the carriage of Charles V., looking like a large bassinet; exquisite shields, rapiers, swords, and helmets; some very curious gold ornaments, votive crowns, and crosses of the seventh century; and heaps of other treasures too numerous to be here detailed. But our travellers were fairly exhausted by their previous sight-seeing, and gladly reserved their examination of the rest to a future day. At all times, a *return* to a place is more interesting.

than a first visit; for in the latter, one is oppressed by the feeling of the quantity to be seen and the short time there is to see it in, and so the intense anxiety and fatigue destroy half one's enjoyment of the objects themselves. That evening they were to leave the biting east winds of Madrid for the more genial climate of sunny Malaga; and so, having made sundry very necessary purchases, including mantillas and chocolate, and having eaten what turned out to be their last good dinner for a very long time, they started off by an eight o'clock train for Cordova, which was to be their halting-place midway. On reaching Alcazar, about one o'clock in the morning, they had to change trains, as the one in which they were branched off to Valencia; and for two hours they were kept waiting for the Cordova train. Oh! the misery of those wayside stations in Spain! One long low room filled with smokers and passengers of every class, struggling for chocolate, served in dirty cups by uncivil waiters, with insufficient seats and scant courtesy: no wonder that the Spaniards consider our waiting-rooms real palaces. You have no alternative in the winter season but to endure this fœtid, stifling atmosphere, and be blinded with smoke, or else to freeze and shiver outside, where there are no benches at all, and your only

hope is to get a corner of a wall against which you can lean and be sheltered from the bitter wind. The arrival of the up train brought, therefore, unmixed joy to our party, who managed to secure a compartment to themselves without any smokers (a rare privilege in Spain), and thus got some sleep for a few hours. At six o'clock the train stopped, the railroad went no farther; so the passengers turned out somewhat ruefully in the cold, and gazed with dismay at the lumbering dirty diligences, looking as if they had come out of the Ark, which were drawn up, all in a row, at the station door, with ten, twelve, or fourteen mules harnessed to each, and by which they and their luggage were to be conveyed for the next eight hours. The station-master was a Frenchman, and with great civility, during the lading of the diligences, gave up to the ladies his own tiny bedroom and some fresh water to wash themselves a little and make themselves comfortable after their long night journey, for there was no pretence of a waiting-room at this station.

Reader, did you ever go in a Spanish diligence? It was the first experience of most of our party of this means of locomotion, and at first seemed simply impossible. The excessive lowness of the carriages, the way in which the unhappy passen-

gers are jammed in, either into the *coupé* in front, or into the square box behind, unable to move or sit upright in either; while the mules plunge and start off in every direction but the right one, their drivers every instant jumping down and running by the side of the poor beasts, which they flog unmercifully, vociferating in every key; and that, not at first starting, but all the way, up hill and down dale, with an energy which is as inexhaustible as it is despairing, till either a pole cracks, or a trace breaks, or some accident happens to a wheel, and the whole lumbering concern stops with a jerk and a lurch which threaten to roll everything and everybody into the gorge below. Each diligence is accompanied by a 'mayoral,' or conductor, who has charge of the whole equipage, and is a very important personage. This functionary is generally gorgeously dressed, with embroidered jacket, scarlet sash round the waist, gaiters with silver buttons and hanging leather strips, and round his head a gay-coloured handkerchief and a round black felt hat with broad brim and feather, or else of the kind denominated 'pork pie' in England; he is here, there, and everywhere during the journey, arranging the places of the passengers, the stations for halts, and the like. Besides this dignitary, there is the 'moto'

or driver, whose business is to be perpetually jumping down and flogging the far-off mules into a trot, which he did with such cruelty that our travellers often hoped he would himself get into trouble in jumping up again, which, unfortunately, he was always too expert to do. Every mule has its name, and answers to it. They are harnessed two abreast, a small boy riding on the leaders; and it is on his presence of mind and skill that the guidance and safety of the whole team depend. On this occasion, the 'mayoral' and 'moto' leant with their backs against what was left of the windows of the *coupé*, which they instantly smashed, the cold wind rushed in, and the passengers were alternately splashed from head to foot with the mud cast up in their faces by the mules' heels, or choked and blinded with dust. For neither misfortune is there either redress or sympathy. The lower panels of the floor and doors have holes cut in them to let out the water and mud; but the same agreeable arrangement, in winter, lets in a wind which threatens to freeze off your feet as you sit. A small boy, who, it is to be supposed, was learning his trade, held on by his eyelids to a ledge below, and was perpetually assisting in screaming and flogging. A struggle at some kind of vain resistance,

and then a sullen despair and a final making up one's mind that, after all, it can't last for ever, are the phases through which the unhappy travellers pass during these agreeable diligence journeys. It was some little time before our party could get sufficiently reconciled to their misery to enjoy the scenery. But when they could look about them, they found themselves passing through a beautiful gorge, and up a zig-zag road, like the lower spurs of an Alpine pass, over the Sierra Morena. Then began the descent, during which some of the ladies held their breath, expecting to be dashed over the parapet at each sharp turn in the road: the pace of the mules was never relaxed, and the unwieldy top-heavy mass oscillated over the precipice below in a decidedly unpleasant manner. Then they came into a fertile region of olives and aloes, and so on by divers villages and through roads which the late rains had made almost impassable, and in passing over which every bone of their bodies seemed dislocated in their springless vehicle, till, at two o'clock in the afternoon, they reached the station, where, to their intense relief, they again came upon a railroad. Hastily swallowing some doubtful chocolate, they established themselves once more comfortably in the railway carriage; but after being in

the enjoyment of this luxury for half an hour, the train came, all of a sudden, to a stand-still; and the doors being opened, they were politely told that they must *walk*, as a landslip had destroyed the line for some distance. Coming at last to a picturesque town with a fine bridge over the Guadalquiver, they were allowed once more to take their seats in the carriages, and finally arrived at Cordova at eight o'clock at night, after twenty-four hours of travelling, alternating from intense cold to intense heat, very tired indeed, horribly dusty and dirty, and without having had any church all day.

Mosque at Cordova.

CHAPTER III.

CORDOVA AND MALAGA.

A COMFORTABLE little old-fashioned inn, with a 'patio' full of orange-trees, leading to a public 'sala,' rather like a room at Damascus, with alcoves and fountains, gladdened the hearts of our wearied travellers. After a good night's rest (and one advantage in Spain is, that except mosquitoes, your beds are generally free from other inhabitants), they started down the narrow, badly-paved streets to visit the cathedral. The exterior is disappointing, as all you see is a buttressed wall, with square towers sixty feet high, opposite which is the gateway and wall of the archiepiscopal palace. But on passing through a low arched door, you come into a beautiful Oriental court, in the centre of which is a picturesque Moorish fountain, the rest of the space being filled with orange-trees and palms, and on the north side an exquisite giralda, or tower, from whence there is a

beautiful view over the whole town and neighbourhood. All the entrances to the mosque (now the cathedral) from this court are closed, except the centre one. Entering by that, a whole forest of pillars bursts upon you, with horse-shoe arches interlacing one another, and forming altogether the most wonderful building in the world. The Moors collected these pillars, of which there are upwards of a thousand, from the temples of Carthage, of Nismes, and of Rome, and adapted them to their mosque. Some are of jasper, some of verde-antique, some of porphyry—no two are alike. The pillars have no plinths, and divide the mosque into nineteen longitudinal and twenty-nine transverse aisles; hence the immense variety and beauty of the intersection of the arches. This mosque was built in the eighth century, and ranked in sanctity with the 'Alaksa' of Jerusalem and the 'Caaba' of Mecca.

A pilgrimage to it was, indeed, considered equivalent to that of Mecca, and hence the Spanish proverb to express distant wanderings, 'Andar de zeca en Meca.' The roof is of arbor vitæ, and is in perfect preservation. Two of the moresque chapels are exquisite in carving and richness of detail, one being that of the Caliphs, and the other the 'Holy of Holies,' where the

Koran was kept. The beauty and delicacy of the moresque work, with its gold enamel and lovely trefoiled patterns, its quaint lions and bright-coloured 'azulejos' (tiles), exceeds anything of the sort in Europe. The roof is in the form of a shell, and exquisitely wrought out of one single piece of marble. The mosaic border was sent to Cordova by Romanus II., from Constantinople. When the brother of the king of Morocco came there a year or two ago, he went round this 'Holy of Holies' seven times on his knees, crying bitterly all the time. The inscriptions in this mosque are in Cufic, and not in Arabic. The whole carries one back to Damascus and the East in a way which makes it difficult to realise that one is still in Europe. The choir is a horrible modern 'churriqueresque' innovation, stuck in the centre of the beautiful forest of Saracenic columns, many of which were destroyed to make room for it. Even Charles V. protested against the bad taste of the chapter when he saw it completed in 1526, and exclaimed: 'You have built a thing which one can see anywhere; and to do so, you have destroyed what was unique in the world.' The carving of the choir is certainly fine, but the incongruity of the whole jars on one's taste too keenly for any kind of admiration. The only beautiful and solemn

modernised portion of the building is the chapel of the cardinal, with fine tombs and a deep recess for the Blessed Sacrament, with a magnificent silver tabernacle. From the cathedral, some of the party went to visit the bishop, who received them very kindly, and sent his secretary to show them the treasures of the cathedral. The 'custodia,' of the fifteenth century, is in silver-gilt, with beautiful emeralds, and exquisitely carved; it is the work of Arphe, the Benvenuto Cellini of Spain. There are also some beautiful processional crosses, reliquaries, chalices, and pax, secreted at the time of Dupont's French invasion, and so saved from the universal plunder.

Having spent the morning in the cathedral, our travellers wandered down to the fine Roman bridge, of sixteen arches, over the Guadalquiver, looking upon some picturesque Moorish mills and orange gardens. To the left is a statue of St. Raphael, the guardian angel of Cordova; and close by is the Alcazar, now a ruin, formerly the palace of Roderick, the last of the Goths, whose father was Duke of Cordova. Nothing can be more melancholy than the neglected gardens, the broken fountains and statues, the empty fish-ponds, and grass-grown walks, despite the palms and orange-trees and luxuriant creeping roses,

which seemed to be striving to conceal the desolation around. The first palm ever planted in Cordova was by the Moorish king Abdurrahman, who brought it from his much-loved and always regretted Damascus.

After luncheon, having obtained special permission from the archbishop, our party started off in two carriages for the hermitages in the Sierra Morena, stopping first at a picturesque ruined villa, called the 'Arrizafa,' once the favourite residence of the Moorish king. The gardens are beautiful; passion-flowers and jessamine hung in festoons over all the broken walls, and the ground was carpeted with violets, narcissus, and other spring flowers. The view from the terrace is lovely, the town, when seen from a distance, being very like Verona. Here the road became so steep that the party had to leave their carriages and walk the remainder of the way. The mountain-path reminded them of Mount Carmel, with the same underwood of cistus, lilac and white, and heaps of flowering and aromatic shrubs. Beautiful wild iris grew among the rocks, and half way up a rushing stream tumbled over the boulder-stones into a picturesque basin, covered with maiden-hair fern, which served as a resting-place for the tired travellers. After a

fatiguing climb of two hours, they reached the postern gate of the hermitage, into which, after some demur as to their sex, the ladies, by special permission of the archbishop, were admitted. There are at present seventeen hermits, all gentlemen, and many of high birth and large fortune, living each in a little separate cabin, with a patch of garden round it, and entirely alone. They never see one another but at mass and in choir, or speak but once a month. In their chapel they have a beautiful oil painting of St. Paul, the first hermit, whose rule they follow in all its primitive severity. One of the cabins was vacant, and the party entered. It was composed of two tiny rooms: in the inner one was a bed formed of three boards, with a sheepskin and a pillow of straw; the rest of the furniture consisted of a crucifix, a jug of water, a terrible discipline with iron points, and Rodriguez' essay on 'Christian Perfection,' published in 1606, at Valladolid, and evidently much read. This cell was that of Count ——, a man of great wealth and high rank, and of a still wider reputation for ability and talent. He had lost his wife some years ago, to whom he was passionately attached; and remaining in the world only till he had settled his children, then took leave of it for ever, and

resolved to spend the rest of his days in penitence and prayer. Their habit is composed of a coarse grey stuff, with a leathern girdle, drawers, and a shirt of serge. No linen is allowed, or stockings, and they wear sandals on their feet. They are not permitted to possess anything, or to keep anything in their cells but a glazed earthenware pot, a wooden plate, a pitcher, a lamp, and instruments of penance and devotion. They keep a perpetual fast on beans and lentils, only on high days and holidays being allowed fish. They are not allowed to write or receive letters, or to go into one another's cells, or to go out of the enclosure, except once a month, when they may walk in the mountains round, which they generally do together, reciting litanies. Seven hours of each day must be given to prayer, and they take the discipline twice a week.* How strange a

* The Rev. Père Félix, the famous Paris preacher, in one of his Notre Dame conferences, speaking of asceticism of this sort, says: 'Les païens avaient épuisé la volupté: les chrétiens ont épuisé les souffrances. De ce creuset de la douleur l'homme nouveau a sorti, et c'est un homme plus grand que l'homme ancien. Ah! je le sais, la pénitence corporelle, le jeûne, l'abstinence, la discipline, la flagellation, prêtent à rire à des penseurs de ce temps, qui se croient trop sages pour pratiquer de telles folies. Ils ont plus d'égard pour la chair, plus de respect surtout pour le corps, et ils disent en souriant à l'austérité chrétienne: "Ascétisme! Moyen âge! Fanatisme! Démence!" La vérité est, que châtier volontairement son corps pour venger la dignité de l'homme outragée par les révoltes, est une

life for one accustomed to live in the world and in society! Yet there is no lack of candidates for each vacancy; and the prior told our travellers that the number of vocations of late years had increased. There is a fine old marble seat and cross in the garden, erected by the late bishop, from whence there is a magnificent view over the whole country. The cold in winter is intense, and they are not allowed any fires, except what is absolutely necessary for the cooking of their miserable meal. Taking leave of the prior in his little 'parloir,' and receiving a rosary from him made of the wood of the 'Carouba,' by the hermits themselves, the visitors retraced their steps down the hill, feeling as if they had been spending the last couple of hours in another world; and, rejoining their carriages at the villa, made the circuit of the city walls, which are partly Moorish, built of tapia, and described by Julius Cæsar. Then one of the party went to see the Carmelite

sainte et sublime chose. La vérité est que pour accorder à son corps le plaisir, il suffit d'être lâche, et que pour infliger à son corps la douleur volontaire dans un but de restauration morale, il faut être courageux, il faut être vraiment grand. La vérité est enfin que cette race de mortifiés, mieux que tout autre, maintient à sa vraie hauteur le niveau de l'humanité, et tient dans sa main intrépide, avec le fouet dont elle se frappe elle-même, le drapeau du progrès. Le chemin du progrès, comme celui du Calvaire, est un chemin douloureux. Le drapeau de l'austérité chrétienne triomphera une fois de plus dans le monde du sensualisme païen de nos jours."

Convent of St. Theresa; not one of the saint's own foundation, but one built soon after her death. It contains twenty-four nuns, the cheeriest and merriest of women, proving how little external circumstances contribute to personal cheerfulness.

The German gentleman who had so kindly served as escort to our travellers during their stay at Cordova dined with them in the evening, and gave them several very interesting details of the place and people. The next morning mass had been promised them at five, but it was six before the priest made his appearance in the fine old Jesuit church, now bereft of its pastors and frequent services; and it was only thanks to the unpunctuality of the Spanish railways, that the train which was to convey our party to Malaga was reached in time.

Passing through a very fine gorge of the Sierra Nevada, with magnificent Alpine scenery, the train suddenly stopped: the guard came to the carriages, and civilly suggested to the passengers that the government could not answer for the safety of the tunnels, and, therefore, had provided carriages and mules to take them round; or else, if they preferred it, that they might *walk*, as there would be plenty of time. This sounded ludicrous enough to

English ears, but, after all, they thought it more prudent to comply than to run any risk, and accordingly bundled out with their bags and manifold packages. On the recurrence of a similar warning, however, a little later, they voted that they would remain and take their chance; and nothing disastrous occurred. At the station they were met by the kind and obliging English consul, who had ordered rooms for them at the hotel called the 'Alameda,' pleasantly situated on the promenade, and who had done everything in his power to ensure their comfort. The first days of their arrival were spent in settling themselves in their new quarters, which required a good deal of preliminary cleaning, and in seeing the so-called 'lions' of the place. These are soon visited. In truth, except for climate, Malaga is as dull and uninteresting a place as can be well imagined. There is a cathedral, originally a mosque, but now converted into an ugly Corinthian pile with two towers. Only one fine old Gothic door remains, with curious 'azulejos.' The rest, both inside and out, is modern, heavy, and in bad taste. The high altar, however, is by Alonso Caño; and there is some fine wood-carving of the sixteenth century in the choir and on the screen, commemorating different scenes in the life of St.

Malaga.

Turibius, Archbishop of Lima, whose apostolic labours among the Indians were crowned with such wonderful success. There are one or two good pictures and monuments, especially the recumbent figure of a bishop, in bronze, of the fifteenth century. In the sacristy is a valuable relic of St. Sebastian, and some fine silver vases for the holy oils; but everything else was plundered by the French. Afterwards our travellers went, with an order from the governor, to see the castle and Moorish fortress overlooking the town, built in 1279. Passing under a fine Moorish horse-shoe arched gateway, they scrambled up to the keep, from whence there is a magnificent view over sea and land. It is now used as a military prison, and about twenty-six men were confined there. The officers were extremely civil, and showed them everything. The men's barracks seemed clean and comfortable, and their rations good; their arms and knapsacks were, however, of the most old-fashioned kind. That day a detachment of troops were starting for Morocco, whose embarkation in the steamers below was eagerly watched by the garrison.

But if Malaga be dull in the way of sights, it is very pleasant from the kind and sociable character of its inhabitants. Nowhere will the stranger

find more genuine kindness, hospitality, or courtesy. Their houses, their villas, their horses, their flowers, their time, all are placed, not figuratively, but really, 'á vuestra disposicion.' Some of the villas in the neighbourhood are lovely, especially those of Madame de H——, the Marquise L—— &c. Here one finds all kinds of tropical vegetation: the date-palm, the banana, the plantain and Indian-rubber trees, sugar, cotton, and other Oriental products, all grow luxuriantly; while the beds are filled with masses of violets, tulips, roses, arums, scarlet hybiscus, and geraniums; and beautiful jessamine, *scarlet* passion-flowers, and other creepers, trail over every wall.

But the chief interest to the winter resident at Malaga will be derived from its charitable institutions. The French sisters of charity of St. Vincent de Paul have the care of three large establishments here. One—an industrial school for the children and orphans connected with a neighbouring factory—is a marvel of beauty, order, and good management. The girls are taught every kind of industrial work; a Belgian has been imported to give them instruction in making Valenciennes lace, and their needlework is the most beautiful to be seen out of Paris. Any profit arising from their work is sold, and kept for their

'dot' when they marry or leave the establishment. Attached to this school is also a little home for widows, incurables, and sick, equally tended by the sisters. This admirable institution is the offspring of individual charity and of a life wrecked —according to human parlance,—but which has taken heart again for the sake of the widow and the orphan, the sorrowful and the suffering. Her name is a household word in Malaga to the sad and the miserable; and in order to carry out her magnificent charities (for she has also an industrial school for boys in the country), she has given up her luxurious home, and lives in a small lodging up three pair of stairs. She reminded one of St. Jerome's description of St. Melania, who, having lost her husband and two children in one day, casting herself at the foot of the cross, exclaimed: 'I see, my God! that Thou requirest of me my whole heart and love, which was too much fixed on my husband and children. With joy I resign all to Thee.' The sight of her wonderful cheerfulness and courage, after sorrows so unparalleled, must strengthen every one to follow in her steps, and strive to learn, in self-abnegation, her secret of true happiness. The French sisters have likewise the charge of the great hospital of St. Juan de Dios, containing between

400 and 500 patients, now about to be removed to a new and more commodious building; and also of a large day and infant school near the river, with a 'salle d'asile,' containing upwards of 500 children, who are daily fed with soup and bread. They also visit the poor and sick in their homes, and everywhere their steps are hailed with thankfulness and joy.

The 'Little Sisters of the Poor' have likewise established themselves in Malaga, and have a large house, containing seventy old and incurable people, which is very well supplied by the richer inhabitants. The nuns of the 'Assumption' have lately started a 'pension' for the daughters of the upper classes, which was immensely wanted (education being at a very low ebb in Spain), and which has been most joyfully hailed by the Malaga ladies for their children. The superior, a charming person, is an Englishwoman; and the frequent benediction services in their beautiful little chapel were a great boon to some of our party. They paid a visit also to the archbishop, a kind and venerable old man, with the most benevolent smile and aspect, and who is really looked upon as the father of his people. At a grand Te Deum service, given in the Church of S. Pietro dei Martiri, one of the most interesting

churches in Malaga, as a thanksgiving for the preservation of the city from cholera, he officiated pontifically, which his great age generally prevents, and gave the benediction with mitre and crozier to the devout and kneeling multitude.

There is a very touching 'Via Crucis' service performed every Friday in Malaga, up to a chapel on the top of a high mountain overlooking the whole town and bay. The peasants chaunt the most plaintive and beautiful hymns, the words of which they 'improviser' on the way, both up and down. It begins at a very beautiful church and convent called Notre Dame des Victoires, now converted into a military hospital, nursed by the Spanish sisters of charity. The family of the Alcazars is buried in the crypt of this church, and beautiful palms grow in the convent garden. In the old refectory are some fine azulejos tiles and some good specimens of Raphael ware.

As to diversions, Malaga offers but few resources. Those who like boating may go out daily along the beautiful coast; but the rides are few, the ground hard and dusty, and the 'rivière à sec,' like that at Nice, must be traversed before any mountain expeditions could be reached. There is a bull-ring, as in every Spanish town, and occasionally the additional excitement of elephants

being used in the fights: but the bulls will rarely face them.

After about a month, therefore, spent in this quiet little place, it was decided to start for Granada, which promised to afford greater interest and variety.

CHAPTER IV.

GRANADA.

TAKING leave rather sorrowfully of their many kind friends and of the sisters of charity who had been their constant companions during their stay in Malaga, our travellers started one stormy evening, and found themselves once more cooped up in one of those terrible diligences, and slowly ascending the mountains at the back of the town. Their intention had been to go on horseback, riding by Velez-Malaga and the baths of Alhama; but the late heavy rains had converted the mountain streams into torrents, and some of the party who attempted it were compelled to return. After ascending for about three hours, leaving on their left the picturesque cemetery, with its fine cypresses, they came to a plateau 3,000 feet above the sea, from whence they had a magnificent view, the whole of Malaga and its bay being stretched out at their feet, the lights glistening in the town, and the moon, breaking through the clouds, shedding a soft light

over the sea-line, which was covered with tiny fishing-vessels. Beautiful aloes and cacti starting out of the bold rocks on either side formed the foreground, while a rapid river rushed and tumbled in the gorge below. But with this fine panoramic view the enjoyment of our travellers came to an end. When night came on, and they had reached the highest and loneliest part of the bleak sierra, it began to pour with rain and blow a regular gale; the heavy mud was dashed into their faces; the icy cold wind whistled through the broken panes and under the floor of the carriage, and froze them to the bone. There was some difficulty about a relay of mules at the next stage, and so our party were left on an exposed part of the road without drivers or beasts for more than an hour. Altogether, it was impossible to conceive a more disagreeable journey; and it was therefore with intense joy that they found themselves, after sixteen hours of imprisonment, at last released, and once more able to stretch their legs in the *Alameda* of Granada. Tired, hungry, dirty, and cold, a fresh disappointment here awaited them. All the hotels were full (their letters ordering rooms had miscarried), and only one tiny bedroom could be found in which they could take refuge, and scrape the mud off their clothes and hair. One of the

party found her way to the cathedral; the rest held a council of war, and finally determined to try their fate at the new 'Alhambra' hotel outside the town, where an apartment was to be had, the cold and wet of the season having deterred the usual visitors to this purely summer residence. They had every reason to congratulate themselves on this decision; for though the cold was certainly great, the snow hanging still on all the hills around, and the house being unprovided with any kind of fire-places or stoves, still the cleanliness and comfort of the whole amply compensated for these drawbacks, to say nothing of the immense advantage of being close to the Alhambra, that great object of attraction to every traveller who visits Granada. The way up to it is very picturesque, but very steep. After leaving the wretched, narrow, ill-paved streets, which dislocate almost every bone in your body when attempted on wheels, and passing by the Sala de la Audiencia and other fine public buildings, you arrive at an arched gateway, which at once brings you into a kind of public garden, planted with fine English elms, and abounding in walks and fountains and seats, and in which the paths and drives, in spite of their precipitous character, are carefully and beautifully kept by convict labour, under the superintendence

of a body of park-keepers dressed in full Andalusian costume. The hotel is placed on the very crest of the hill overlooking the magnificent range of snowy mountains to the right. To the left, the first thing which strikes the eye is the Torre de Justicia. Over the outer horse-shoe arch is carved an open hand, upon the meaning of which the learned are divided; some saying it is an emblem of the power of God, others a talisman against the Evil Eye. Over the inner arch is sculptured a key, which typified the power of the Prophet over the gates of heaven and hell. A double gate protects this entrance, which no donkey may pass: in the recess is a very beautiful little picture, framed and glazed, of the Virgin and Child. Passing through this arch, you come to an open 'plaza,' out of which rise two towers; one has been bought by an Englishman, who has converted the lower part of it into his private residence. (Where shall we not find our ubiquitous countrymen?) * The other is

* This unexpected rencontre reminded one of our party of a similar surprise, some years ago, in the mountains of the Tyrol. She was riding with her husband, when they came on a very picturesque old 'schloss,' in an out-of-the-way gorge of a mountain pass. Stopping to look at it, and pushing open a half-open door in what appeared to be the only habitable part of the ruin, they came on a group of chubby-faced English children, sitting round a table in their white pinafores, eating an undeniable English tea; and were told by the nurse, in answer to their enquiries, that the present

called the Torre de la Vela, because on this watch-tower hangs the bell which gives warning to the irrigators in the vega below. The view from hence is the most enchanting thing possible, commanding the whole country. Below lies Granada with its towers and sparkling rivers, the Darro and the Xenil. Beyond stretches the beautiful rich 'vega' (or plain), studded with villas and villages, and encircled by snowy mountains, with the Sierra of Alhama on one side, and the Gorge of Loja on the other. Descending the tower, and standing again in the 'plaza' below, you see opposite to you a large ruined Doric palace, a monument of the bad taste of Charles V., who pulled down a large portion of the Moorish building to erect this hideous edifice, which, like most other things in Spain, remains unfinished. Passing through a low door to the right, our travellers were perfectly dazzled at the beauty which suddenly burst upon them. It is impossible to conceive anything more exquisite than the Alhambra, of which no drawings, no Crystal Palace models, not even Washington Irving's poetical descriptions, give one the faintest idea. 'J'essaie en vain de penser : je ne

owner of this Austrian schloss was a London tradesman, who brought his children over every year to spend the summer—a most sensible arrangement, as the healthy bright looks of his little ones testified.

peux que sentir!' exclaimed the authoress of 'Les Lettres d'Espagne' on entering; but the predominant feeling is one of regret for the Moors, whose dynasty produced such marvels of beauty and of art. Entering by the fish-pond 'patio,' and visiting first the Whispering Gallery, you pass through the Hall of the Ambassadors, and the Court of Lions, out of which lead the Hall of the Abencerrages, and that of Justice, with its two curious monuments and wonderful fretted roof, and then come to the gem of the whole, the private apartments of the Moorish kings, with the recessed bedroom of the king and queen, the boudoir and lovely latticed windows overlooking the beautiful little garden of Lindaraja (the violets and orange-blossoms of which scented the whole air), and the exquisite baths below.* It is a thing to dream of,

* Few have described this enchanting palace as well as the French lady already quoted. She says, speaking of the feelings it calls forth:—'J'aimerais autant être broyée dans la gueule de ces jolis monstres qui ont des nez en nœud de cravate, appelés *Lions* par la grâce de Mahomet, que de te parler de l'Alhambra, tant cette description est difficile. Les murailles ne sont que guipures délicates et compliquées: les plus hardies stalactites ne peuvent donner une idée des coupoles. Le tout est une merveille, un travail d'abeilles ou de fées. Les sculptures sont d'une délicatesse ravissante, d'un goût parfait, d'une richesse qui vous fait songer à tout ce que les contes de fées vous décrivaient jadis à l'heureux âge où l'imagination a des ailes d'or. Hélas! la mienne n'a plus d'aile, elle est de plomb. Les Arabes n'employaient que quatre couleurs: le bleu, le rouge, le noir

and exceeds every previous expectation. Again and again did our travellers return, and always discovered some fresh beauties. The governor resides in a modernised corner of the building, not far from the mosque, which has suffered from the bad taste of the Christian spoilers. He is not a good specimen of Spanish courtesy, as, in spite of letters of introduction from the highest quarters, it was with very great difficulty that our party were admitted to see anything beyond the portions of the building open to the general public. At last, however, he condescended to find the keys of the Tower of the Infantas, once the residence of the Moorish princesses whose tragical fate is so touchingly recorded by Washington Irving. It is a beautiful little cage, overlooking the ravine, with its fine aqueduct below, and rich in the delicate moresque carving of both ceilings and walls. Afterwards, crossing a garden, they came to the gate by which Boabdil left his palace for the last time, and which was afterwards, by his special request, walled up. The tower at this corner was mined and destroyed by the French. Our party then descended to a little mosque lately

et l'or. Cette richesse, ces teintes vives, sont visibles encore partout. Enfin, mon ami, ce n'est point un palais ceci : c'est la ville d'un enchanteur !'

purchased by Colonel ——, and beautifully restored. This completed the circuit of the Alhambra, which is girdled with walls and towers of that rich red-brown hue which stands out so beautifully against the deep blue sky, but the greater portion of which was ruthlessly destroyed by Sebastiani, at the time of his occupation of Granada.

The restoration of this matchless palace has been undertaken by the present queen, who has put it in the hands of a first-rate artist named Contreras; and this confidence has been well bestowed, for it is impossible to see work executed in a more perfect manner, so that it is very difficult to tell the old portions from the new. If he be spared to complete it, future generations will see the Alhambra restored very nearly to its pristine beauty. This gentleman makes exquisite models of different parts of the building, done to a scale, which are the most perfect miniature fac-similes possible of the different portions of this beautiful palace, and a most agreeable memento of a visit to it. Our travellers purchased several, and only regretted they had not chosen some of the same size, as they would make charming panels for a cabinet or screen.

In the afternoon, the party started to see the

cathedral, escorted by the kind and good-natured dean, who engaged the venerable mother of the 'Little Sisters of the Poor' to act as his interpreter, his Andalusian Spanish being utterly unintelligible to most of the party. The first feeling on entering is of unmixed disappointment. It is a Pagan Greco-Roman building, very much what our London churches are which were erected in the time of the Georges. But it has one redeeming point—the Capilla de los Reyes, containing the wonderful monuments of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Philip and Joan. The alabaster sepulchres of the former, wrought at Genoa by Peralta, are magnificent, both in design and execution. Isabella's statue is especially beautiful:

. . . . . In questa forma
Passa la bella donna, e par che dorma.

The faces are both portraits, and have a simple dignity which arrests the attention of the most unobservant. A low door and a few steep steps below the monuments lead to their last resting-place. The royal coffins are of lead, lapped over, rude and plain (only the letter F distinguishes that of the king), but they are genuine, and untouched since the day when their bodies, so justly revered by the Spaniards, were deposited in this humble vault.

Among the treasures of this chapel are likewise shown the identical royal standards used at the conquest of Granada; the king's sword; the queen's own missal; their crozier and crown of silver-gilt; the picture of the Virgin and Child by St. Luke, given to Isabella by Pope Innocent VIII., and before which mass is said every 2nd of January, the anniversary of the taking of the city; and the portrait of the knight who, during the siege, rode into Granada, and affixed a taper and an 'Ave Maria' on the very door of the principal mosque. In the sacristy is a 'Conception,' exquisitely carved, by Alonso Caño; an 'Adoration of the Kings,' by Hemling, of Bruges; a curious ring of Sixtus II.; a chasuble embroidered by Queen Isabella; some very valuable relics and reliquaries, and a letter of St. Charles Borromeo, which the good-natured dean allowed one of the party to copy. Besides these treasures, and the Capilla de los Reyes, there is really nothing to look at in the cathedral, but one or two good painted glass windows, some clustered columns, and a curious arch in the dome, which was made to bend downwards.

The following morning, after an early service at the Capuchin convent of St. Antonio, one of the party started on an expedition with the sisters of

the town, and winding up a beautiful and steep ravine, in the holes and caverns of which gipsies live and congregate, they came to a picturesque wood planted on the side of the mountain. Here they left their carriages, and scrambled up a zig-zag path cut in the hill, with low steps or 'gradini,' till they reached a plateau, on which stands both convent and church. The view from the terrace in front is the most magnificent which can be conceived. On one side are the snowy mountains of the Sierra Nevada, with a rapid river tumbling into the gorge below, the valleys being lined on both sides with stone-pine woods, amid which little convents and villages are clustered. On the other is the town of Granada, with its domes and towers; and sharply standing out on the rocks above the ruins, against the bright blue sky, are the coffee-coloured towers of the beautiful Alhambra. There is a Via Crucis up to this spot, the very crosses seeming to start up out of the rocks, which are clothed with aloes and prickly pear; while in the centre of the terrace is a beautiful fountain and cross, shaded by magnificent cypresses. The church is built over some catacombs, where the bodies of St. Cecilia and of eleven other martyrs were found, who suffered in the persecution under Nero. The superior of this

convent, now converted into a college, is Don José Martin, a very holy man, though quite young, and revered by the whole country as a saint. He is a wonderful preacher, and by his austere and penitential life works miracles in bringing souls to God. His manner is singularly gentle, simple, and humble. He kindly came to escort the party through the catacombs, and to show them the relics. The sites of the different martyrdoms have been converted into small chapels or oratories: in one, where the victim perished by fire, his ashes still remain. Little leaden tablets mark the different spots. Here also is the great wooden cross of St. John of the Cross, from the foot of which he preached a sermon on the 'Love of God' during his visit to Granada, which is said to have converted upwards of 3,000 people. 'I always come here to pray for a few minutes before preaching,' said simply Don José Martin, 'so that a portion of his spirit may rest upon me.' After spending some time in this sanctuary, the party reluctantly retraced their steps, and returned to the town, where they had promised to visit the great hospital of San Juan de Dios. It is a magnificent establishment, entirely under the care of the Spanish sisters of charity of St. Vincent de Paul, with a 'patio' or quadrangle in the centre,

and double cloisters round, into which the wards open: all round the cloisters are frescoes describing different scenes in the life of the saint. The church is gorgeous in its decorations, and in a chapel above rests the body of San Juan, in a magnificent silver shrine, with his clothes, his hat, the basket in which he used daily to go and collect food for his sick and dying poor, and other like personalties.

This saint is immensely revered in Granada. He was the first founder of the Order of Brothers of Charity, now spread all over Europe, beginning his great work, as all the saints have done, in the humblest manner possible, by hiring a small house (now converted into a wayside oratory), in which he could place four or five poor people, nursing them himself night and day, and only going out to beg, sell, and chop wood, or do anything to obtain the necessary food and medicines for them. The archbishop, touched with his burning charity, assisted him to build a larger hospital. This house soon after took fire, when San Juan carried out the sick one by one on his back, without receiving any hurt. It is thus that he is represented in the Statue Gallery of Madrid. The people, inflamed by his loving zeal, and in admiration of his great wisdom, humility, and

prudence, came forward as one man to help him to build the present hospital, which remains to this day as a monument of what may be done by one poor man of humble birth, if really moved by the love of God. His death was caused by rescuing a man in danger of drowning from the sudden rising of the river, and then remaining, wet and worn out as he was, while caring for the family. He died on his knees, repeating the 'Miserere,' amidst the tears of the whole city, to whom, by the special command of the archbishop, he gave his dying benediction. His favourite saying was: 'Labour without intermission to do all the good works in your power while time is allowed you;' and this sentence is engraved in Spanish on the door of the hospital.

The following day happened to be the anniversary of his death, or rather of his birthday in heaven, when a touching and beautiful ceremonial is observed. The archbishop and his clergy come to the hospital to give the Holy Communion to the sick in each ward. A procession is formed of the ecclesiastics and the sisters of charity, each bearing lighted tapers, and little altars are arranged at the end of each ward, beautifully decorated with real flowers, while everything in and about the hospital is fresh and clean for the

occasion. A touching incident occurred in the male ward on that day, where one poor man lay in the last stage of disease. The eagerness of his look when the archbishop drew near his bed will never be forgotten by those who were kneeling there; nor the way in which his face lighted up with joy when he received His Lord. The attendant sister bent forward to give him a cordial afterwards: he shook his head, and turned his face away; he would have nothing after *That.* Before the last notes of the 'Pange Lingua' or the curling smoke of the incense had died out of the ward, all was over; but the smile on the lips and the peace on the face spoke of the rest he had found. Afterwards there was a magnificent service in the church, and a dinner to all the orphans in the sisters' schools.

Another interesting expedition made by our travellers was to the Carthusian convent outside the town. Sebastiani desecrated and pillaged the wonderful treasures it contained; but the tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl doors and presses remain, reminding one of those in the Armenian Church at Jerusalem at the shrine of St. James. There are also two statues of St. Bruno, by Alonso Caño; wonderful for their life-like appearance and expression, but still not equal to the incom-

parable one at Miraflores. There are some beautiful alabaster and agate pillars still left in the chapel behind the high altar, which it is to be supposed were too heavy for the spoilers to carry off. In the cloisters are some curious frescoes of the martyrdoms of the Carthusians, at the time of the Protestant Reformation, by Henry VIII. of England. The guide who accompanied our travellers said slyly to the only Catholic of the party: 'We had better not explain the subject of these. Let them imagine they are some of the horrors of the Inquisition,—*that always takes with English people*!' Another picture was startling both in subject and colouring; it was that of a dead doctor, much venerated in life, who, on a funeral panegyric being pronounced over him, started from his coffin, exclaiming 'that his life had been a lie, and that he was among the damned!' The friar who showed our party over the now deserted convent was like Fray Gabriel in Fernan Caballero's novel of 'La Gaviota.' When the rest of the Carthusians were turned out by the government, he would not go. 'I was brought here as a little child,' he said, 'and know no one in the world;' and so he sat himself down by the cross and sobbed. They let him stay and keep the garden and the church, but his life is over. 'The blood

does not run in his veins—it walks!' Like Fray Gabriel, he will die kneeling before the Christ to whom he daily prays for those who have so cruelly wronged and robbed him. The view from the terrace in front of the church is beautiful, overlooking the rich and cultivated plain of Soto de Roma, the property of the Duke of Wellington, with the mountain of Parapanda above, the hills of Elvira, and the pass of Moclin, which forms the bridle-road to Cordova. The gardens also are delightful: no wonder the poor monks clung to their convent home!

In the afternoon our travellers walked up to the Generalife, a villa now belonging to the Pallavicini family, a branch of the great Genoa house, but formerly the palace of the Sultana. Passing through vineyards and fig-trees, they arrived at the gate of the fairy garden, with its long straight borders, fringed with myrtle, irrigated by the Darro, which is carried in a little canal between the flower-beds, and with a beautiful open colonnade overlooking the Alhambra, while a less formal garden sent up a shower of sweet scents from the orange-trees and jessamine trellises below. Through this colonnade they passed into the living-rooms, exquisite in their Moorish carvings and decorations. In one of

them there are a number of curious though somewhat apocryphal portraits, including one of Boabdil, and of another Moorish king of Granada, with his wife and daughter, who turned Christians, and were baptized at Santa Fé. In the outer room are portraits of all the 'bluest blood' of Granada. But the gardens form the greatest charm. The ground was covered with Neapolitan violets and other spring flowers. Roses climbed over every wall, and magnificent cypresses, and aloes in full flower, shaded the beds from the burning sun. The largest of these cypresses, called the Sultana, is twelve feet in circumference, and to this tree the fatal legend of the fair Zoraya is attached. Behind these cypresses is a flight of Italian-looking steps, leading to another raised garden, full of terraces and fountains. On the steep brow of the hill is an alcove, or summer-house, from whence the views over Granada and the Alhambra are quite enchanting, every arch being, as it were, the setting or frame of a new and beautiful picture. Above this again is a Moorish fortress, and a knoll called the Moor's Chair, from whence the last Moorish king is said to have sadly contemplated the defeat of his troops by the better disciplined armies of Ferdinand and Isabella grouped in the plains below. Scrambling still higher up,

our travellers came to the ruins of a chapel, and to some curious caverns, with a peep into a wild gorge to the right, leading into the very heart of this mountainous and little visited region. Boabdil's sword, and other relics and pictures of the fifteenth century belonging to the Pallavicini family, are carefully preserved by their agent in their house in the town, and had been courteously shown to our travellers when they called to obtain permission to visit the villa. Returning towards their hotel, they thought they would prolong their walk by visiting the great cemetery, or 'Campo Santo,' which is a little to the north of the Generalife. Long files of mourners had been perpetually passing by their windows, the bier being carried on men's shoulders, and uncovered, as in the East, so that the face of the dead was visible. Each bier was followed by the confraternity to which he or she belonged, chanting hymns and litanies as they wound up the long steep hill from the town to the burial-ground. But all appearance of reverence, or even of decency, disappears at the spot itself, where the corpse is stripped, taken out of its temporary coffin, and brutally cast into a pit, which is kept open till filled, and then, with quicklime thrown in, closed up, and a fresh one opened to be treated in a similar manner. It is a disgrace to Catholic

Spain that such scenes should be of daily recurrence.

Another villa worth visiting in the neighbourhood of the Alhambra is that of Madame Calderon, where the obliging French gardener took our travellers all over the gardens and terraces, the hot-houses and aviaries, the artificial streams and bridges, till they came to the great attraction of the place—a magnificent arbor vitæ, or hanging cypress, falsely called a cedar of Lebanon, which was planted by St. John of the Cross, this site being originally occupied by a convent of St. Theresa's. The house is thoroughly comfortable inside, with charming views over the 'vega,' and altogether more like an English home than anything else in Spain. If anyone wished to spend a delightful summer out of England, they could find no more agreeable retreat; perfect as to climate, and with the most enjoyable and beautiful expeditions to be made in every direction. It is worth remembering, as Madame Calderon, being now a widow, is anxious to let her residence, having another house in Madrid. There is a church close by, and a dairy attached to the garden, which is a rarity in Spain, and a public benefit to the visitors at the Alhambra; and the clever and notable French wife of the gardener

makes delicious butter, and sells both that and the cream in her mistress's absence—luxuries utterly unknown anywhere else in the Peninsula.

Bad weather and heavy snow (for they had visited Granada too early in the year) prevented our travellers from accomplishing different expeditions which they had planned for the ascent of the Sierra Nevada, and visiting Alhama and Adea and other interesting spots in the neighbourhood. But they drove one day to the Alameda, where all Granada congregates in the evening, and from whence the view looking on the mountains is beautiful.

Returning by the Moorish gateway, called the Puerta de Monayma, they came to an open space, in the centre of which is a statue of the Virgin. Here public executions used to take place, and here, in 1831, Mariana Pineda, a lady of high birth and great beauty, was strangled. A simple cross marks the spot. Her crime was the finding in her house a flag, maliciously placed there by a man whose addresses she had rejected.

From this 'plaza' our travellers drove to the conflux of the rivers Darro and Xenil, which together form the Guadalquiver; and from thence proceeded to a mosque, where a tablet records the fact of its having been the place where the

unfortunate king Boabdil gave the keys of the town to the Christian conquerors, Ferdinand and Isabella, and then himself rode slowly and sadly away from his beautiful palace by a mountain still called the 'Last Sigh of the Moor,' immortalised both in verse and song. The accompanying ballad, with its plaintive wailing sound, still echoes in the hearts and on the lips of the people.

Ay de mi Al - ha - - ma!
Pa - se - a - ba - se el Rey Mo - - ro Por la ciu - dad de Gra -
na - da, Des - de la puer - ta de El - vi - - - ra
Ha - sta la de Bi - bar - ram - bla.
Ay de mi Al - ha - - - ma!

Returning, they visited the Church of Las Angustias, where there is a wonderful but tawdrily dressed image of the Blessed Virgin, who is the patroness of the town. The French sisters of charity have a large orphanage and day-school

here, established originally by Madame Calderon; but the situation, in the street called Recogidas, is low and damp, and their chapel being almost underground, and into which no sun can ever enter, seriously affects the health of the sisters. Here, as everywhere, they are universally beloved and respected, and the present superior is one eminently qualified, by her loving gentleness and evenness of temper, to win the hearts of all around her. The dress of the people in Granada is singularly picturesque: the women wear crape shawls of the brightest colours, yellow, orange, or red, with flowers stuck jauntily on one side of the head just above the ear; the men have short velvet jackets, waistcoats with beautiful hanging silver buttons (which have descended from father to son, and are not to be bought except by chance), hats with large borders, turned up at the edge, red sashes round the waist, and gaiters of untanned leather, daintily embroidered, open at the knee, with hanging strips of leather and silver buttons. Over the whole, in cold weather, is thrown the 'capa,' or large cloak, which often conceals the threadbare garments of a beggar, but which is worn with the air of the proudest Spanish 'hidalgo.' This evening, the last which our travellers were to spend in Granada, they had a visit from the

king and captain of the gipsies, a very remarkable man, between thirty and forty years of age, and a blacksmith by trade. He brought his guitar, and played in the most marvellous and beautiful way possible: first tenderly and softly; then bursting into the wildest exultation; then again plaintive and wailing, ending with a strain of triumph and rejoicing and victory which completely entranced his hearers. It was like a beautiful poem or a love-tale, told with a pathos indescribable. It was a fitting last remembrance of a place so full of poetry and of the past, with a tinge in it of that sorrowful dark thread which always seems woven into the tissue of earthly lives. Sorrowfully, the next morning, our travellers paid their last visit to the matchless Alhambra, which had grown upon them at every turn. Then came the 'good-bye' to their good and faithful guide, *Bensaken*, that name so well known to all Granada tourists; and to the kind sisters of charity, whose white 'cornettes' stood grouped round the fatal diligence which was to convey them back to Malaga. And so they bade adieu to this beautiful city, with many a hope of a return on some future day, and with a whole train of new thoughts and new pictures in their mind's eye, called forth by the wonders they had seen.

CHAPTER V.

GIBRALTAR AND CADIZ.

THE journey from Granada was, if possible, more wearying than before, for the constant heavy rains had reduced the roads to a perfect Slough of Despond, in which the wretched mules perpetually sank and fell, and were flogged up again in a way which, to a nature fond of animals, is the most insupportable of physical miseries. Is there a greater suffering than that of witnessing cruelty and wrong which you are powerless to redress? It was not till nearly eleven o'clock the following day that our travellers found themselves once more in their old quarters on the Alameda of Malaga. By the kindness of the superior of the hospital, the usual nine o'clock mass had been postponed till the arrival of the diligence: and very joyfully did one of the party afterwards take her old place at the refectory of the community, whose loving welcome made her forget that she was still in a strange land. The following three or four days were spent almost entirely in making

preparations for their journey to Gibraltar, viâ Ronda, that eagle's nest, perched on two separate rocks, divided by a rapid torrent, but united by a picturesque bridge, which crowns the range of mountains forming the limits of the kingdom of Granada. The accounts of the mountain-path were not encouraging; but to those who had ridden for four months through the Holy Land, no track, however rugged and precipitous, offered any terrors. But when the time came, to their intense disappointment, the road was found to be impassable on the Gibraltar side, owing to the tremendous torrents, which the heavy rains had swollen to a most unusual extent. Two officers had attempted to swim their horses over; but in so doing one of them was drowned, so that there seemed no alternative but to give up their pleasant riding expedition, and, with it, the sight of that gem of the whole country which had been one of their main objects in returning to Malaga. Comforting themselves, however, by the hope of going there later from Seville, our travellers took berths in the steamer 'Cadiz,' bound for Gibraltar; and after a beautiful parting benediction at the little convent of the Nuns of the Assumption, they took leave of their many kind friends, and, at six o'clock (accompanied by

Madame de Q—— and her brother to the water's edge), stepped on board the boat which was to convey them to their steamer. Their captain, however, proved faithless as to time; and it was not till morning that the cargo was all on board and the vessel under weigh for their destination. After a tedious and rough passage of nineteen hours, they rounded at last the Europa Point, and found themselves a few minutes later landing on the Water Port Quay of the famous rock. Of all places in Spain, Gibraltar is the least interesting, except from the British and national point of view. Its houses, its people, its streets, its language, all are of a detestably mongrel character.*

* The able authoress from whom we have already quoted expresses herself on Gibraltar as follows:—

'Gibraltar est bâti à l'Anglaise: les "cottages" sont laids et incommodes sous ce ciel brûlant. Pour voitures, des paniers d'osier. Les Anglaises ont six pieds, les Anglais sept et demi. Ils mettent de grands fichus de mousseline blanche sur leurs chapeaux, quoiqu'il ne fasse pas encore chaud; ils font de grands pas avec de grands pieds. Ah! ce n'est plus l'Andalousie, ce n'est plus la mantille! Les chapeaux des dames viennent de la rue St.-Denis. Plus de grâce, plus de charme, plus de poésie, plus de repos; mais un terrible remue-ménage. . . . Je suis logée au Club-House Hotel, dans une espèce de salle de spectacle, à colonnes corinthiennes, qui donne sur la place. La place est laide, les arbres sont rabougris. Je vois passer les Maures, portant avec noblesse leurs vêtements blancs aux longs plis, d'autres ont des robes éclatantes, quelques-uns ont les jambes nues. Nous avons été par delà le Mont des Singes. Je n'en ai pas vu un—personne n'en a jamais vu!'—*Lettres d'Espagne*, pp. 180-181.

The weather, too, during our travellers' stay, was essentially British, incessant pouring rain and fog alternating with gales so tremendous that twenty vessels went ashore in one day. Nothing was to be seen from the windows of the Club-House Hotel but mist and spray, or heard but the boom of the distress gun from the wrecking ships, answered by the more cheering cannon of the port. But there is a bright side to every picture: and one of the bright sides of Gibraltar is to be found in its kind and hospitable governor and his wife, who, nobly laying aside all indulgence in the life-long sorrow which family events have caused, devote themselves morning, noon, and night to the welfare and enjoyment of everyone around them. Their hospitality is natural to their duties and position; but the kind consideration which ever anticipates the wishes of their guests, whether residents or, as our travellers were, birds of passage, here to-day and gone to-morrow, springs from a rarer and a purer source.

Another object of interest to some of our party was the charitable institutions of the place. The white 'cornettes' of the sisters of charity are not seen as yet; but the sisters of the 'Bon Secours' have supplied their place in nursing the sick and tending all the serious cases of every class

in the garrison. Their value only became fully known at the late fearful outbreak of cholera, to which two of them fell victims: but they seemed rather encouraged than deterred by this fact. They live in a house half-way up the hill on the way to Europa Point, which contains a certain number of old and incurable people and a few orphan children. They visit also the sick poor in their homes, and in the Civil Hospital, which is divided, drolly enough, not into surgical and medical wards, but according to the *religion* of the patients! one half being Catholic, the other Protestant, and small wards being reserved likewise for Jews and Moors. It is admirably managed, the patients are supplied with every necessary, and well cared for by the kind-hearted superintendent, Dr. G——. The 'Dames de Lorette' have a convent towards the Europa Point, where they board and educate between twenty and thirty young ladies. They have also a large day-school in the town for both rich and poor, the latter being below and the former above. The children seem well taught, and the poorer ones were remarkable for great neatness and cleanliness. The excellent and charming Catholic bishop, Dr. Scandella, Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar, has built a college for boys on the ground adjoining his

palace, above the convent, from whence the view is glorious: the gardens are very extensive. This college, which was immensely needed in Gibraltar, is rapidly filling with students, and is about to be affiliated to the London University. In the garden above, a chapel is being built to receive the Virgin of 'Europa,' whose image, broken and despoiled by the English in 1704, was carried over to Algeciras, and there concealed in the hermitage; but has now been given back by Don Eugenio Romero to the bishop, to be placed in this new and beautiful little sanctuary overlooking the Straits, where it will soon be once more exposed to the veneration of the faithful. The bishop has lately built another little church below the convent, dedicated to St. Joseph, but which, from some defect in the materials, has been a very expensive undertaking.

It was very pleasant to see the simple, hearty, manly devotion of the large body of Catholic soldiers in the garrison, among whom his influence has had the happiest effect in checking every kind of dissatisfaction and drunkenness. His personal influence has doubtless been greatly enhanced by his conduct during the cholera, when he devoted himself, with his clergy, to the sick and dying, taking regular turns with them in the

administration of the Last Sacraments, and only claiming as his privilege that of being the one always called up in the night, so that the others might get some rest. He has two little rooms adjoining the church, where he remains during the day, and receives anyone who needs his fatherly care.

The Protestant bishop of Gibraltar, a very kind and benevolent man, resides at Malta, and has a cathedral near the governor's house, lately beautified by convict labour, and said to be well attended. It is the only Protestant church in Spain.

Of the sights of Gibraltar it is needless to speak. Our travellers, in spite of the weather, which rarely condescended to smile upon them, visited almost everything : the North Fort, Spanish Lines, and Catalan Bay, one day ; Europa Point, with the cool summer residence of the governor (sadly in need of government repair), and St. Michael's Cave, on the next ; and last, not least, the galleries and heights. From the Signal Tower the view is unrivalled ; and the aloes, prickly pear, and geranium, springing out of every cleft in the rock, up which the road is beautifully and skilfully engineered, add to the enjoyment of the ride. The gentlemen of the party hunted in the cork woods when the weather would allow of it ;

and the only 'lion' unseen by them were the monkeys, who resolutely kept in their caves or on the African side of the water during their stay at Gibraltar. The garden of the governor's palace is very enjoyable, and contains one of those wonderful dragon-trees of which the bark is said to bleed when an incision is made. The white arums grow like a weed in this country, and form most beautiful bouquets when mixed with scarlet geranium and edged by their large bright shining green leaves.

The time of our travellers was, however, limited, especially as they wished to spend the Holy Week in Seville. So, after a ten days' stay, reluctantly giving up the kind offer of the Port Admiral to take them across to Africa, and contenting themselves with buying a few Tetuan pots from the Moors at Gibraltar, they took their passages on board the 'London' steamer for Cadiz.

By permission of the governor, they were allowed to pass through the gates after gun-fire, and got to the mole; but there, from some mistake, no boat could be found to take them off to their vessel, and they had the pleasure of seeing it steam away out of the harbour without them, although their passages had been paid for, and, as they thought, secured. In despair, shut out of

the town, where a state of siege, for fear of a surprise, is always rigorously maintained by the English garrison, they at last bribed a little boat to take them to a Spanish vessel, the 'Allegri,' likewise bound for Cadiz, and which was advertised to start an hour later. In getting on board of her, however, they found she was a wretched tub, heavily laden with paraffine, among other combustibles, and with no accommodation whatever for passengers. There was, however, no alternative but going in her or remaining all night tossing about the harbour in their cockle-shell of a boat; so they made up their minds to the least of the two evils, and a few minutes later saw them steaming rapidly out of the harbour towards Cadiz. The younger portion of the party found a cabin in which they could lie down: the elder lay on the cordage of the deck, and prayed for a cessation of the recent fearful storms, the captain having quietly informed them that in the event of its coming on to blow again he must throw all their luggage overboard as well as a good deal of his cargo, as he was already too heavily laden to be safe. However, the night was calm, though very cold, and the following morning saw them safely rounding the forts of Cadiz, and staring at its long low shores. But then a new alarm seized

them. The quarantine officers came on board with a horrible yellow flag, and talked big about the cholera having reappeared at Alexandria, and the consequent impossibility of their being able to produce a clean bill of health. The prospect of spending a week in that miserable vessel, or in the still more dismal lazaretto on the shore, was anything but agreeable to our travellers. However, on the assurance of the captain that the only vessel arrived from Egypt before they left Gibraltar had been instantly put into quarantine by the governor, they were at last allowed to land in peace, and found very comfortable rooms at Blanco's Hotel, on the promenade, their windows and balconies looking on the sea.

In the absence of the bishop, who was gone to Tetuan, Canon L—— kindly offered his services to show them the curiosities of the town, and took them first to the Capuchin convent, now converted into a madhouse, in the church adjoining which are two very fine Murillos: one, 'St. Francis receiving the Stigmata,' which, for spirituality of expression, is really unrivalled; the other, 'The Marriage of St. Catherine,' which was his *last* work, and is unfinished. The great painter fell from the scaffolding in 1682, and died very soon after, at Seville, in consequence of the internal injuries he

Alameda, Cadiz.

had received. From this convent they proceeded to the cathedral, which is ugly enough, but where the organ and singing were admirable. The stalls in the choir, which are beautifully carved, were stolen from the Cartucha at Seville. There is a spacious crypt under the high altar, with a curious flat roof, unsupported by any arches or columns, but at present it is bare and empty. Their guide then took them to see the workhouse, or 'Albergo dei Poveri,' an enormous building, which is even more admirably managed than the one at Madrid. It contains upwards of a thousand inmates. The boys are all taught different trades, and the girls every kind of industrial and needle work. The dormitories and washing arrangements are excellent; and all the walls being lined, up to a certain height, with the invariable blue and white 'azulejos,' or glazed tiles, gives a clean, bright appearance to the whole. The dress of the children was also striking to English eyes, accustomed to the hideous workhouse livery at home. On Sundays they have a pretty and varied costume for both boys and girls, and their little tastes are considered in every way. They have a large and handsome church, and also a chapel for the children's daily prayers, which they themselves keep nice and pretty, and ornament with flowers

from their gardens. The whole thing is like a '*home*' for these poor little orphans, and in painful contrast to the views which Protestant England takes of charity in her workhouses, where poverty seems invariably treated as a crime. The children are in a separate wing of the building—the girls above, the boys below. On the other side are the sick wards, and those for the old and incurable, where the same minute care for their comfort and pleasure is observed in every arrangement. Nor is there that horrible prison atmosphere, and that locking of doors as one passes through each ward, which jars so painfully on one's heart in going through an English workhouse. There are very few able-bodied paupers; and those are employed in the work of the house and garden. There is a spacious 'patio,' or court, with an open colonnade of marble columns, running round the quadrangle, the centre of which is filled with orange-trees and flowers. This beautiful palace was founded and endowed by the private benevolence of one man, who dedicated it to St. Helena, in memory of his mother, and placed in it the sisters of charity of St. Vincent de Paul, who have the entire care of the whole establishment. There are fifteen sisters, all Spaniards, but affiliated to the French ones, and with the

portrait of N. T. H. Père Étienne in the place of honour in their 'parloir' and refectory. The superior is a most remarkable woman, little and 'contrefaite,' but with a soul in her eyes which it is impossible to forget. The institution is now in the hands of the government, who have wisely not attempted to make any alterations in the administration. There are upwards of fifty of these sisters of charity in Cadiz, they having the sole charge of the hospitals, schools, workhouses, &c.; and the admirable cleanliness, order, and comfort in each which is the result, must commend them to the intelligent approval of every visitor, even should he be unmoved by the evidence of that unpaid charity which, with its soft finger-touch, stamps all their works with the very essence of Divine love.

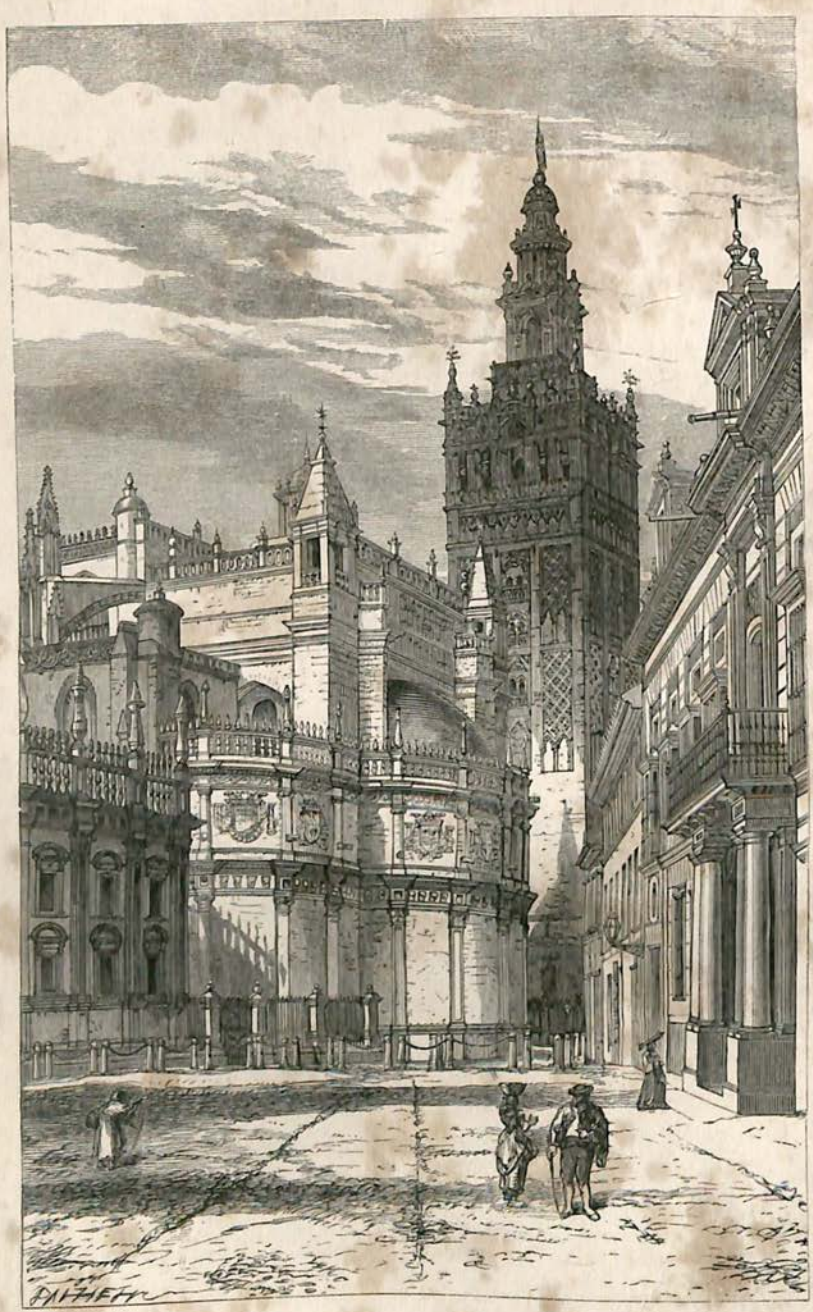
The next day being Palm Sunday, our travellers went to service in the cathedral. It was very fine, but extremely fatiguing. There are no chairs or seats in Spanish churches. Everyone kneels on the floor the whole time, not even rising for the Gospel or Creed. On one of the party attempting to stand up at the long Gospel of the Passion, she was somewhat indignantly pulled down again by her neighbours. During the sermon, the Spanish women have a peculiar way of

sitting on their heels—a process which they learn from childhood, but which to strangers is an almost intolerable penance. Here, as everywhere in Spain, the hideous fashion of bonnets or hats was unknown, and the universal black mantilla, with its graceful folds and modest covering of the face, and the absence of all colours to distract attention in the house of God, made our English ladies sigh more eagerly than ever for a similar reverent and decent fashion to be adopted at home. On returning for the vesper service in the afternoon, a beautiful, and, to them, novel, custom was observed. At the singing of the 'Vexilla Regis,' the canons, in long black robes, knelt prostrate in a semicircle before the high altar, and were covered by a black flag with a red cross. This they saw repeated daily during the Passion Week services at Seville. In the evening there was a magnificent Benediction and Processional service round the cloisters of the church called 'Delle Scalze.' It was impossible to imagine anything more picturesque than the multitude kneeling in the open 'patio,' or court, shaded by orange-trees, and full of beautiful flowers, while round the arches swept the gorgeous procession carrying the Host, the choir and people singing alternate verses of the

'Lauda Sion,' the curling smoke of the incense reflecting prismatic colours in the bright sunshine, and the whole procession finally disappearing in the sombre dark old church, of which the centre doors had been thrown wide open to receive it. One longed only for Roberts's paint-brush to depict the scene. Returning to their hotel, our party found the Alameda gay with holiday folk, and full of the ladies whose beauty and charm have been the pride of Cadiz for so many generations. Do not let our readers think it invidious if we venture on the opinion that their beautiful and becoming dress has a great deal to do with this, just as, in the East, every turbaned Turk or burnoused Arab would make a perfect picture. Dress your Oriental in one of Poole's best fitting coats and trousers, and give him a chimney-pot hat, and where would be his beauty? In the same way, if—which good taste forefend—the Spanish ladies come to imagine that a bonnet stuck on the back of the head, and every colour in the rainbow, is prettier than the flowing black robe and softly folded lace mantilla, shading modestly their bright dark eyes and hair, they will find, to their cost, that their charm has vanished for ever.

Nothing more remained to be seen or done in Cadiz but to purchase some of the beautiful mats

which are its great industry, and which are made of a flat reed or 'junco,' growing in the neighbourhood; and these the kind and good-natured English consul undertook to forward to them, when ready, to England.



Giralda, Seville.

CHAPTER VI.

SEVILLE.

ARMED with sundry letters of introduction sent them from Madrid, our travellers started by early train for Seville, the amiable Canon L—— having given them a five o'clock mass before starting, in his interesting old circular church dedicated to S. Filippo Neri, he being one of the Oratorians. They passed by Xeres, famous for its sherry cellars, called 'bodegas,' supplying more wine to England than to all the rest of the world put together, and for its Carthusian convent, once remarkable for its Zurbaranpictures, the greater portion of which have now followed the sherry to the British Isles; then by Alcalà, noted for its delicious bread, with which it supplies the whole of Seville, for its Moorish castle and beautiful river Aira, the waters of which, after flowing round the walls of the little town, are carried by an aqueduct to Seville; and so on and on, through orange and olive groves, and wheat plains, and

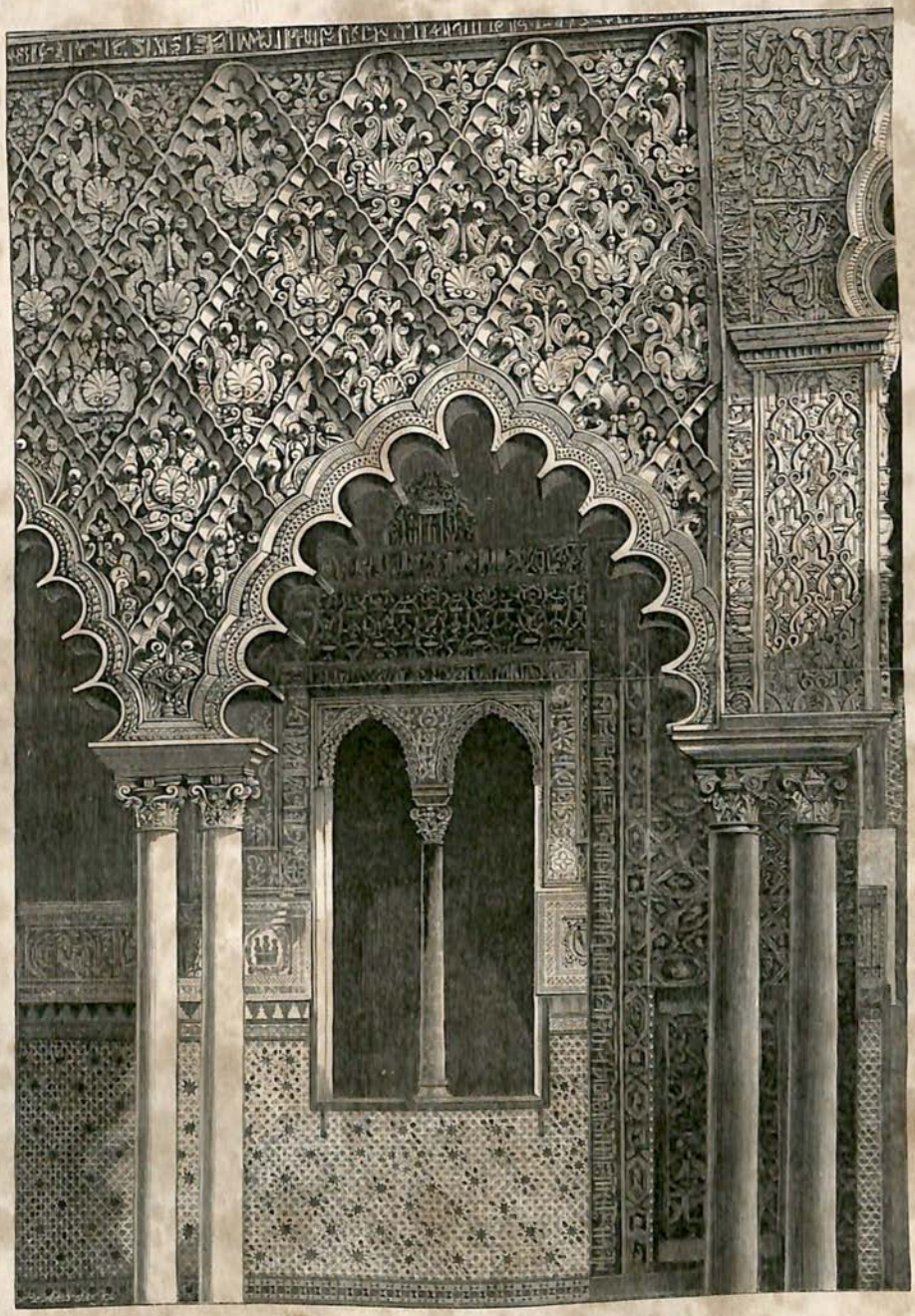
vineyards, till the train brought them by mid-day to the wonderful and beautiful city which had been the main object of their Spanish tour.

The saying is strictly true :

> Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
> No ha visto maravilla.

Scarcely had they set foot in their comfortable hotel, the 'Fonda de Londres,' when an obliging aide-de-camp of the Spanish general came to tell them that if they wanted to see the Alcazar they must go with him at once, as the infanta, who had married the sister of the king's consort, was expected with his wife to occupy the palace that evening, when it would naturally be closed to visitors. Dusty, dirty, and hot as they were, therefore, they at once sallied forth with their kind cicerone and the English consul for this fairy palace of the Moors. Entering by the Plaza del Triunfo, under an arched gateway, where hangs, day and night, a lamp throwing its soft light on the beautiful little picture of the Virgin and Child, they came into a long court, in the midst of which are orange-trees and fountains, and this again led them by a side door into the inner court or 'patio' of the palace.

Like the Alhambra, it is an exquisite succession of delicate columns, with beautifully carved



Alcazar, Seville.

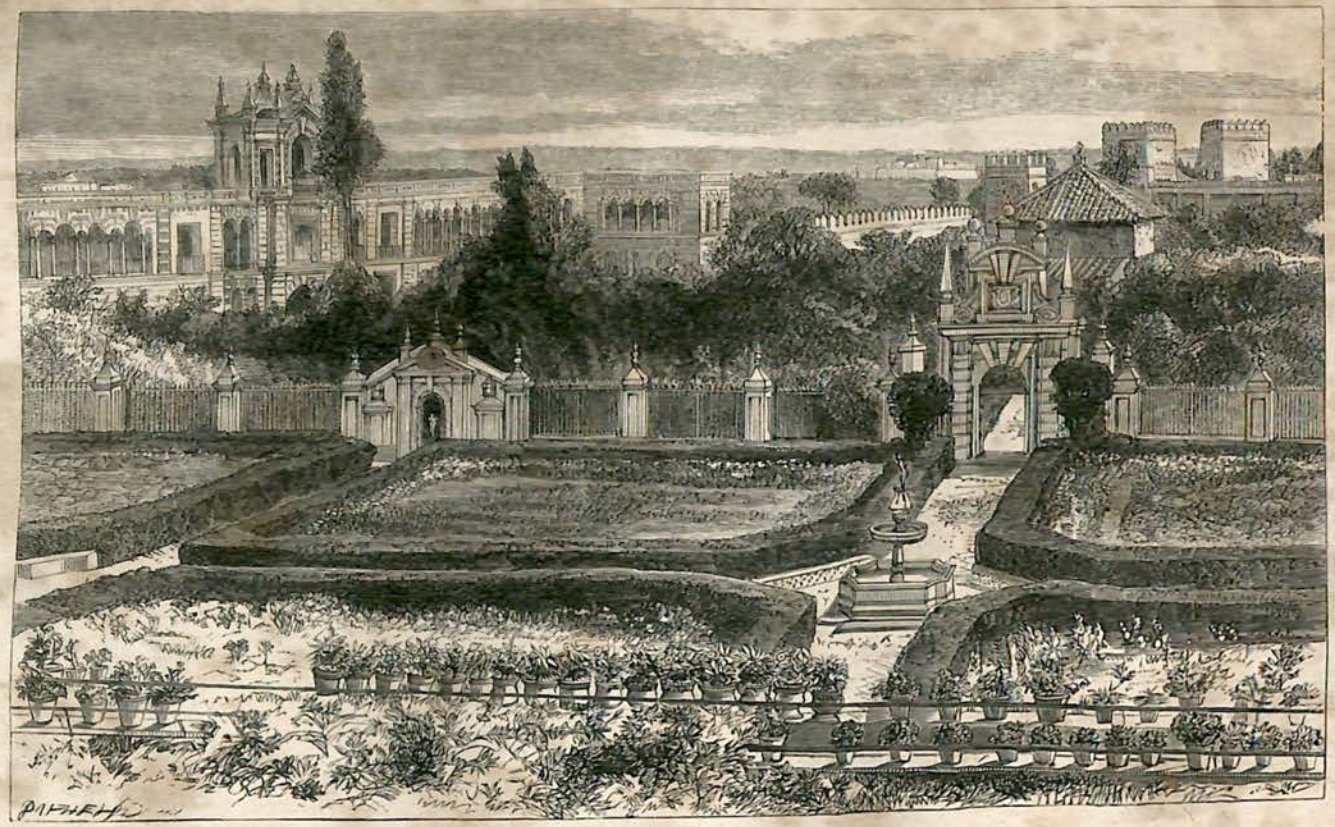
capitals, walls, and balconies, which look as if worked in Mechlin lace; charmingly cool 'patios,' with marble floors and fountains; doors whose geometrical patterns defy the patience of the painter; horse-shoe arches, with edges fringed like guipure; fretted ceilings, the arabesques of which are painted in the most harmonious colours, and tipped with gold; lattices every one of which seems to tell of a romance of beauty and of love: such are these moresque creations, unrivalled in modern art, and before which our most beautiful nineteenth century palaces sink into coarse and commonplace buildings. They are the realisation of the descriptions in the 'Arabian Nights,' and the exquisite delicacy of the work is not its sole charm. The *proportions* of every room, of every staircase, of every door and window, are perfect: nothing offends the eye by being too short or too wide. In point of sound also, they, as well as the Romans, knew the secret which our modern builders have lost; and in harmony of colour, no 'azulejos' of the present day can approach the beauty and brilliancy of the Moorish tints. Nor are historical romances wanting to enhance the interest of this wonderful place. In the bedchamber of the king, Pedro the Cruel, are painted three dead heads, and thereon hangs a tale of

savage justice. The king overheard three of his judges combining to give a false judgment in a certain case about which they had been bribed, and then quarrel about their respective shares of their ill-gotten spoils. He suddenly appeared before them, and causing them to be instantly beheaded, placed their heads in the niches where now the paintings perpetuate the remembrance of the punishment. Less excusable was another tragedy enacted within these walls, in the assassination of the brother of the king, who had been invited as a guest, and came unsuspicious of treachery. A deep red stain of blood in the marble floor still marks the spot of the murder. Well may Spain's most popular modern poet, the Duque de Rivas, in his beautiful poem, exclaim :—

Aun en las losas se mira
Una tenaz mancha oscura; . . .
Ni las edades la limpian! . . .
Sangre! sangre! Oh cielos! cuantos,
Sin saber que lo es, la pisan! *

The gardens adjoining the palace are quaintly beautiful, the borders edged with myrtle and box, cut low and thick, with terraces and fountains, and kiosks, and 'surprises' of 'jets d'eau,' and arched walls festooned with beautiful hanging

* 'One still sees on the pavement a dark spot—the lapse of ages has not effaced it! Blood! blood! O Heaven! how many tread it under foot without knowing it!'



Gardens of the Alcazar.

creepers, and a 'luxe' of Oriental vegetation. On one side are the white marble baths, cool and sombre, where the beautiful Maria de Padilla forgot the heat and glare of the Seville sun. It was the custom of the courtiers in her day to *drink* the water in which the ladies had bathed. Pedro the Cruel reproached one of his knights for not complying with this custom. 'Sire,' he replied, 'I should fear lest, having tasted the sauce, I should covet the bird!'

The Alcazar formerly extended far beyond its present limits; but the ruined towers by the water-side are all that now remain to mark the course of the old walls.

Our travellers could not resist one walk through the matchless cathedral on their way home; but reserved their real visit to that and to the Giralda till the following day. The kind Regente de la Audiencia and his wife, to whom they had brought letters of introduction, came to them in the evening, and arranged various expeditions for the ensuing week.

Early the next morning the Countess L—— de R—— came to fetch one of the party to the Church of S. Felipe Neri, which, like all the churches of the Oratorians, is beautifully decorated, and most devout and reverent in its services. It

is no easy matter to go on wheels in the streets of Seville. There are but two or three streets in which a carriage can go at all, or attempt to turn; and so to arrive at any given place, it is generally necessary to make the circuit of half the town. In addition to this, the so-called pavement, angular, pointed, and broken, shakes every bone in one's body. To reach their destination on this particular morning, our friends had to traverse the market-place, and make an immense détour through various squares, passing meanwhile by several very interesting churches; but it was all so much gain to the stranger.

After mass, one of the fathers, who spoke English, kindly showed them the treasures of his church, and among other things a beautiful silver-chased chapel behind the high altar, containing some exquisite bénitières, crucifixes, and relics. The wooden crucifixes of Spain, mostly carved by great men, such as Alonso Caño or Montanés, are quite wonderful in beauty and force of expression; but they are very difficult to obtain. They have a pretty custom in this church of offering two turtle doves in a pure white basket when a child is devoted to the Blessed Virgin, which are left on the altar, as in the old days of the Purification, and the white basket is afterwards

laid up in the chapel. After breakfast the whole party arrived at the cathedral. How describe this wonderful building! To say it is such and such a height, and such and such a width, that it has so many columns, and so many chapels, and so many doors, and so many windows. . . . Why, Murray has done that far better than anyone else! But to understand the cathedral at Seville, you must know it; you must feel it; you must live in it; you must see it at the moment of the setting sun, when the light streams in golden showers through those wonderful painted glass windows (those chefs-d'œuvre of Arnold of Flanders), jewelling the curling smoke of the incense still hanging round the choir; or else go there in the dim twilight, when the aisles seem to lengthen out into infinite space, and the only bright spot is from the ever-burning silver lamps which hang before the tabernacle.

One of the party, certainly not given to admiration of either churches or Catholicity, exclaimed on leaving it: 'It is a place where I could not help saying my prayers!' The good-natured Canon P—— showed them all the treasures and pictures. They are too numerous to describe in detail; but some leave an indelible impression. Among these is Murillo's wonderful 'St. Antony,'

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in the baptistery; Alonso Caño's delicious little 'Virgin and Child' (called 'Nuestra Señora de Belem'); Morales' 'Dead Christ;' a very curious old Byzantine picture of the Virgin; and in the sacristy, the exquisite portraits by Murillo of St. Leander, Archbishop of Seville, the great reformer of the Spanish liturgy, whose bones rest in a silver coffin in the Capilla Real, and of St. Isidore, his brother, who succeeded him in the see, called the 'Excellent Doctor,' and whose body rests at Leon. Here also is a wonderful 'Descent from the Cross,' by Campana, before which Murillo used to sit, and say 'he waited till He was taken down;' and here, by his own particular wish, the great painter is buried. There is besides a fine portrait of S. Teresa; and round the handsome chapter-room are a whole series of beautiful oval portraits by Murillo, and also one of his best 'Conceptions.' Among the treasures is the cross made from the gold which Christopher Columbus brought home from America, and presented to the king; the keys of the town given up to Ferdinand by the Moorish king at the conquest of Seville; two beautiful ostensorios of the fifteenth century, covered with precious stones and magnificent pearls; beautiful Cinquecento reliquaries presented by different

Popes; finely illuminated missals in admirable preservation; an exquisitely carved ivory crucifix; wonderful vestments, heavy with embroidery and seed-pearls; the crown of King Ferdinand; and last, not least, a magnificent tabernacle altar-front, angels and candlesticks, all in solid silver, beautiful in workmanship and design, used for Corpus Christi, and other solemn feasts of the Blessed Sacrament. One asks oneself very often: 'How came all these treasures to escape the rapacity of the French spoilers?'

The Royal Chapel contains the body of St. Ferdinand, the pious conqueror of Seville, which town, as well as Cordova, he rescued from the hands of the Moors, after it had been in their possession 524 years. This pious king, son to Alphonse, King of Leon, bore witness by his conduct to the truth of his words on going into battle: 'Thou, O Lord, who searchest the hearts of men, knowest that I desire but Thy glory, and not mine.' To his saint-like mother, Berangera, he owed all the good and holy impressions of his life. He helped to build the Cathedral of Toledo, of which he laid the first stone, and, in the midst of the splendours of the court, led a most ascetic and penitential life. Seville surrendered to him in 1249, after a siege of sixteen months, on which

occasion the Moorish general exclaimed, that 'only a saint, who, by his justice and piety, had won Heaven over to his interest, could have taken so strong a city with so small an army.' By the archbishop's permission, the body of the saint was exposed for our travellers. It is in a magnificent silver shrine; and the features still retain a remarkable resemblance to his portraits. His banner, crown, and sword were likewise shown to them, and the little ivory Virgin which he always fastened to the front of his saddle when going to battle. The cedar coffin still remains in which his body rested previous to its removal to this more gorgeous shrine. On the three days in the year when his body is exposed, the troops all attend the mass, and lower their arms and colours to the great Christian conqueror. A little staircase at the back of the tomb brings you down into a tiny crypt, where, arranged on shelves, are the coffins of the beautiful Maria Padilla, of Pedro the Cruel, and of their two sons: latterly, those of the children of the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier have been added. Over the altar of the chapel above hangs a very curious wooden statue of the Virgin, given to St. Ferdinand by the good king Louis of France. King Ferdinand adorned her with a crown of emeralds and a stomacher of

diamonds, belonging to his mother, on condition that they should never be removed from the image.

The organs are among the wonders of this cathedral, with their thousands of pipes, placed horizontally, in a fan-like shape. The 'retablo' at the back of the high altar is a marvel of wood-carving; and the hundreds of lamps which burn before the different shrines are all of pure and massive silver. One is tempted to ask: 'Was it by men and women like ourselves that cathedrals such as this were planned and built and furnished?' The chapter who undertook it are said to have deprived themselves even of the necessaries of life to erect a basilica worthy of the name; and in this spirit of voluntary poverty and self-abnegation was it begun and completed. Never was there a moment when money was so plentiful in England as now, yet where will a cathedral be found built since the fifteenth century?

At the west end lies Fernando, son of the great Christopher Columbus, who himself died at Valladolid, and is said to rest in the Havana. The motto on the tomb is simple but touching:—

Á Castilla y á Leon, mundo nuevo dió Colon.

Over this stone, during Holy Week, is placed

the 'monumento,' an enormous tabernacle, more than 100 feet high, which is erected to contain the Sacred Host on Holy Thursday: when lighted up, with the magnificent silver custodia, massive silver candlesticks, and a profusion of flowers and candles, it forms a 'sepulchre' unequalled in the world for beauty and splendour.

Passing at last under the Moorish arch towards the north-east end of the cathedral, our travellers found themselves in a beautiful cloistered 'patio,' full of orange-trees in full blossom, with a magnificent fountain in the centre. In one corner is the old stone pulpit from which St. Vincent Ferrer, St. John of Avila, and other saints preached to the people: an inscription records the fact. Over the beautiful door which leads into the cathedral hang various curious emblems: a horn, a crocodile, a rod, and a bit, said to represent plenty, prudence, justice, and temperance. To the left is the staircase leading to the Columbine Library, given by Fernando, and containing some very interesting MSS. of Christopher Columbus. One book is full of quotations, in his own handwriting, from the Psalms and the Prophets, proving the existence of the New World; another is a plan of the globe and of the zodiac drawn out by him. There is also a universal history, with copious notes,

in the same bold, clear, fine handwriting; and a series of his letters to the king, written in Latin. Above the book-shelves are a succession of curious portraits, including those of Christopher Columbus and his son Fernando, which were given by Louis Philippe to the library; of Velasquez; of Cardinal Mendoza; of S. Fernando, by Murillo; and of our own Cardinal Wiseman, who, a native of Seville, is held in the greatest love and veneration here. A touching little account of his life and death has lately been published in Seville by the talented Spanish author, Don Leon Carbonero y Sol, with the appropriate heading 'Sicut vita finis ita.' Our party were also shown the sword of Fernand Gonsalves, a fine two-edged blade, which did good service in rescuing Seville from the Moors.

Redescending the stairs, our travellers mounted the beautiful Moorish tower of the Giralda, built in the twelfth century by Abu Yusuf Yacub, who was also the constructor of the bridge of boats across the Guadalquiver. This tower forms the great feature in every view of Seville, and is matchless both from its rich yellow and red-brown colour, its sunken Moorish decorations, and the extreme beauty of its proportions. It was originally 250 feet high, and built as a minaret,

from whence the Muezzin summoned the faithful to prayers in the mosque hard by; but Ferdinand Riaz added another 100 feet, and, fortunately, in perfect harmony with the original design. He girdled it with a motto from Proverbs xviii.: 'Nomen Domini fortissima turris.'

The ascent is very easy, being by ramps sloping gently upwards. The Giralda is under the special patronage of SS. Justina and Rufina, daughters of a potter in the town, who suffered martyrdom in 304 for refusing to sell their vessels for the use of the heathen sacrifices. Sta. Justina expired on the rack, while Sta. Rufina was strangled. The figure which crowns the tower is that of Faith, and is in bronze, and beautifully carved.

The bells are very fine in tone; but what repays one for the ascent is the view, not only over the whole town and neighbourhood, but over the whole body of the huge cathedral, with its forest of pinnacles and its wonderfully constructed roof, which looks massive enough to outlast the world. The delicate Gothic balustrades are the home of a multitude of hawks (the *Falco tinunculoides*), who career round and round the beautiful tower, and are looked upon almost as sacred birds.

The thing which strikes one most in the look

of the town from hence is the absence of streets. From their excessive narrowness, they are invisible at this great height, and the houses seem all massed together, without any means of egress or ingress. The view of the setting sun from this tower is a thing never to be forgotten; nor the effect of it lit up at night, when it seems to hang like a brilliant chandelier from the dark blue vault above.

Tired as our travellers were, they could not resist one short visit that afternoon to the Museum, and to that wonderful little room below, which contains few pictures only, but those few unrivalled in the world.

Here, indeed, one sees what Murillo could do. The 'St. Thomas of Villanueva,' giving alms to the beggar (called by the painter himself his *own* picture); the 'St. Francis' embracing the crucified Saviour; the 'St. Antony,' with a lily in adoration before the infant Jesus; the 'Nativity;' the 'San Felix de Cantalicia,' holding the infant Saviour in his arms which the Blessed Virgin is coming down to receive; the 'SS. Rufina and Justina;' and last, not least, the Virgin which earned him the title of 'El Pintor de las Concepciones.' Each and all are matchless in taste, in expression, in feeling; above all, in devotion. It is

impossible to meditate on any one of these mysteries in our Blessed Lord's life without the recollection of one of these pictures rising up instantly in one's mind, as the purest embodiment of the love, or the adoration, or the compunction, which such meditations are meant to call forth: they are in themselves a prayer.

In the evening one of the party went with the Regent to call on the venerable Cardinal Archbishop, whose fine palace is exactly opposite the east front of the cathedral. It was very sad to wind up that fine staircase, and see him in that noble room, groping his way, holding on by the wall, for he is quite blind. It is hoped, however, that an operation for cataract, which is contemplated, may be successful. He was most kind, and gave the English stranger a place in the choir of the cathedral for the Processional services of the Holy Week and Easter—a great favour, generally only accorded to royalty, and of which the lady did not fail to take advantage. M. Leon Carbonero y Sol, the author and clever editor of the 'Crux,' paid them a visit that evening. By his energy and perseverance this monthly periodical has been started at Seville, which is an event in this non-literary country; and he has written several works, both biographical and devotional,

which deserve a wider reputation than they have yet obtained.

The following day, being Wednesday in Holy Week, the whole party returned to the cathedral, to see the impressive and beautiful ceremony of the Rending of the White Veil, and the 'Rocks being rent,' at the moment when that passage is chanted in the Gospel of the Passion. The effect was very fine; and all the more, from the sombre light of the cathedral, every window in which was shaded by black curtains, and every picture and image shrouded in black.* At vespers, the canons, as at Cadiz, knelt prostrate before the altar, and were covered with the black red-cross flag. At four o'clock our travellers went to the Audiencia, where the Regent and his kind wife had given them all seats to see the processions. How are these to be described? They are certainly appreciated by the people themselves; but they are not suited to English taste, especially in the glare of a Seville sun: and unless representations of the terrible and awful events connected with our Lord's Passion be depicted with the skill of a great artist, they become simply intensely painful. The thing which was touching and beautiful was

* Faber says very beautifully: 'Passion-tide veils the face of the crucifix, only that it may be more vivid in our hearts.'

the orderly arrangement of the processions themselves, and the way in which men of the highest rank, of royal blood, and of the noblest orders, did not hesitate to walk for hours through the dusty, crowded, burning streets for three successive days, with the sole motive of doing honour to their Lord, whose badge they wore. To show the importance attached by the good people of Seville to this portion of the Holy Week services, the programme is inserted verbatim in the Appendix.

The processions invariably ended by passing through the cathedral and stopping for some minutes in the open space between the high altar and the choir. The effect of the brilliant mass of light thrown by thousands of wax tapers, as the great unwieldy catafalque was borne through the profound darkness of the long aisles, was beautiful in the extreme; and representations which looked gaudy in the sunshine were mellowed and softened by the contrast with the night. The best were 'The Sacred Infancy,' the 'Bearing of the Cross,' and the 'Descent from the Cross.' In all, the figures were the size of life, and these three were beautifully and naturally designed. Less pleasing to English eyes, in spite of their wonderful splendour, were

those of the Blessed Virgin, decked out in gorgeous velvet robes, embroidered in gold, and covered with jewels, with lace pocket-handkerchiefs in the hand, and all the paraphernalia of a fine lady of the nineteenth century! It is contrary to our purer taste, which thinks of her as represented in one of Raphael's chaste and modest pictures, with the simple robe and headdress of her land and people; or else in the glistening white marble, chosen by our late beloved Cardinal as the fittest material for a representation of her in his 'Ex Voto,' and which speaks of the spotless purity of her holy life. Leaving the house of the Regent, the party made their way with difficulty through the dense crowd to the cathedral, where the Tenebræ began, followed by the Miserere, beautifully and touchingly sung, without any organ accompaniments, at the high altar. It was as if the priests were pleading for their people's sins before the throne of God. The next day was spent altogether in these solemn Holy Thursday services. After early communion at the fine Church of S. Maria Magdalena, thronged, like all the rest, with devout worshippers, our party went to high mass at the cathedral, after which the Blessed Sacrament, according to custom, was carried to the gigantic 'monumento,' or sepulchre,

before mentioned, erected at the west door of the cathedral, and dazzling with light. Then came the 'Cena' in the archbishop's palace, at which his blindness prevented his officiating; and then our travellers went round the town to visit the 'sepulchres' in the different churches, one more beautiful than the other, and thronged with such kneeling crowds, that going from one to the other was a matter of no small difficulty. The heat also increased the fatigue; and here, as at Palermo, no carriages are allowed from Holy Thursday till Easter Day: everyone must perform these pious pilgrimages on foot. At half-past two, they went back to the cathedral for the Washing of the Feet. An eloquent sermon followed, and then began the Tenebræ and the Miserere as before, with the entry of the processions between: the whole lasted till half-past eleven at night.

Good Friday was as solemn as the same day is at Rome or at Jerusalem. The Adoration of the Cross in the cathedral was very fine: but women were not allowed to kiss it as in the Holy City. After that was over, some of the party, by the kind invitation of the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier, went to their private chapel, at St. Elmo, for the 'Tre Ore d' Agonie,' being from

twelve to three o'clock, or the hours when our Saviour hung upon the cross. It was a most striking and impressive service. The beautiful chapel was entirely hung with black, and pitch dark. On entering, it was impossible to see one's way among the kneeling figures on the floor, all, of course, in deep mourning. The sole light was very powerfully thrown on a most beautiful picture of the Crucifixion, in which the figures were the size of life. The sermon, or rather meditation on the seven words of our Lord on the cross, was preached by the superior of the oratory of S. Felipe Neri, a man of great eloquence and personal holiness. It would be impossible to exaggerate the beauty and pathos of two of these meditations; the one on the charity of our Blessed Lord, the other on His desolation. A long low sob burst from the hearts of his hearers at the conclusion of the latter. The wailing minor music between was equally beautiful and appropriate; it was as the lament of the angels over the lost, in spite of the tremendous sacrifice! At half-past three, the party returned to the cathedral, where the services lasted till nine in the evening, and then came home in the state of mind and feeling so wonderfully represented by De la Roche, in the last portion of his 'Good

Friday' picture. Beautifully does Faber exclaim: 'The hearts of the saints, like sea-shells, murmur of the Passion evermore.'

The Holy Saturday functions began soon after five the next morning, and were as admirably conducted as all the rest. Immense praise was due to the 'maestro de ceremonias,' who had arranged services so varied and so complicated with such perfect order and precision: and the conduct of the black-veiled kneeling multitude throughout was equally admirable; one and all seemed absorbed by the devotions of the time and season.

That evening, the Vigil of Easter, was spent in the cathedral by some of our party in much the same manner as they had done on a preceding one in the Holy City two years before. The night was lovely. The moon was streaming through the cloisters on the orange-trees of the beautiful 'patio,' across which the Giralda threw a deep sharp shadow, the silver light catching the tips of the arches, and shining with almost startling brightness on the 'Pietà' in the little wayside chapel at the south entrance of the court. All spoke of beauty, and of peace, and of rest, and of stillness, and of the majesty of God. Inside the church were groups of black or veiled figures,

Doorway of Cathedral at Seville.

mostly women (were not women the first at the sepulchre?), kneeling before the tabernacle, or by the little lamps burning here and there in the side chapels. Each heart was pouring forth its secret burden of sorrow or of sin into the Sacred Heart which had been so lately pierced to receive it. At two in the morning matins began, 'Hæc dies quam fecit Dominus;' and after matins a magnificent Te Deum, pealed forth by those gigantic organs, and sung by the whole strength of the choir and by the whole body of voices of the crowd, which by that time had filled every available kneeling space in the vast cathedral. Then came a procession; all the choristers in red cassocks, with white cottas and little gold diadems. High mass followed, and then low masses at all the side altars, with hundreds of communicants, and the Russian salutation of 'Christ is risen!' on every tongue. It was 'a night to be remembered,' as indeed was all this Holy Week: and now people seemed too happy to speak; joy says short words and few ones. Many have asked: 'Is it equal to Jerusalem or Rome?' In point of services, 'Yes;' in point of interest, 'No:' for the presence of the Holy Father in the one place, and the vividness of recollection which the actual scenes of our Blessed Lord's Passion inspires in the other, must

ever make the Holy and Eternal Cities things apart and sacred from all besides. But nowhere else can 'fonctions' be seen in such perfection or with such solemnity as at Seville. Everything is reverently and well done, and nothing has changed in the ceremonial for the last 300 years.

A domestic sorrow had closed the palace of the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier as far as their receptions were concerned; but they kindly gave our party permission to see both house and gardens, which well deserve a visit. The palace itself reminded them a little of the Duc d'Aumale's at Twickenham: not in point of architecture, but in its beautiful and interesting contents; in its choice collections of pictures, and books, and works of art, and in the general tone which pervaded the whole. There are two exquisite Murillos; a 'St. Joseph' and a 'Holy Family;' a Divino Morales; a 'Pietà;' some beautiful Zurbarans; and some very clever and characteristic sketches by Goya. They have some curious historical portraits also, and some very pretty modern pictures. The rooms and passages abound in beautiful cabinets, rare china, sets of armour, African trappings, and Oriental costumes. In the snug low rooms looking on the garden, and reminding one of Sion or of Chiswick, there are

little fountains in the centre of each, combining Oriental luxury and freshness with European comfort. The gardens are delicious. They contain a magnificent specimen of the 'palma regis,' and quantities of rare and beautiful shrubs; also an aviary of curious and scarce birds. You wander for ever through groves of orange, and palms, and aloes, and under trellises covered with luxuriant creepers and clustering roses, with a feeling of something like envy at the climate, which seems to produce everything with comparatively little trouble or culture. To be sure there is 'le revers de la médaille,' when the scorching July sun has burnt up all this lovely vegetation. But the spring in the garden of St. Elmo is a thing to dream about.

From this enjoyable palace our party went on to visit 'Pilate's House,' so called because built by Don Enrique de Ribera, of the exact proportions of the original, in commemoration of his pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1519. It is now the property of the Duque de Medina Sidonia. Passing into a cool 'patio,' you see a black cross, marking the first of the stations of a very famous Via Crucis, which begins here and ends at the Cruz del Campo outside the town. There is a pretty little chapel opening out

of the 'patio,' ornamented with Alhambra work, as is all the rest of this lovely little moresque palace. It is a thorough bit of Damascus, with its wonderful arabesqued ceilings, and lace-like carvings on the walls and staircases, and cloistered 'patios,' and marble floors and fountains. Behind is a little garden full of palms, orange-trees, and roses in full flower, and, at the time our travellers saw it, carpeted with Neapolitan violets; quaint low hedges, as in the Alcazar gardens, divided the beds, and broken sculpture lay here and there.

One of the great treasures of Seville had yet been unvisited by our party, and that was the Lonja, formerly the Exchange, a noble work of Herrera's. It stands between the cathedral and the Alcazar, and is built in the shape of a great quadrangle, each side being about 200 feet wide. Ascending the fine marble staircase, they came to the long 'sala' containing the famous 'Indian Archives,' that is, all the letters and papers concerning the discovery of South America. There are thousands of MS. letters, beautifully arranged and docketed; and among them the autographs of Fernando Cortes, Pizarro, Magellan, Americo Vespuzio (who could not write his own name, and signed with a mark),

Fra Bartolomeo de las Cazas, and many others. There is also the original Bull of the Pope, granting the new South American discoveries to the Spaniards; and another, defining the rights between the Spaniards and the Portuguese in the matter of the conquered lands. The librarian, a very intelligent and good-natured personage, also showed them a curious list, sent home and signed by Fernando Cortes, of the silks, painted calabashes, feathers, and costumes presented by him to the king; and a quantity of autograph letters of Charles V., Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Philip IV. Fernando Cortes died at Castilleja, on December 3, 1547, and the following day his body was transported to the family vault of the Duque de Medina Sidonia, in the monastery of San Isidoro del Campo. The Duc de Montpensier has purchased the house, and made a collection of everything belonging to the great discoverer, including his books, his letters, various objects of natural history, and some very curious portraits, not only of Cortes himself, but of Christopher Columbus, Pizarro, Magellan, the Marques del Valle (of the Sicilian family of Monteleone), Bernal Diaz, Velasquez, of the historian of the conquest of Mexico, Don Antonio Solis, and many others.

In the afternoon, the Marques de P—— called for our travellers to take them to the University, and to introduce them to the rector and to the librarian, whose name was the well-deserved one of Don José Bueno, a most clever and agreeable man, whose pure Castilian accent made his Spanish perfectly intelligible to his English visitors. He very good-naturedly undertook to show them all the most interesting MSS. himself, together with some beautiful missals, rare first editions of various classical works, and some very clever etchings of Goya's of bull fights and ladies—the latter of doubtful propriety. In the church belonging to the University are some fine pictures by Roelas and Alonso Caño, some beautiful carvings by Montanés, and several very fine monuments. In the rector's own room is a magnificent 'St. Jerome,' by Lucas Kranach, the finest work of that artist that exists. There are 1,200 students in this University, which rivals that of Salamanca in importance.

Taking leave of the kind librarian, the Marques de P—— went on to show them a private collection of pictures belonging to the Marques Cessera. Amidst a quantity of rubbish were a magnificent 'Crucifixion,' by Alonso Caño; a Crucifix, painted on wood, by Murillo, for an infirmary, and con-

cealed by a Franciscan during the French occupation in 1812; a Zurbaran, with his own signature in the corner; and, above all, a 'Christ bound with the Crown of Thorns,' by Murillo, which is the gem of the whole collection, and perfectly beautiful both in colouring and expression.

Coming home, they went to see the house to which Murillo was taken after his accident at Cadiz, and where he finally died; also the site of his original burial, before his body was removed to the cathedral where it now rests.

But one of the principal charms of our travellers' residence in Seville has not yet been mentioned; and that was their acquaintance, through the kind Bishop of Antinoe, with Fernan Caballero. She may be called the Lady Georgiana Fullerton of Spain, in the sense of refinement of taste and catholicity of feeling. But her works are less what are commonly called novels than pictures of home life in Spain, like Hans Andersen's 'Improvisatore,' or Tourgeneff's 'Scènes de la Vie en Russie.'

This charming lady, by birth a German on the father's side, and by marriage connected with all the 'bluest blood' in Spain, lives in apartments given her by the queen in the palace of the

Alcazar. Great trials and sorrows have not dimmed the fire of her genius or extinguished one spark of the loving charity which extends itself to all that suffer. Her tenderness towards animals, unfortunately a rare virtue in Spain, is one of her marked characteristics. She has lately been striving to establish a society in Seville for the prevention of cruelty to animals, after the model of the London one, and often told one of our party that she never left her home without praying that she might not see or hear any ill-usage to God's creatures. She is no longer young, but still preserves traces of a beauty which in former years made her the admiration of the court. Her playfulness and wit, always tempered by a kind thoughtfulness for the feelings of others, and her agreeableness in conversation, seem only to have increased with lengthened experience of people and things. Nothing was pleasanter than to sit in the corner of her little drawing-room, or, still better, in her tiny study, and hear her pour out anecdote after anecdote of Spanish life and Spanish peculiarities, especially among the poor. But if one wished to excite her, one had but to touch on questions regarding her faith and the so-called 'progress' of her country. Then all her Andalusian blood

would be roused, and she would declaim for hours in no measured terms against the spoliation of the monasteries, those centres of education and civilisation in the villages and outlying districts; against the introduction of schools without religion, and colleges without faith; and the propagation of infidel opinions through the current literature of the day.

Previous acquaintance with the people had already made some of our travellers aware of the justice of many of her remarks. Catholicism in Spain is not merely the religion of the people; *it is their life.* It is so mixed up with their common expressions and daily habits, that, at first, there seems to a stranger almost an irreverence in their ways. It is not till you get thoroughly at home, both with them and their language, that you begin to perceive that holy familiarity, if one may so speak, with our Divine Lord and His Mother which impregnates their lives and colours all their actions. Theirs is a world of traditions, which familiarity from the cradle have turned into faith, and for that faith they are ready to die. Ask a Spanish peasant why she plants rosemary in her garden? She will directly tell you that it was on a rosemary-bush that the Blessed Virgin hung our Saviour's

clothes out to dry as a baby. Why will a Spaniard never shoot a swallow? Because it was a swallow that tried to pluck the thorns out of the crown of Christ as He hung on the cross. Why does the owl no longer sing? Because he was by when our Saviour expired, and since then his only cry is 'Crux! crux!' Why are dogs so often called Melampo in Spain? Because it was the name of the dog of the shepherds who worshipped at the manger at Bethlehem. What is the origin of the red rose? A drop of the Saviour's blood fell on the white roses growing at the foot of the cross—and so on, for ever! Call it folly, superstition—what you will. You will never eradicate it from the heart of the people, for it is as their flesh and blood, and their whole habits of thought, manners and customs, run in the same groove. They have, like the Italians, a wonderful talent for 'improvising' both stories and songs; but the same beautiful thread of tender piety runs through the whole.

One day, Fernan Caballero told them, an old beggar was sitting on the steps of the Alcazar: two or three children, tired of play, came and sat by him, and asked him, child-like, for 'a story.' He answered as follows:—'There was once a

hermit, who lived in a cave near the sea. He was a very good and charitable man, and he heard that in a village on the mountain above there was a very bad fever, and that no one would go and nurse the people for fear of infection. So up he toiled, day after day, to tend the sick, and look after their wants. At last he began to get tired, and to think it would be far better if he were to move his hermitage up the hill, and save himself the daily toil. As he walked up one day, turning this idea over in his mind, he heard some one behind him saying: "One, two, three." He looked round, and saw no one. He walked on, and again heard: "Four, five, six, seven." Turning short round this time, he beheld one in white and glistening raiment, who gently spoke as follows: "I am your guardian angel, and am *counting the steps which you take for Christ's poor.*" '

The children understood the drift of it as well as you or I, reader! and this is a sample of their daily talk. Their reverence for age is also a striking and touching characteristic. The poorest beggar is addressed by them as 'tio' or 'tia,' answering to our 'daddy' or 'granny;' and should one pass their cottage as they are sitting down to their daily meal, they always rise and offer him

a place, and ask him to say grace for them, 'echar la benedicion.' They are indeed a most loveable race, and their very pride increases one's respect for them. Often in their travels did one of the party lose her way, either in going to some distant church in the early morning, or in visiting the sick; and often was she obliged to have recourse to her bad Spanish to be put in the right road. An invariable courtesy, and generally an insistence on accompanying her home, was the result. But if any money or fee were offered for the service, the indignant refusal, or, still worse, the *hurt* look which the veriest child would put on at what it considered the height of insult and unkindness, very soon cured her of renewing the attempt.

Another touching trait in their character is their intense reverence for the Blessed Sacrament. In the great ceremonies of the church, or when It is passing down the street to a sick person, the same veneration is shown. One day, one of the English ladies was buying some photographs in a shop, and the tradesman was explaining to her the different prices and sizes of each, when, all of a sudden, he stopped short, exclaiming: 'Sua Maestà viene!' and leaving the astonished lady at the counter, rushed out of his shop-door. She,

thinking it was the royalties, who were then at the Alcazar, went out too to look, when, to her pleasure and surprise, she saw the shopman and all the rest of the world, gentle and simple, kneeling reverently in the mud before the messenger of the Great King, who was bearing the Host to a dying man. On the day when It is carried processionally to the hospitals (one of which is the first Sunday after Easter), every window and balcony is 'parata,' or hung with red, as in Italy at the passage of the Holy Father; everyone throws flowers and bouquets on the baldachino, and that to such an extent that the choir-boys are forced to carry great clothes-baskets to receive them: the people declare that the very horses kneel! The Feast of Corpus Christi was unfortunately not witnessed by our travellers. Calderon, in his 'Autos Sacramentales,' speaking of it, says:—

> Que en el gran dia de Dios,
> Quien no está loco, no es cuerdo!

Here is indeed 'a voice from the land of Faith.' The choir on the occasion dance before the Host a dance so solemn, so suggestive, and so peculiar, that no one who has witnessed it can speak of it without emotion. Fernan Caballero talked much also of the great purity of morals among the

peasantry. Infanticide, that curse of England, is *absolutely unknown in Spain*; whether from the number of foundling hospitals, or from what other reasons, we leave it to the political economists to discover. A well-known Spanish writer describes the women as having 'Corazones delectos, minas de amores,' and being 'puros y santos modelos de esposas y de madres.' (Exceptional hearts, mines of love, and being pure and holy models of wives and mothers.) They are also wonderfully cleanly, both in their houses and their persons. There are never any bad smells in the streets or lodgings. Fleas abound from the great heat; but no other vermin is to be met with either in the inns, or beds, or in visiting among the sick poor, in all of which they form a marked contrast to the Italian peasantry, and, I fear we must add, to the English!

Their courtesy towards one another is also widely different from the ordinary gruff, boorish intercourse of our own poor people; and the very refusal to a beggar, 'Perdone, Usted, pŏr Dios, hermano!'* speaks of the same gentle consideration for the feelings of their neighbours which characterises the race and emanates from that divine charity which dwells not only on their

* 'Forgive me, for the love of God, brother!'

lips but in their hearts. One peculiarity in their conversation has not yet been alluded to, and that is their passion for proverbs. They cannot frame a sentence without one, and they are mostly such as illustrate the kindly, trustful, pious nature of the people. '*Haz lo bien, y no mira á quien.*' (Do good, and don't look to whom.) '*Quien no es agradecido, no es bien nacido.*' (He who is not courteous is not well born.) '*Cosa cumplida solo en la otra vida.*' (The end of all things is only seen in the future life.) And so on *ad infinitum.*

No description of Seville would be complete without mention of the 'patio,' so important a feature in every Andalusian house; and no words can be so good for the purpose as those of Fernan Caballero, which we translate almost literally from her 'Familia de Alvareda:'

'The house was spacious and scrupulously clean; on each side of the door was a bench of stone. In the porch hung a little lamp before the image of our Lord, in a niche over the entrance, according to the Catholic custom of placing all things under holy protection. In the middle was the "patio," a necessity to the Andalusian; and in the centre of this spacious court, an enormous orange-tree raised its leafy head from its robust and clean trunk. For an

infinity of generations had this beautiful tree been a source of delight to the family. The women made tonic concoctions of its leaves, the daughters adorned themselves with its flowers, the boys cooled their blood with its fruits, the birds made their home in its boughs. The rooms opened out of the "patio," and borrowed their light from thence. This "patio" was the centre of all—the "home," the place of gathering when the day's work was over. The orange-tree loaded the air with its heavy perfume, and the waters of the fountain fell in soft showers on the marble basin, fringed with the delicate maiden-hair fern; and the father, leaning against the tree, smoked his "cigarro de papel;" and the mother sat at her work; while the little ones played at her feet, the eldest resting his head on a big dog, which lay stretched at full length on the cool marble slabs. All was still, and peaceful, and beautiful.'

CHAPTER VII.

EXCURSIONS NEAR SEVILLE.

THE excursions in the neighbourhood of Seville are full of beauty and interest of various kinds. One of the first undertaken by our travellers was to the ruins of Italica, the ancient Seville, formerly an important Roman city, and the birthplace of Trajan and of Adrian. In the church, half convent and half fortress, are two very fine statues of St. Isidore and St. Jerome, by Montanés. Here St. Isidore began his studies. He was hopelessly dull and slow, and was tempted to give up the whole thing in despair, when one day, being in a brown study, his eye fell on an old well, the marble sides of which were worn into grooves by the continual friction of the cord which let down the bucket. 'If a cord can thus indent marble,' he said to himself, 'why should not constant study and perseverance make an

impression on my mind?' His resolution was taken, and he became the light of his age and country. The well which gave him this useful lesson is still shown near the south door of the church. Here also is the monument of Doña Uraca Osorio, a lady who was burnt to death by order of King Pedro the Cruel, for having resisted his addresses. The flames having consumed the lower part of her dress, her faithful maid rushed into the fire, and died in endeavouring to conceal her mistress. In the sacristy is a very curious Byzantine picture of the Virgin. Leaving the church, our party went on to the amphitheatre, which has recently been excavated, and must have contained ten or twelve thousand people. A fine mosaic has lately been discovered, which evidently formed part of the ancient pavement. The custode was a character, and lived in a primitive little cabin at the entrance of the circus: a moss bed and a big cat seemed the only furniture. He was very proud of his tiny garden, poor old man! and of his wallflowers, of which he gave the ladies a large bunch, together with a few silver coins which had been dug up in the excavations.

On their way home they passed by a cemetery in which was a very beautiful, though simple,

marble cross. On it were engraved these three lines :—

Creo en Dios.
Espero en Dios.
Amo á Dios.

It was the grave of a poor boy, the only son of a widow. He was not exactly an idiot, but what people call a 'natural.' Good, simple, humble, everyone loved him; but no one could teach him anything. His intelligence was in some way at fault. He could remember nothing. In vain the poor mother put him first to school, and then to a trade; he could not learn. At last, in despair, she took him to a neighbouring monastery, and implored the abbot, who was a most charitable holy man, to take him in and keep him as a lay brother. Touched by her grief, the abbot consented, and the boy entered the convent. There, all possible pains were taken with him by the good monks to give him at least some ideas of religion; but he could remember nothing but these three sentences. Still, he was so patient, so laborious, and so good, that the community decided to keep him. When he had finished his hard out-of-door work, instead of coming in to rest, he would go straight to the church, and there remain on his knees for hours. 'But what does he

do?' exclaimed one of the novices. 'He does not know how to pray. He neither understands the office, nor the sacraments, nor the ceremonies of the Church.' They therefore hid themselves in a side chapel, close to where he always knelt, and watched him when he came in. Devoutly kneeling, with his hands clasped, his eyes fastened on the tabernacle, he did nothing but repeat over and over again: 'Creo en Dios; espero en Dios; amo á Dios.' One day he was missing: they went to his cell, and found him dead on the straw, with his hands joined and an expression of the same ineffable peace and joy they had remarked on his face when in church. They buried him in this quiet cemetery, and the abbot caused these words to be graven on his cross. Soon, a lily was seen flowering by the grave, where no one had sown it; the grave was opened, and the root of the flower was found in the heart of the orphan boy.*

Another morning our party visited the Cartucha, the once magnificent Carthusian convent, with its glorious ruined church and beautiful and extensive orange-gardens. Now all is deserted. The only thing remaining of the church is a fine west wall and rose-window, with a chapel which the proprietor has preserved for the use of his workpeople, and in the choir of which are some

* This anecdote is from the lips of Fernan Caballero.

finely carved wooden stalls: the rest have been removed to Cadiz, where they form the great ornament of the cathedral. Here and there are some fine 'azulejos,' and a magnificently carved doorway, speaking of glories long since departed. This convent, once the very centre of all that was most cultivated and literary in Spain, a museum of painting, architecture, and sculpture, is now converted into a porcelain manufactory, where a good-natured Englishman has run up a tall chimney, and makes ugly cheap pots and pans to suit the taste and pockets of the Sevillians. Oh for this age of 'progress'! It is fair to say that the proprietor, who kindly accompanied the party over the building, and into the beautiful gardens, and to the ruined pagoda or summer-house, lamented that no encouragement was given by the Spanish nobles of the present day to any species of taste or beauty in design, and that his attempts to introduce a higher class of china, in imitation of Minton's, had met with decided failure; no one would buy anything so dear. They had imported English workmen and modellers in the first instance; but he said that the Spaniards were apt scholars, and had quickly learned the trade, so that his workmen are now almost exclusively from the country itself. The only pretty thing our travellers could find, and

which was kindly presented to one of the party, was one of the cool picturesque-shaped bottles made, like the 'goolehs' of Egypt, of porous clay, which maintains the coldness and freshness of any liquid poured into it.

Among the many charming expeditions from Seville, is one to Castilleja (the village before alluded to as the scene of the death of Fernan Cortes), through the fertile plains and vineyards of Aljarafa. Here begins the region which the Romans called the Gardens of Hercules. It produces one of the best and rarest wines in Spain: the plants having been originally brought from Flanders by a poor soldier named Pedro Ximenes, who discovered that the Rhine vines, when transplanted to the sunny climate of Andalusia, lose their acidity, and yield the luscious fruit which still bears his name. In the centre of this fertile plain stands a small house and garden, to which is attached one of those tales of crime, divine vengeance, and godlike forgiveness, which are so characteristic of the people and country. About twenty years ago it was inhabited by a family consisting of a man named Juan Pedro Alfaro, with his wife, and a son of nineteen or twenty. Their quiet and peaceable lives were spent in cultivating their vineyard and selling its

produce in the neighbouring town. They were good and respectable people, living in peace with their neighbours, and perfectly contented with their occupation and position. One thing only was felt as a grievance. A lawyer, of the character of the 'Attorney Case' in our childhood's story, had lately started an obnoxious new tax on every cargo of wine brought into the city; and this tax, being both unjust and illegal, they resolved to dispute. One day, therefore, when the good man and his son were driving their mules to market with their fruity burden, they were stopped by the attorney, who demanded the usual payment. The younger man firmly, but respectfully, refused, stating his reasons. The attorney tried first fair words, and then foul, without effect, upon which he vowed to be revenged. The son, pointing to his Albacetan poniard, on which was the inscription, 'I know how to defend my master,' defied his vengeance; and so they parted.

But never again was the poor wife and mother's heart gladdened by the sight of their returning faces. In vain she waited, hour after hour, that first terrible evening. The mules returned, but masterless. Then, beside herself with fear, the poor woman rushed off to the town to make

enquiries as to their fate. No one knew anything further than that they had been at Seville the day before, had sold their wine for a good price, and been seen, as usual, returning cheerfully home. She then went to the Audiencia, or legal supreme court of the city, where the magistrates, touched by her tale, and alarmed also at the disappearance of the men, who were known throughout the country for their high character and respectability, caused a rigorous search to be made in the whole neighbourhood; but in vain. No trace of them could be discovered. By degrees, the excitement in the town on the subject passed away, and the poor muleteers were forgotten; but in the heart of the widowed mother there could be no rest and no peace. The mystery in which their fate was involved was so inexplicable that the hope of their return, however faint, would not die out; and for twenty years she spent her life and her substance in seeking for her lost loved ones. At last, reduced to utter misery, and worn out both in mind and body, she was forced to beg her daily bread of the charity of the peasants: the 'bolsa de Dios,' as the people poetically call it, a 'bolsa' which, to do the Spaniards justice, is never empty. The little children would bring

her eggs and pennies; the fathers and husbands would give her a corner by the 'brasero' in winter, or under the vine-covered trellis in summer; the wives and mothers knew what had brought her to such misery, and had ever an extra loaf or a dish of 'garbanzos' set aside for the 'Madre Ana,' as she was called by the villagers. She, humble, prayerful, hopeful, ever grateful for the least kindness, and willing in any way to oblige others, at last fell dangerously ill. The curé, who had been striving to calm and soothe that sorely tried soul, was one day leaving her cottage, when his attention was attracted by a crowd of people, with the mayor at their head, who were hurrying towards an olive wood near the village. He followed, and, to his horror, found that the cause of the sensation was the discovery of two human skeletons under an olive-tree, the finger of one of which was pointing through the earth to heaven, as if for vengeance. The mayor ordered the earth to be removed: the surgeon examined the bodies, and gave it as his opinion that they must have been dead many years. But on examining the clothes, a paper was found which a waterproof pocket had preserved from decay. The attorney, who was likewise present, seized it; but no sooner had his

eyes lighted on the words, than he fell backwards in a swoon. 'What is the matter? what has he read?' exclaimed the bystanders as with one voice. 'It is a certificate such as used to be carried by our muleteers,' exclaimed the mayor, taking the paper from the lawyer's hand; and opening it, he read out loud the following words: '*Pass for Juan Pedro Alfaro.*'

Here, then, was the unravelling of the terrible mystery: the men had evidently been murdered on their way home. The attorney recovered from his fainting fit, but fever followed, and in his delirium he did nothing but exclaim: 'It is not I!—my hands are free from blood. It is Juan Caño and Joseph Salas.' These words, repeated by the people, caused the arrest of the two men named, who no sooner found themselves in the hands of justice than they confessed their crime, and described how, having been excited to do so by the attorney, they had shot both Juan Alfaro and his son, from behind some olive-trees, on their way home from market, had robbed, and afterwards buried them in the place where the bodies had been found. Sentence of death was passed upon the murderers, while the attorney was condemned to hard labour for life, and to witness, with a rope round his neck, the execu-

tion of his accomplices in the fatal deed. The poor 'Madre Ana' had hardly recovered from her severe illness when these terrible events transpired. The indignation of the peasantry, and their compassion for her, knew no bounds: they would have torn the attorney in pieces if they could. The widow herself, overwhelmed with grief at this confirmation of her worst fears, remained silent as the grave. At last, when those around her were breathing nothing but maledictions on the heads of the murderers, and counting the days to the one fixed for the execution of their sentence, she suddenly spoke, and asked that the curé should be sent for. He at once obeyed the summons. She raised herself in the bed with some effort, and then said: 'My father, is it not true that, if pardon be implored for a crime by the one most nearly related to the victims, the judges generally mitigate the severity of the punishment?' He replied in the affirmative. 'Then to-morrow,' she replied, 'I will go to Seville.' 'God bless you! my daughter,' replied the old priest, much moved; 'the pardon you have so freely given in your heart will be more acceptable to God than the deaths of these men.' A murmur of surprise and admiration, and yet of hearty approval, passed through the

lips of the bystanders. The next day, mounted carefully by the peasants on their best mule, the poor widow arrived at the Audiencia. Her entrance caused a stir and an emotion in the whole court. Bent with age, and worn with sickness and misery, she advanced in front of the judges, who, seeing her extreme weakness, instantly ordered a comfortable chair to be brought for her. But the effort had been too much; she could not speak. The judge then addressing her, said: 'Señora, is it true that you are come to plead for the pardon of Juan Caño and Joseph Salas, convicted of the assassination of your husband and son? and also for the pardon of the lawyer, who, by his instigation, led them to commit the crime?' She bowed her head in token of assent. A murmur of admiration and pity spread through the court; and a relation of the lawyer's, who saw his family thus rescued from the last stage of degradation, eagerly bent forward, exclaiming: 'Señora, do not fear for your future. I swear that every want of yours shall henceforth be provided for.'

The momentary feebleness of the woman now passed away. She rose to her full height, and casting on the speaker a look of mingled indignation and scorn, exclaimed: 'You offer me

payment for my pardon? I do not *sell* the blood of my son!'

No account of 'life in Seville' would be complete without a bull-fight, 'corrida de toros;' and so one afternoon saw our travellers in a tolerably spacious loggia on the shady side of the circus, preparing, though with some qualms of conscience, to see, for the first time, this, the great national sport of Spain. The roof of the cathedral towered above the arena, and the sound of the bells just ringing for vespers made at least one of the party regret the decision which had led her to so uncongenial a place. But it was too late to recede. No one could escape from the mass of human beings tightly wedged on every side, all eager for the fight. Partly, perhaps, owing to the mourning and consequent absence of the court, there were very few ladies; which it is to be hoped is also a sign that the 'corrida' has no longer such attractions for them. Presently the trumpets sounded. One of the barriers which enclosed the arena was thrown open, and in came a procession of 'toreros,' 'banderilleros,' and 'chulos,' all attired in gay and glittering costumes, chiefly blue and silver, the hair of each tied in a net, with a great bow behind, and with tight pink silk stockings and

buckled shoes. With them came the 'picadores,' dressed in yellow, with large broad-brimmed hats and iron-cased legs, riding the most miserable horses that could be seen, but which, being generally thoroughbred, arched their necks and endeavoured, poor beasts! to show what once they had been. They were blindfolded, without which they could not have been induced to face the bull. The procession stopped opposite the president's box, when the principal 'torero' knelt and received in his hat the key of the bull's den, which was forthwith opened; and now the sport began. A magnificent brownish-red animal dashed out into the centre of the arena, shaking his crest and looking round him as if to defy his adversaries, pawing the ground the while. The men were all watching him with intense eagerness. Suddenly the bull singled out one as his adversary, and made a dash at a 'banderillero' who was agitating a scarlet cloak to the left. The man vaulted over the wooden fence into the pit. The bull, foiled, and knocking his horns against the wooden palings with a force which seemed as if it would bring the whole thing down, now rushed at a 'picador' to the right, from whose lance he received a wound in the shoulder. But the bull, lowering his head, drove

his horns right into the wretched horse's entrails, and, with almost miraculous strength, galloped with both horse and rider on his neck round the whole arena, finally dropping both, when the 'picador' was saved by the 'chulos,' but the horse was left to be still further gored by the bull, and then to die in agony on the sand. This kind of thing was repeated with one after the other, till the bull, exhausted and covered with lance-wounds, paused as if to take breath. The 'banderilleros' chose this moment, and with great skill and address advanced in front of him, with their hands and arms raised, and threw forward arrows, ornamented with fringed paper, which they fixed into his neck. This again made him furious, and, in eager pursuit of one of his enemies, the poor beast leapt out of the arena over the six-feet high barrier into the very middle of the crowded pit. The 'sauve qui peut' may be imagined; but no one was hurt, and the din raised by the multitude seemed to have alarmed the bull, who trotted back quietly into the circus by a side-door which had been opened for the purpose. Now came the exciting moment. The judge gave the signal, and one of the most famous 'matadores,' Cuchares by name, beautifully dressed in blue and silver, and armed with a short sharp

sword, advanced to give the *coup de grâce.* This requires both immense skill and great agility; and at this very moment, when our party were wound up to the highest pitch of interest and excitement, a similar scene had ended fatally for the 'matador' at Cadiz. But Cuchares seemed to play with his danger; and though the bull, mad with rage, pursued him with the greatest fury, tearing his scarlet scarf into ribands, and nearly throwing down the wooden screens placed at the sides of the arena as places of refuge for the men when too closely pressed to escape in other ways, he chose a favourable moment, and leaping forward, dug his short sword right into the fatal spot above the shoulder. With scarcely a struggle, the noble beast fell, first on his knees, and then rolled over dead. The people cheered vociferously, the trumpets sounded. Four mules, gaily caparisoned, were driven furiously into the arena; the huge carcase, fastened to them by ropes, was dragged out, together with those of such of the horses as death had mercifully released, and then the whole thing began over again. Twenty horses and six bulls were killed in two hours and a half, and the more horrible the disembowelled state of the animals, the greater seemed the delight of the spectators. It is im-

possible, without disgusting our readers, to give a truthful description of the horrible state of the horses. One, especially, caused a sensation even among the 'habitués' of the ring. He belonged to one of the richest gentlemen in Seville, had been his favourite hack, and was as well known in the Prado as his master. Yet this gentleman had the brutality, when the poor beast's work was ended, to condemn him to this terrible fate! The gallant horse, disembowelled as he was, *would not die*: he survived one bull after the other, though his entrails were hanging in festoons on their horns, and finally, when the gates were opened to drag out the carcases of the rest, he managed to crawl away also—and to drag himself where? To the very door of his master's house, which he reached, and where he finally laid down and died. His instinct, unhappily wrong in this case, had evidently made him fancy that *there*, at any rate, he would have pity and relief from his agony: for the wounds inflicted by the horns of the bull are, it is said, horrible in their burning, smarting pain. Fernan Caballero was with the wife of a famous 'matador,' whose chest was transfixed by the bull at the moment when, thinking the beast's strength was spent, he had leant forward to deal the fatal stroke. He lingered for some

hours, but in an agony which she said must have been seen to be believed. Generally speaking, however, such accidents to the men are very rare. Carlo Puerto, one of the 'picadores,' was killed last year by a very wary bull, who turned suddenly, and catching him on his horns in the stomach, ran with him in that way three times round the arena !—but that was the fault of the president, who had insisted on his attacking the bull in the centre of the ring, the 'picadores' always remaining close to the screen, so that their escape may be more easily managed. If the sport could be conducted, as it is said to be in Salamanca and in Portugal, without injury to the horses, the intense interest caused by a combat where the skill, intelligence, and agility of the man is pitted against the instinct, quickness, and force of the bull, would make it perhaps a legitimate as well as a most exciting amusement; but as it is at present conducted, it is simply horrible, and inexcusably cruel and revolting. It is difficult to understand how any woman can go to it a second time. The effect on the people must be brutalising to a frightful extent, and accounts in a great measure for their utter absence of feeling for animals, especially horses and mules, which they ill-use in a manner perfectly shocking to an

Englishman, and apparently without the slightest sense of shame. But there is no indication of this sport becoming less popular in Spain. Combats with 'novillos,' or young bulls, whose horns are tipped to avoid accidents, are a common amusement among the young aristocracy, who are said to bet frightfully on their respective favourites; and thus the taste is fostered from their cradles.

The programme, or play-bill, is given literally in the Appendix, together with an amusing version of the fight in the Spanish 'vernacular' of the 'Ring.'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS AND CONVENTS OF SEVILLE.

A FEW days after the Holy Week, our travellers decided on visiting some of the far-famed charitable institutions of Seville; and taking the kind and benevolent Padre B—— as their interpreter, they went first to the Hospital del Sangre, or of the 'five Wounds,' a magnificent building of the sixteenth century, with a Doric façade 600 feet long, a beautiful portal, and a 'patio,' in the centre of which is the church, a fine building, built in the shape of a Latin cross, and containing one or two good Zurbarans. There are between 300 and 400 patients; and in addition to the large wards, there are—what is so much needed in our great London hospitals, and which we have before alluded to at Madrid—a number of nicely-furnished little separate rooms for a higher class of patients, who pay about two shillings a day, and have both the skill of the doctors and

the tender care of the sisters of charity, instead of being neglected in their own homes. There was a poor priest in one of these apartments, in another a painter, and in a third a naval captain, a Swede, and so on. The hospital is abundantly supplied with everything ordered by the doctors, including wine, brandy, chickens, or the like ; and in this respect is a great contrast to that at Malaga, where the patients literally die for want of the necessary extra diets and stimulants which the parsimony of the administration denies them. In each quadrangle is a nice garden, with seats and fountains, and full of sweet flowers, where the patients, when well enough, can sit out and enjoy the sunshine. There is not the slightest *hospital smell* in any one of the wards. The whole is under the administration of the Spanish sisters of charity of St. Vincent de Paul; and knowing that, no surprise was felt at the perfection of the 'lingerie,' or the admirable arrangement and order of the hospital. They have a touching custom when one of the patients is dying, and has received the viaticum, to place above his head a special cross, so that he may be left undisturbed by casual visitors. The sisters have a little oratory upstairs, near the women's ward, beautifully fitted up. An air of

refinement, of comfort, and of *home*, pervades the whole establishment.

Close to this hospital is the old tower where St. Hermengilde was put to death, on Easter eve, by order of his unnatural father, because he would not join the Arian heresy, or receive his paschal communion from the hands of an Arian bishop. This was in the sixth century: and is not the same persecution, and for the same cause, going on in Poland in the nineteenth?* The old Gothic tower still remains, and in it his close dungeon. A church has been built adjoining, but the actual prison remains intact. There are some good pictures in the church, especially a Madonna, by Murillo; and a clever picture of St. Ignatius in his room, meditating on his conversion. There is also a fine statue of

* The manner in which, during this very last Easter, the poor Polish Catholics have been treated and forced to receive schismatical communions through a system of treachery unparalleled in the annals of the Church, is unfortunately not sufficiently known in England, where alone public opinion could be brought to bear on the instigators of such tyranny. The strife between Russia and Poland has ceased to be anything but a religious struggle: Russia is determined to quench Catholicism out of the land. But the cry of hundreds of exiled pastors of the flock is rising to heaven from the forests and mines of Siberia: in the Holy Sacrifice (offered in earthenware cups on common stones) they still plead for their people before the Throne of the Great Intercessor. And that cry and those prayers will be answered in God's own time and way.

St. Hermengilde himself, by Montanés, over the high altar. The good old priest who had the care of this church lived in a little room adjoining, like a hermit in his cell, entirely devoted to painting and to the 'culte' of his patron saint. St. Gregory the Great attributes to the merits of this martyr the conversion of his brother, afterwards King Recared, the penitence of his father, and the Christianising of the whole kingdom of the Visigoths in Spain.

From thence our travellers went on to the orphanage managed by the 'Trinitarian sisters.' The house was built in the last century, by a charitable lady, who richly endowed it, and placed 200 children there; now, the government, without a shadow of right, has taken the whole of the funds of the institution, and allows them barely enough to purchase bread. The superior is in despair, and has scarcely the heart to go on with the work. She has diminished the number of the children, and has been obliged to curtail their food, giving them neither milk nor meat except on great festivals. But for the intervention of the Duc de Montpensier, and other charitable persons, the whole establishment must long since have been given up. There are twenty-four sisters. The children work and embroider beauti-

fully, and are trained to every kind of industrial occupation. From this orphanage our party went to the Hospital for Women, managed by the sisters of the third order of St. Francis. It is one of the best hospitals in Seville. There are about 100 women, admirably kept and cared for, and a ward of old and incurable patients besides. The superior, a most motherly, loving soul, to whom everyone seemed much attached, took them over every part of the building. She has a passion for cats, and beautiful 'Angoras' were seen basking in the sun in every window-sill.

This hospital, like the orphanage, is a private foundation; but the government has given notice that they mean to appropriate its funds, and the poor sisters are in terror lest their supplies should cease for their sick. It is a positive satisfaction to think that the government which has dealt in this wholesale robbery of the widow and orphan is not a bit the better for it. One feels inclined to exclaim twenty times a day: 'Thy money perish with thee!'

But of all the charitable institutions of Seville, the finest is the Caridad, a magnificent hospital, or rather 'asilo,' for poor and incurable patients, nursed and tended by the Spanish sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. It was founded in the seven-

teenth century, by Don Miguel de Mañara, a man eminent for his high birth and large fortune, and one of the knights of Calatrava, an order only given to people whose quarterings showed nobility for several generations. He was in his youth the Don Juan of Seville, abandoning himself to every kind of luxury and excess, although many strange warnings were sent to him, from time to time, to arrest him in his headlong, downward course. On one occasion especially, he had followed a young and apparently beautiful figure through the streets and into the cathedral, where, regardless of the sanctity of the place, he insisted on her listening to his addresses. What was his horror, on her turning round, in answer to his repeated solicitations, when the face behind the mask proved to be that of a skeleton! So strongly was this circumstance impressed on his mind, that he caused it afterwards to be painted by Valdés, and hung in the council-room of the hospital. Another time, when returning from one of his nocturnal orgies, he lost his way, and, passing by the Church of Santiago, saw, to his surprise, that the doors were open, the church lit, and a number of priests were kneeling with lighted tapers round a bier in perfect silence. He went in and asked 'whose

was the funeral?' The answer of one after the other was: 'Don Miguel de Mañara.' Thinking this a bad joke, he approached the coffin, and hastily lifted up the black pall which covered the features of the dead. To his horror, he recognised himself. This event produced a complete change in his life. He resolved to abandon his vicious courses, and marry, choosing the only daughter of a noble house, as much noted for her piety as for her beauty. But God had higher designs in store for him, and after a few years spent in the enjoyment of the purest happiness, his young wife died suddenly. In the first violence of his grief, Don Miguel thought but of escaping from the world altogether, and burying himself in a monastery. But God willed it otherwise. There was at that time, on the right bank of the Guadalquiver, a little hermitage dedicated to St. George, which was the resort of a confraternity of young men who had formed themselves into brothers of charity, and devoted themselves to the care of the sick and dying poor. Don Diego Mirafuentes was their 'hermano mayor,' or chief brother, and being an old friend of Don Miguel's, invited him to stay with him, and, by degrees, enlisted all his sympathies in their labours of love. He desired to be enrolled in their confraternity, but his repu-

tation was so bad, that the brotherhood hesitated to admit him; and when at last they yielded, determined to put his sincerity and humility to the test by ordering him to go at once from door to door throughout Seville (where he was so well known) with the bodies of certain paupers, and to crave alms for their interment. Grace triumphed over all natural repugnance to such a task; and with his penitence had come that natural thirst for penance which made all things appear easy and light to bear, so that very soon he became the leader in all noble and charitable works.

Finding that an asylum or home was sadly needed in winter for the reception of the houseless poor, he purchased a large warehouse, which he converted into rooms for this purpose; and by dint of begging, got together a few beds and necessaries, so that by the Christmas following more than 200 sick or destitute persons were here boarded and lodged. From this humble beginning arose one of the most magnificent charitable institutions in Spain. The example of Don Miguel, his burning charity, his austere self-denial, his simple faith, won all hearts. Money poured in on every side; every day fresh candidates from the highest classes pleaded for admis-

sion into the confraternity. It was necessary to draw up certain rules for their guidance, and this work was entrusted to Don Miguel, who had been unanimously elected as their superior. Nowhere did his wisdom, prudence, and zeal appear more strongly than in these regulations, which still form the constitutions of this noble foundation. Defining, first, the nature of their work—the seeking out and succouring the miserable, nursing the sick, burying the dead, and attending criminals to their execution—he goes on to insist on the value of personal service, both private and public; on the humility and self-abnegation required of each brother; that each, on entering the hospital, should forget his rank, and style himself simply 'servant of the poor,' kissing the hand of the oldest among the sufferers, and serving them as seeing Jesus Christ in the persons of each. The notices of certain monthly meetings and church services which formed part of the rule of the community were couched in the following terms:—'This notice is sent you lest you should neglect these holy exercises, which may be the last at which God will allow you to assist.' Sermons and meditations on the Passion of our Lord, and on the nearness of death and of eternity, formed the principal religious exercises

of the confraternity; in fact, the Passion is the abiding devotion of the order.

His hospital built, and his poor comfortably housed and cared for, Don Miguel turned his attention to the church, which was in ruins. A letter of his, still extant, will show the difficulties which he had to overcome in this undertaking. 'We had hoped,' he writes, 'that one of our brothers, who was rich and childless, would have given us something to begin the restoration; but he died without thinking of the church, and so vanished our golden hopes, as they always will when we put our trust in human means to accomplish God's ends. I was inclined to despond about it; when, the next morning, at eight o'clock, a poor beggar named Luis asked to speak to me. "My wife is just dead," he said. "She sold chestnuts on the Plaza, and realised a little sum of eighty ducats. To bury her I have spent thirty: fifty remain; they are all I have; but I bring them to you that you may lay the first stone of the new church. I want nothing for myself but a bit of bread, which I can always beg from door to door." ' Don Miguel refused; the beggar insisted, and so the church was begun: and the story spread, and half a million of ducats were poured into the laps of

the brothers; but, as Mañara added, 'the first stone was laid by God Himself in the "little all" of the poor beggar.'* This church was filled in 1680 with the chefs-d'œuvre of Murillo and of Valdés Leal: an autograph letter from the great religious painter is still shown in the Sala Capitular of the hospital, asking to be admitted as a member of the confraternity. 'Our Saviour as a Child;' 'St. John and the Lamb;' 'San Juan de Dios with an Angel;' the 'Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes;' but, above all, 'Moses striking the Rock,' called 'La Sed' (so admirably is *thirst* represented in the multitudes crowding round the prophet in the wilderness), were the magnificent offerings of the new 'brother' towards the decoration of God's house and the cause of charity. Equally striking, but more painful in their choice of subjects, are the productions of Valdés, especially a 'Dead Bishop,' awful in its contrast of gorgeous robes with the visible work of the worms beneath, and of which Murillo said 'that he could not look at it without holding his nose.' Other pictures by Murillo formerly decorated these walls; but they were stolen by the

* How often, when buying chestnuts of one of the old women in the Plaza of the Caridad, did the recollection of this story come into the mind of our traveller!

French, and afterwards sold to English collectors, the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Tomline being among the purchasers. After the church, the most remarkable thing in the Caridad is the 'patio,' divided into two by a double marble colonnade. Here the poor patients sit out half the day, enjoying the sunshine and the flowers. On the wall is the following inscription, from the pen of Mañara himself, but which loses in the translation:—'This house will last as long as God shall be feared in it, and Jesus Christ be served in the persons of His poor. Whoever enters here must leave at the door both avarice and pride.'

The cloisters and passages are full of texts and pious thoughts, but all associated with the two ideas ever prominent in the founder's mind—charity and death. Over what was his own cell is the following, in Spanish:—'What is it that we mean when we speak of Death? It is being free from the body of sin, and from the yoke of our passions: therefore, to live is a bitter death, and to die is a sweet life.'

The wards are charmingly large and airy, and lined with gay 'azulejos.' The kitchen is large and spacious, with a curious roof, supported by a single pillar in the middle. Over the president's chair, in the Sala Capitular, is the original

portrait of Don Miguel Mañara, by his friend Valdés Leal, and, at the side, a cast taken of his face after death, presented to the confraternity by Vicentelo de Leca. Both have the same expression of dignity and austerity, mingled with tenderness, especially about the mouth; and the features have a strong resemblance to those of the great Condé. He died on May 19, 1679, amidst the tears of the whole city, being only fifty-three years of age: but a nature such as his could not last long. A very interesting collection of his letters is still shown in the hospital, and his life has been lately admirably translated into French by M. Antoine de Latour.

The 'Sacré Cœur' have established themselves lately in Seville, through the kindness of the Marquesa de V——, and are about to open a ladies' school—which is very much needed—on the site of a disused Franciscan convent. The archbishop has given them the large church adjoining the convent; and it was almost comical to see the three or four charming sisters, who are beginning this most useful and charitable work, singing their benediction *alone* in the vast chancel, until the building can be got ready for the reception of their pupils.

Another convent visited by the ladies of the

party was that of Sta. Ines, which stands in a narrow street near the Church of S. Felipe Neri. The great treasure of this convent is the body of *Sta. María Coronel*, which remains as fresh and as life-like as if she had died but yesterday. Her history is a tragical one. Pedro the Cruel, falling madly in love with her great beauty, condemned her husband, who was governor of the Balearic Islands, to an ignominious death; but then, with a refinement of cruelty, promised his pardon to his wife on condition that she would yield to his passion. Maria Coronel, preferring death to dishonour, permitted the execution of her husband, and fled for refuge to this convent, where the king, violating all rights, human and divine, pursued her. One night he penetrated into her cell. Maria, seeing no other mode of escape, seized the lamp which burnt on the table before her, and poured the boiling oil over her face, thus destroying her beauty for ever. The king, enraged and disappointed, relinquished his suit; and the poor lady lived and died in the convent. In the library of the University is an ancient MS. describing Pedro the Cruel as 'tall, fair, good-looking, and full of spirit, valour, and talent!' but his execrable deeds speak for themselves. The curious thing is, that the marks of the boiling oil are as

clearly seen on Maria Coronel's face now as on the day when the heroic deed was committed. The sisters of this convent are dressed in blue, with a long black veil, and their cloisters contain some very curious pictures and relics.

The most interesting visit, however, paid by one of the party in Seville, was to the strictly enclosed convent of Sta. Teresa, to enter which the English lady had obtained special Papal permission. Of the sorrows and perils which St. Theresa experienced in founding this house, she herself speaks in writing to her niece, Mary of Ocampo :—'I assure you that of all the persecutions we have had to endure, none can bear the least comparison with what we have suffered at Seville.'* Suffering from violent fever, calumniated by one of her own postulants, denounced to the Inquisition, persecuted incessantly by the fathers of the mitigated rule, with no prospect of buying a house, and no money for the purchase,

* For both this and other quotations regarding St. Theresa's foundations, the writer is indebted to the charming life of the saint published by Hurst & Blackett in 1865, and which, from its wonderful truth and accuracy, is a perfect handbook to anyone visiting the Carmelite convents of Spain. She trusts that its author will forgive her for having, often unintentionally, used her actual expressions in speaking of places and of things, from the impossibility of their being described by an eye-witness in any other manner.

St. Theresa standing for her picture.

the saint could yet find courage to add: 'Notwithstanding all these evils, my heart is filled with joy. What blessed things are peace of conscience and liberty of soul!' It reminds one of another occasion, when it was necessary to begin a foundation which was to cost a great deal of money, and the saint had but twopence-halfpenny. 'Never mind,' she replied, courageously, 'Twopence-halfpenny and Theresa are nothing; but twopence-halfpenny and God are everything!' and the work was accomplished. In the case of the Seville house her patience and faith met with a like reward. On the Feast of the Ascension, 1576, the Blessed Sacrament was placed in the chapel of the new convent by the archbishop himself, accompanied by all his clergy, who wished to make public amends to St. Theresa and her nuns for the persecutions they had endured; and when Theresa knelt to ask for his pastoral benediction, the archbishop, in the presence of all the people, knelt to ask for hers in return, thus testifying to the high estimation in which he held both her and her work.

It was this convent, untouched since those days of trial, which our visitors now entered. There are twenty-two sisters, of whom three are novices, and their rule is maintained in all its primitive

severity. They keep a perpetual fast, living chiefly on the dried 'cabala,' or stockfish, of the country, and only on festivals and at Easter-tide allowing themselves eggs and milk.

They have no beds, only a hard mattress, stuffed with straw; this, with an iron lamp, a pitcher of water, a crucifix, and a discipline, constitutes the only furniture of each cell, all of which are alike. One or two common prints were pasted on the walls, and over the doors hung various little ejaculations: 'Jesu, superabundo gaudio;' 'O crux! ave, spes unica!' 'Domine, quid me vis facere?' or else a little card in Spanish, like the following, which the English lady carried off with her as a memorial:—

Aplaca, mi Dios, Tu ira,
Tu justicia y Tu rigor.
Por los ruegos de María,
Misericordia, Señor!
Santo Dios, Santo fuerte, Santo inmortal,
Liberanos, Señor, de todo mal.

At the refectory, each sister has an earthenware plate and jug, with a wooden cover, an earthenware salt-cellar, and a wooden spoon. Opposite the place of the superior is a skull, the only distinction. They are allowed no linen except in sickness, and wear only a brown mantle and white

serge scapular, with a black veil, which covers them from head to foot. They are rarely allowed to walk in the garden, or to go out in the corridor in the sun to warm themselves. Their house is like a cellar, cold and damp; and they have no fires. Even at recreation they are not allowed to sit, except on the floor; and silence is rigidly observed, except for two hours during the day. They have only five hours' sleep, not going to bed till half-past eleven, on account of the office. At eleven, one of the novices seizes the wooden clapper (or crecella), which she strikes three times, pronouncing the words: 'Praise be to our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, His Mother; my sisters, let us go to matins to glorify our Lord.' Then they go to the choir, singing the Miserere. They are called again in the same manner at half-past four by a sister who chaunts a verse in the Psalms. At night, a sentence is pronounced aloud, to serve as meditation. It is generally this :—

> My sisters, think of this: a little suffering, and then an eternal recompense.

They see absolutely *no one*, receiving the Holy Communion through a slit in the wall. The English lady was the first person they had seen face to face; or with lifted veils, for twelve years

They play the organ of the chapel, which is a public one, though they themselves are entirely invisible; and they are not even allowed to see the altar, which is concealed by a heavy black curtain drawn across the grating looking into the church. They have an image of their great foundress, the size of life, dressed in the habit of the order, and to her they go night and morning and salute her, as to a mother. Their convent is rich in relics, beautiful pictures, and crucifixes, brought in by different religious, especially the Duchesse de Bega, who became a Carmelite about fifty years ago. But their chief treasure is an original picture of St. Theresa, for which she sat by command of the archbishop, and which has lately been photographed for the Duc de Montpensier. It is a very striking and beautiful face, but quite different from the conventional representations of the saint. When it was finished, she looked at it, and exclaimed naively: 'I did not know I was grown so old or so ugly!' There is also in this sacristy a very beautiful Morales of the 'Virgin and a Dead Christ,' and a curious portrait of Padre Garcia, the saint's confessor. Upstairs, in her own cell, they have her cloak and shoes, and the glass out of which she drank in her last illness, and which is in this shape: . The

stranger was courteously made to drink out of it also, and then to put on the saint's cloak, in which she was told 'to kneel and pray for her heart's desire, and it would be granted to her.'

But the most interesting thing in the convent is the collection of MSS. They have the whole of the 'Interior Mansion,' written in her own firm and beautiful handwriting, with scarcely an erasure; besides quantities of her letters and answers from St. John of the Cross, from St. John of Avila, from Padre Garcia, and a multitude of others. The superior is elected every three years, and the same one cannot be re-elected till three years have elapsed. They require a 'dot' of 8,000 reals, or about a hundred pounds; but their number is full, and several candidates are now waiting their turn for admission. The government has taken what little property they once had, and gives them at the rate of a peseta (two reals) a day, so that, poor as their food is, they are often on the verge of starvation.

It was with a feeling almost of relief that the English lady found herself once more in the sunshine outside these gloomy walls; yet those who lived within them seemed cheerful and happy, and able to realise in the fullest degree, without any external aid, those mysteries of Divine love

and that beauty of holiness which, to our weaker faith, would seem impossible when deprived of all sight of our Lord in His tabernacle or in His glorious creations. We are tempted to ask, why it is that convents of this nature are so repugnant to English taste? Everyone is ready to appreciate those of the sisters of charity. People talk of their good deeds, of the blessing they are in the hospitals, of the advantages of united work, &c., &c.; but as for the enclosed orders, 'They wish they were all abolished.' 'What is the good of a set of women shutting themselves up and *doing nothing*?' Reader, *do* they 'do nothing'? We will not speak of the schools; of the evening classes for working women; of the preparations for first communions and confirmations; of the retreats within their sheltering walls for those of us who, wearied with this world's toil and bustle, wish to pause now and then and gain breath for the daily fight, and take stock, as it were, of our state before God. These, and other works like these, form almost invariably a very important portion of the daily occupation of the cloistered orders. But we will dismiss the thoughts of any external work, and come to the highest and noblest part of their vocation. What is it that is to 'move moun-

tains?' What is it that, over and over again in Holy Scripture, has saved individuals, and cities, and nations? Is it not united intercessory prayer? Is it nothing to us, in the whirl and turmoil of this work-a-day life, that holy hands should ever be lifted up for us to the Great Intercessor? Is there no *reparation* needed for the sins, and the follies, and the insults to the Majesty of God, and to His Sacraments, and to His Mother, which are ever going on in this our native country? Does it not touch the most indifferent among us to think of our self-indulgence being, as it were, atoned for by their self-denial?—our pampered appetites by their fasts and vigils? It is true that our present habits of life and thought lead to an obvious want of sympathy with such an existence. It has no public results on which we can look complacently, or which can be paraded boastfully. Everything seems waste which is not visible; and all is disappointment which is not obvious success. It is supernatural principles especially which are at a discount in modern days! Surely the time will come when we shall judge these things very differently; when our eyes will be opened like the eyes of the prophet's servant; and we shall see from what miseries, from what

sorrows, we and our country have been preserved by lives like these, which save our Sodom, and avert God's righteous anger from His people.*

One more curious establishment was visited by our party at Seville before their departure, and that was the cigar manufactory, an enormous Government establishment, occupying an immense yellow building, which looks like a palace, and employing 1,000 men and 5,000 women. The rapidity with which the cigars are turned out by those women's fingers is not the least astonishing part. The workers are almost all young, and some very beautiful. They take off their gowns and their crinolines as soon as they come in, hanging them up in a long gallery, and take

* In a simple but touching French biography of a young English lady who lately died in the convent of the 'Poor Clares' at Amiens, the writer's idea is far more beautifully expressed:—'A cette heure de la nuit, peut-être qu'une jeune fille du monde, martyre (sans couronne) de ses lois et de ses exigences, rentre chez elle, épuisée d'émotions et de fatigues. En longeant le mur du monastère et en entendant le son de la cloche qui appelle les recluses volontaires à la prière, elle se sera adressée cette question: "A quoi servent donc les religieuses?" Je vais vous le dire: *à expier.* Après cette nuit de plaisir que vous venez de passer au théâtre ou au bal, viendra une autre nuit—nuit d'angoisses et de suprême douleur. Vous êtes là étendue sur votre couche de mort en face de l'éternité où vous allez entrer seule, et sans appui. Peut-être vous n'osez, ou vous ne pouvez prier; mais quelqu'un a prié pour vous, et faisant violence au ciel, a obtenu ce que vous n'étiez pas digne d'espérer. *Voilà à quoi servent les religieuses.*'

the flowers out of their hair and put them in water, so that they may be fresh when they come out; and then work away in their petticoats with wonderful zeal and good humour the whole day long. The Government makes 90,000,000 reals a year from the profits of this establishment, though the dearest cigar made costs but twopence!

And now the sad time came for our travellers to leave Seville. In fact, the exorbitant prices of everything at the hotel made a longer stay impossible, though it was difficult to say *what* it was that they paid for: certainly *not food*; for excepting the chocolate and bread, which are invariably good throughout Spain, the dinners were uneatable, the oil rancid, the eggs stale; even 'el cocido,' the popular dish, was composed of indescribable articles, and of kids which seemed to have died a natural death. One of the party, a Belgian, exclaimed when her first dish of this so-called meat was given her at Easter: 'Vraiment, je crois que nous autres nous n'avons pas tant perdu pendant le Carême!' An establishment has lately been started by an enterprising peasant to sell milk fresh from the cow, a great luxury in Spain, where goat's milk is the universal substitute; and four very pretty Alderneys are kept, stall-fed,

in a nice little dairy, 'à l'Anglaise,' at one corner of the principal square, which is both clean and tempting to strangers. At every corner of the streets, water, in cool porous jars, is offered to the passers-by, mixed with a sugary substance looking like what is used by confectioners for 'meringues,' but which melts in the water and leaves no trace. This is the universal beverage of every class in Spain.

There is little to tempt foreigners in the shops of Seville, and with the exception of photographs and fans, there is nothing to buy which has any particular character or 'chique' about it. The fans are beautiful, and form, in fact, one of the staple trades of the place; there is also a sweet kind of incense manufactured of flowers, mixed with resinous gums, which resembles that made at Damascus. But the ordinary contents of the shops look like the sweepings-out of all the 'quincaillerie' of the Faubourg St.-Denis.

It was on a more lovely evening than usual that our travellers went, for the last time, to that glorious cathedral. The sorrow was even greater than what they had felt the year before in leaving St. Peter's: for Rome one lives in hopes of seeing again; Seville, in all human probability, never! The services were over, but the usual proportion

of veiled figures knelt on the marble pavement, on which the light from those beautiful painted windows threw gorgeous colours. Never had that magnificent temple appeared more solemn or more worthy of its purpose; one realised as one had never done before one's own littleness and God's ineffable greatness, mercy, and love. Still they lingered, when the inexorable courier came to remind them that the train was on the point of starting, and with a last prayer, which was more like a sob, our travellers left the sacred building. At the station all their kind Seville friends had assembled to bid them once more good-bye, and to re-echo kind hopes of a speedy return; and then the train started, and the last gleam of sunshine died out on the tower of the Giralda.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCURIAL AND TOLEDO.

THE journey to Madrid was uneventful. One more day was spent in Cordova; once more they visited that glorious mosque; one more day and night was spent in wearisome diligences and stifling wayside stations, and then they found themselves again established in their old comfortable quarters in the 'Puerta del Sol.'

It was a relief to think that the 'lions' of the place had been more or less visited, and that all they had to do was to return to the places of previous interest, and thoroughly enjoy them. The cold during their former visit had precluded their making any expeditions in the neighbourhood, which omission they now prepared to rectify. Spending the first few days in seeing their old friends, and obtaining letters of introduction from them, our travellers resolved that their first excursion should be to the Escurial.

A railroad is now open from Madrid which

passes by the palace; so at half-past six one morning they took their places in the train, which soon carried them away from the cultivated environs of the city to a country which, for desolation, wildness, and grandeur, resembles the scenery at Nicolosi in the ascent of Etna. In the midst of this rugged mass of rocks and scrubby oak-trees, the large gloomy Escurial rises up, under the shadow, as it were, of the snowy jagged peaks of the Sierra Guadarama, which forms its background. There is a picture of it, by Rubens, in the gallery at Longford Castle, near Salisbury, which gives the best possible idea of the complete isolation of the great building itself, and of the savage character of the whole of the surrounding country.

Leaving the train, our party went to present their letters to the principal, Padre G——, who very kindly showed them everything most worth seeing in the place. It is a gigantic pile of masonry, built by Philip II. as a thanksgiving for the success of the battle of St. Quentin, and in the shape of a gridiron, being dedicated to St. Laurence, on the day of whose martyrdom the vow was made. 'Celui qui faisait un si grand vœu doit avoir eu grande peur!' was the saying of the Duke of Braganza; and the gloomy,

cold, grey character of the whole place is but the reflex of the king's temperament. He employed the famous architect Herrera, whose genius was, however, much cramped by the king's insistence on the shape being maintained. It was finished in 1584.

The Jeronimite monks have been scattered to the winds, and the convent has been turned into a college; they have about 250 students. The church is large and solemn, but bare and uninviting, dismal and sombre, like all the rest. The choir is upstairs, with fine carved stalls, among which is that of Philip II., who always said office with the monks. The painted ceiling is by Luca Giordano. The choir-books are more than 200 in number, in virgin calf, and of gigantic size; some of them are beautifully illuminated. At the back, in a small gallery, with a window looking on the great piazza below, is the famous white marble Christ, the size of life, by Benvenuto Cellini, given to Philip II. by the Grand Duke of Florence. On certain days it is exposed to the people from the window; but wonderful as may be its anatomy, the expression is both painful and commonplace. Beneath the church is the famous crypt containing the bodies of all the kings and queens of Spain since Charles V.,

arranged in niches round the octagonal chapel. Each niche contains a black marble sarcophagus; the kings on the right, and the queens on the left. Here mass is always said on All Souls' Day, and on the anniversaries of their deaths. The present queen came once, and looked at the empty urn waiting for her, but did not repeat the experiment. 'I have come once of my own freewill,' she is supposed to have said, 'but the next time I shall be brought here without it.' It is a dismal resting-place; the damp, cold, slippery stairs by which you descend into it from the church seem to chill one's very blood, and the profound darkness, only lit up here and there by the flicker of the guide's torch, with the reverberation caused by the closing of the heavy iron door, fill the thoughts with visions of death, uncheered by hope, and of a prison rather than a grave. Ascending with a feeling of positive relief to the church above, Padre G—— took them into the sacristy, which is a beautiful long low room, with arabesque ceilings, and at the further end of which is a very fine picture by Coello, representing the apotheosis of the 'Forma,' or miraculous wafer: the heads are all portraits, and admirably executed. At the back is the little chapel or sanctuary where the 'Forma'

is kept and exhibited twice a year. Charles II. erected the gorgeous altar with the following inscription :—

En magni operis miraculum intra miraculum mundi, cœli miraculum consecratum.

The legend states that at the battle of Gorcum, in 1525, the Zuinglian heretics scattered and trampled on the Sacred Host, *which bled*; and being gathered up and carefully preserved by the faithful, was afterwards given by Rudolph II. to Philip II., which event is represented in a bas-relief. In this sacristy are also some vestments of which the embroidery is the most exquisite thing possible; the faces of the figures are like beautiful miniatures, so that it is difficult to believe they are done in needlework.*

But the great treasures of this church are its relics, of which the quantity is enormous. They are arranged in gigantic cupboards or 'étagères,' stretching from the floor to the ceiling, the doors of which are carefully concealed by the pictures which hang over them, above both the high altar and the two side altars at the east end. There are more than 7,000 relics, of which the

* In the Dominican convent of Stone, in Staffordshire, the same exquisite work is now being reproduced; which proves that the art is not, as is generally supposed, extinct.

most interesting are those of St. Laurence himself (his skull, his winding-sheet, the iron bars of his gridiron, &c.), the head of St. Hermengilde, sent to the king from Seville, and the arm and head of St. Agatha. The reliquaries are also very beautiful, some of them of very fine cinquecento work. These are downstairs. Upstairs is a kind of secret chapel, where there are some things which were still more interesting to our travellers. Here are four MS. books of St. Theresa's, all written by her own hand; her 'Life,' written by command of her confessor, Padre Bánez, with a voucher of its authenticity from him at the end; her 'Path of Perfection;' her 'Constitutions' and 'Foundations;' also her inkstand and pen. Her handwriting is more like a man's than a woman's, and is beautifully clear and firm. There is also a veil worked in a kind of crotchet by St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and sent by her to St. Margaret; a beautifully illuminated Greek missal, once belonging to St. Chrysostom; a pot from Cana in Galilee; a beautifully carved ivory diptych; the body of one of the Holy Innocents, sent from Bethlehem; some exquisite ivory and coral reliquaries, &c. From the church, our party went up by a magnificent staircase to the library, which, though despoiled, like everything else

during the French invasion, still contains some invaluable books and MSS. There is an illuminated Apocalypse of the fourteenth century, most exquisitely painted on both sides; a very fine copy of the Koran; many other beautiful missals; and in a room downstairs, not generally shown to travellers, are some thousands of manuscripts, among which are a wonderful illuminated copy of the Miracles of the Virgin, in Portuguese and Gallego, of the eleventh century, most quaint and funny in design and execution; also a very curious illuminated book of chess problems, and other games, written by order of the king Alonso el Sabio. It is a library where one might spend days and days with ever-increasing pleasure, if it were not for the cold, which, to our travellers, fresh from the burning sun of Seville, seemed almost unendurable. The cloisters, refectory, and kitchens are all on the most magnificent scale. In the wing set aside for the private apartments of the royal family, but which they now rarely occupy, the thing most worth looking at is the tapestry, made in Madrid, at the Barbara factory (now closed), from drawings by Teniers and Goya. They are quite like beautiful paintings, both in expression and colour, though some of the subjects and scenes

are of questionable propriety. There is a suite of small rooms with beautiful inlaid doors and furniture; a few good pictures (among a good deal of rubbish), especially one of Bosch, known as that of 'The Dog and the Fly;' and a very interesting gallery or corridor, covered with frescoes, representing the taking of Granada on the one side and the battle of St. Quentin on the other, the victory of Lepanto occupying the spaces at the two ends. These frescoes are very valuable, both as portraits and as representing the costumes and arms of the period. They were said to be fac-simile copies of original drawings, done on cloths on the actual spots. That of St. Quentin was specially interesting to one of the party, whose ancestor fought there, and in whose house in England (Wilton Abbey) is still shown the armour of Ann Conétable de Montmorency, of the Duc de Montpensier, of Admiral Coligni, and of other French prisoners taken by him in that memorable battle. Beyond this gallery is the little business-room or study of Philip II., with his chair, his gouty stool, his writing-table, his well-worn letter-book, and two old pictures, one of the Seven Deadly Sins, the other an etching (of 1572) of the Virgin and Saints. Out of this tiny den is a kind of recess,

with a window looking on the high altar in which he caused his couch to be laid when he was dying. The death-struggle was prolonged for fifty-three days of almost continuous agony, during which time he went on holding in his hand the crucifix which Charles V. had when he expired, and which is still religiously preserved. The gardens in front of this magnificent palace are very quaint and pretty, the beds being cut in a succession of terraces overlooking the plains below, and bordered with low box hedges cut in prim shapes, with straight gravel walks, beautiful fountains, and marble seats. But it is not difficult to understand why the poor queen prefers the sunny slopes of La Granja, or even the dullness of the green avenues of Aranjuez, to this gloomy pile, where the snow hardly ever melts in the cold shade of those inner courts, and where all the associations are of death in its most repulsive form. Above the Escurial, halfway up the mountain, is a rude seat of boulder stones, from whence it is said Philip II. used to watch the progress of the huge building.

Returning to the railway station, our travellers walked down the hill and through a pleasantly-wooded avenue to a little 'maisonnette' of the Infanta, built for Charles IV. when heir apparent,

and containing some beautiful ivories and Wedgwoods. The gardens are pretty and bright, but the whole thing is too small to be anything but a child's toy. An accident on the line, somewhere near Avila, detained our party for six mortal hours at a wretched little wayside station, of which the authorities flatly refused to put on a short special train, although there were a large number of passengers, in addition to our travellers, waiting, like them, to return to Madrid. But the Spanish mind cannot take in the idea of anyone being in a hurry. 'Ora!' 'Mañana!' (By and by! To-morrow!) are the despairing words which meet one at every turn in this country. In this instance, neither horses nor carriages being procurable by which the journey to Madrid (only twenty miles) could have been accomplished with perfect facility by road, our travellers had nothing left for it but to wait. Patience, and such sleep as could be got on a hard bench, were their only resource until one in the morning, when the night express fortunately came up, and, after some demur, agreed to take them back to Madrid.

Too tired the following day to start early again for Toledo, as they had intended, our party took advantage of the kindness of the English minister to see the queen's private library, which is in one

of the wings of the large but uninteresting modern palace. The librarian good-naturedly showed them some of the rarest of his treasures: among them is a beautiful missal, bound in shagreen, with lovely enamel clasps and exquisite illuminations, which had belonged to Queen Isabella of Castile; her arms, Arragon on one side and Castile on the other, were worked into the illuminations on the cover. There was a still older missal illuminated in 1315, in which is found the first mention of *St. Louis* in the Kalendar. Here also are some of the first books printed in type, and a very fine MS. Greek copy of Aristotle.

Afterwards, they came to a distant room, where Dr. —— found what he had long sought for in vain—a quantity of the MS. letters of Gondomar, minister from Spain to our King James I., giving an amusing and gossiping account of people and things in England at that time. In this library is also a very curious and interesting MS. life of Cardinal Wolsey.

In the evening, one of the party paid a visit to the Papal Nunzio, Monsignor B——, a very kind, clever, and agreeable man, living in a quaint old house, with a snug library, in which hangs a pretty oil painting of Tyana, a picturesque country near Barcelona, of which he is archbishop. From him,

and from the venerable Monsignor S——, Bishop of Daulia, she obtained certain letters of introduction to prelates and convents, which were invaluable in her future tour, and procured for her a kind and courteous welcome wherever she went.

The following morning, after a five o'clock mass in the beautiful little chapel of the sisters of charity, our travellers started for Toledo by rail, passing by the Aranjuez, the 'Sans-Souci' of the Spanish queen, where all the trees in Castile seem to be collected for her special benefit, and where the sight of the green avenues and fountains is a real refreshment after the barren and arid features of the rest of the country.

Toledo is a most curious and beautiful old town, built on seven hills, like Rome. The approach to it is by a picturesque bridge over the Tagus, which rushes through a rent in the granite mountains like a vigorous Scotch salmon-river, and encircles the walls of the ancient city as with a girdle. Passing under a fine old Moorish horse-shoe arched gateway, a modern zigzag road leads up the steep incline to the 'plaza,' out of which diverge a multitude of narrow tortuous streets, like what in Edinburgh are called 'wynds,' as painful to walk upon as the streets of Jerusalem. However, after a vain attempt to continue in the Noah's Ark of

an omnibus which had brought them up the steep hill from the station, and which grazed the walls of the houses on each side from its width, our travellers were compelled to brave the slippery stones and proceed on foot. The little inn is as primitive as all else in this quaint old town, where everything seems to have stood still for the last five centuries. Leaving their cloaks in the only available place dignified by the name of 'Sala,' and swallowing with difficulty some very nasty coffee, they started off at once for the cathedral, which stands in the heart of the city, surrounded by convents and colleges, and with the archiepiscopal palace on the right. It is a marvel of Gothic beauty and perfection. Originally a mosque, it was rebuilt by Ferdinand, and converted by him into a Christian church, being finished in 1490. In no part of the world can anything be seen more unique, more beautiful, or more effective than the white marble screen, with its row of white angels with half-folded wings, guarding the sanctuary of the high altar, and standing out sharp and clear against the magnificent dark background formed by the arched naves and matchless painted glass, which, in depth and brilliancy of colour and beauty of design, exceeds even that of Seville. 'Shall you ever forget the blue eyes of those rose-

windows at Toledo?' exclaimed, months after, Dr. —— to one of the party, who was dwelling with him on the wonderful beauties of this matchless temple.* The choir is exquisitely carved, both above and below; the stalls divided by red marble columns. Of the seventy stalls, half are carved by Vigarny and half by Berruguete: each figure of each saint is a study in itself. The high altar is a perfect marvel of workmanship, the 'reredos' or 'retablo' representing the whole life and passion of our Lord. At the back is the wonderful marble 'trasparente,' which Ford calls an 'abomination of the seventeenth century,' but which, when the sun shines through it, is a marvel for effect of colour and delicacy of workmanship. The Moorish altar still remains at which Ferdinand and Isabella heard mass after their conquest of the Saracens; and close to this altar is the spot pointed out by tradition as the one where the Virgin appeared to St. Ildefonso and placed the chasuble on his shoulders. It is veiled off, with this inscription on the pillar above :—

Adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus.

The fine bas-relief representing the miracle was executed by Vigarny. Fragments of Sara-

* Incredible as it may seem, the guide-books state that there are no less than 750 stained glass windows in this cathedral.

cenic art peep out everywhere, especially in the Sala Capitular, or chapter room, of which the doorway is an exquisite specimen of the finest Moorish work, and the ceiling likewise. In this chapter room are two admirable portraits of Cardinal Ximenes and Cardinal Mendoza, said to have been taken from life. The monuments in the side chapels are very fine, especially one of St. Ildefonso, whose body had been carried by the Moors to Zamora, and was there discovered by a shepherd, and brought back again; of Cardinal Mendoza; of the Constable Alvaro de Luna; and of several Spanish kings. Here also rests the body of St. Leocadia, martyred in the persecution under Diocletian, and to whom three churches in Toledo are dedicated. During the wars with the Moors, her body was removed to Italy, and thence to Mons; but was brought back by Philip II. to her native city, and is now in an urn in the sacristy. At the west end of the cathedral is a very curious chapel, where the Muzarabic ritual is still used. This appears to be to the Spaniards what the Ambrosian is to the Milanese, and was established by Cardinal Ximenes. The sacristy is a real treasure-house, containing an exquisite tabernacle of gold brought by Christopher Columbus, incensories, chalices,

crosses and reliquaries, in gold and enamel, and 'cristal de roche' (some given by Louis of France), and the missal of St. Louis, of which the illuminations are as fine as any in the Vatican. The robes, mantles, and ornaments of the Virgin are encrusted with pearls and jewels. Cardinal Mendoza removed one side of the marble screen of the high altar to make room for his own monument. In contrast to this, is another archbishop's tomb, near the altar of the miraculous Virgin. They wanted to give him a fine carved sepulchre, and were discussing it in his presence a short time before his death. He insisted on a simple slab, with the following words :—

Hic jacet pulvis, cinis, nullus.

Close to the bénitière at the south entrance, is a little marble slab attached to the pillar, and on it a little soft leather cushion, which had excited the curiosity of one of our party on entering. On returning for vespers, she found laid on it a fine little baby, beautifully dressed, with a medal round its neck, but quite dead! One of the canons explained to her that when the parents were too poor to pay the expenses of their children's funerals, they brought the little bodies in this way for interment by the chapter.

The cloisters to the north of the cathedral are very lofty and fine, and decorated with frescoes; and the doors with their magnificent bronze bas-reliefs, in the style of the Florence baptistery, and gloriously carved portals, are on a par with all the rest. The 'Puerta del Perdon,' and the 'Puerta de los Leones,' especially, are unique in their gorgeous details, and in the great beauty and lifelike expression of the figures.

The chapter library is in good order, and contains some very fine editions of Greek and Latin works: a bible belonging to St. Isidore; the works of St. Gregory; a fine illuminated bible given by St. Louis; a missal of Charles V.; a fine Talmud and Koran; and some very interesting MSS. In the ante-room are some good pictures.

The palace of the archbishop is exactly opposite the west front of the cathedral. No one has played a more important part in the history of his country of late years than the present Archbishop of Toledo. High in the favour and counsels of the queen, he at one time determined, for political reasons, to leave Spain and settle himself in Italy, but was recalled by the voice of both queen and people, and remains, beloved and honoured by all; and although upwards of eighty years of age, and rather deaf, is still a perfect lion of intellec-

tual and physical strength. He received our travellers most kindly, and in a fatherly manner invited them to breakfast, and afterwards to be present at a private confirmation in the little chapel of his palace, at which ceremony they gladly assisted. He afterwards sent his secretary, a most clever and agreeable person, who spoke Italian with fluency, to show the ladies the convent of Sta. Teresa, situated in the lower part of the town. This convent was started, like all the rest of the saint's foundations, amidst discouragements and difficulties of all kinds. The house which had been promised her before her arrival was refused through the intrigues of a relative of the donor; then the vicar-general withdrew his license; and St. Theresa began to fear that she would have to leave Toledo without accomplishing her object. Through the intervention of a poor man, however, she at last heard of a tiny lodging where she and her sisters could be received. 'It was a very humble place, and there was but one room in it which could be turned into a chapel; but that was duly prepared for mass, and dedicated to St. Joseph. Poor and meagre as the sanctuary was, it struck a little child who was passing by, by its bright and cared-for appearance, and she exclaimed: 'Blessed be God! how beautiful and clean it

looks!' St. Theresa said directly to her sisters: 'I account myself well repaid for all the troubles which have attended this foundation by that little angel's one 'Glory to God.'

Afterwards, all difficulties were smoothed; a larger house was built; and the poor Carmelites, from being despised and rejected by all, and in want of the commonest necessaries of life, were overwhelmed with supplies of all kinds, so that one of them, in sorrow, exclaimed to St. Theresa: 'What are we to do, Mother? for now it seems that we are no longer poor!'

It was this very house which our travellers now visited, and a far cheerier and brighter one it is than that of Seville. It contains twenty-four sisters: among their treasures are the MS. copy of St. Theresa's 'Way of Perfection,' corrected by the saint herself, and with a short preface written in her own hand; a quantity of her autograph letters; a long letter from sister Ann of St. Bartholomew; St. Theresa's seal, of which the ladies were given an impression; the habit she had worn in the house, &c., &c. But the most curious thing was the picture, painted by desire of the saint, of the death of one of the community. We will tell the story in her own words: 'One of our sisters fell dangerously ill, and I went to pray for her before the

Blessed Sacrament, beseeching our Lord to give her a happy death. I then came back to her cell to stay with her, and on my entrance distinctly saw a figure like the representations of our Lord, at the bed's head, with His arms outspread as if protecting her, and He said to me: "Be assured that in like manner I will protect all the nuns who shall die in these monasteries, so that they shall not fear any temptation at the hour of death." A short time after, I spoke to her, when she said to me: "Mother, what great things I am about to see!" and with these words she expired, like an angel.' St. Theresa had this subject represented in a fresco, which is still on the wall of the cell. Here also she completed the narrative of her life, now in the Escurial, by command of Padre Ibañez, and here is her breviary; with the words (which we will give in English) written by herself on the fly-leaf:—

Let nothing disturb thee;
Let nothing affright thee;
All passeth away;
God only shall stay.
Patience wins all.
Who hath God needeth nothing,
For God is his All.

Leaving this interesting convent, our travellers proceeded to San Juan de los Reyes, so called

because built by Ferdinand and Isabella, and dedicated to St. John. It was a magnificent Gothic building; but the only thing in the church spared by the French are two exquisite 'palcos' or balconies overlooking the high altar, in the finest Gothic carving, from whence Ferdinand and Isabella used to hear mass: their cyphers are beautifully wrought in stone underneath. Outside this church hang the chains which were taken off the Christian prisoners when they were released from the Moors. Adjoining is the convent, now deserted, and the palace of Cardinal Ximenes, of which the staircase and one long low room alone remain. But the gem of the whole are the cloisters. Never was anything half so beautiful or so delicate as the Moorish tracery and exquisite patterns of grape-vine, thistle, and acanthus carved round each quaint-shaped arch and window and doorway. Festoons of real passion flowers, in full bloom, hung over the arches from the 'patio' in the centre, in which a few fine cypresses and pomegranates were also growing, the dark foliage standing out against the bright blue sky overhead, and beautifully contrasting with the delicate white marble tracery of this exquisite double cloister. It is a place where an artist might revel for a month.

Their guide then took them to see the synagogues, now converted into Christian churches, but originally mosques. Exquisite Saracenic carvings remain on the walls and roofs, with fine old Moorish capitals to the pillars, of their favourite pine-apple pattern, and beautiful coloured 'azulejos' (tiles) on the floors and seats. Several of the private houses which they afterwards visited at Toledo might literally have been taken up at Damascus and set down in this quaint old Spanish town, so identical are they in design, in decorations, and in general character. The nails on the doors are specially quaint, mostly of the shape of big mushrooms, and the knockers are also wonderful. Could the fashion once in vogue among 'fast' men in England, of wrenching such articles from the doors, be introduced into Spain, what art treasures one could get!—but scarcely anything of the sort is to be bought in Toledo. After trying in vain to swallow some of the food prepared for them at the 'fonda,' in which it was hard to say whether garlic or rancid oil most predominated, our travellers toiled again in the burning sun up the steep hill leading to the Alcazar, the ancient palace, now a ruin, but still retaining its fine old staircase and court-yard with very ancient Roman pillars. From hence there is a beautiful view of

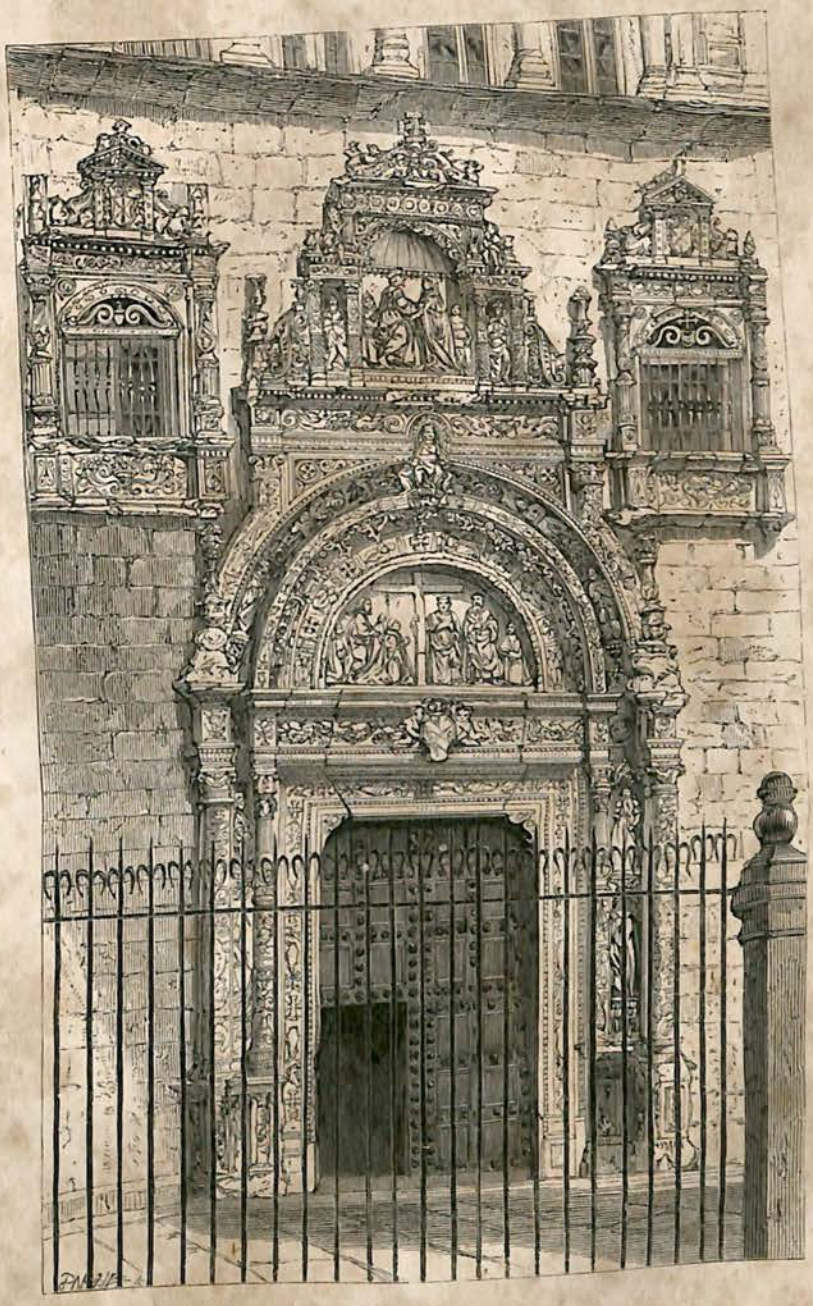
the town, of the Tagus flowing round it, and of the picturesque one-arched bridge which spans the river in the approach from Madrid, with the ruins of the older Roman bridge and forts below. The Tagus here rushes down a rapid with a fine fall, looking like a salmon-leap, where there ought to be first-rate pools and beautiful fishing; and then flows swiftly and silently along through a grand gorge of rocks to the left. By the river-side was the Turkish water-wheel, or 'sakeel,' worked by mules. The whole thing was thoroughly Eastern; and the red, barren, arid look of the rocks and of the whole surrounding country reminded one more of Syria than of anything European. Our travellers were leaning over the parapet of the little terrace-garden, looking on this glorious view, when a group of women who were sitting in the sun near the palace gates called to their guide, and asked if the lady of the party were an Englishwoman, 'as she walked so fast.' The guide replied in the affirmative. One of them answered, 'O! qué peccado! (what a pity!) I liked her face, and *yet she is an infidel.*' The guide indignantly pointed to a little crucifix which hung on a rosary by the lady's side, at which the speaker, springing from her seat, impulsively kissed both the cross and the lady. This is only a speci-

men of the faith of these people, who cannot understand anything Christian that is not Catholic, and confound all Protestants with Jews or Moors.*

Going down the hill, stopping only for a few moments at a curiosity shop—where, however, nothing really old could be obtained—they came to the Church of La Cruz, built on the site of the martyrdom of St. Leocadia. It is now turned

* In one of Fernan Caballero's novels this feeling is amusingly described. An Andalusian is telling the story of a countryman of his who had travelled in the North—'"where the earth is covered with so thick a mantle of snow that sometimes people were buried under it." "María Santísima!" said Maria, trembling. "But they are quiet people, and do not use the stiletto." "God bless them!" exclaimed Maria. "In that land there are no olives, and they eat black bread." "A bad land for me," observed Ana, "for I must have the best bread, if I can't have anything else." "What *gazpachos* could they make without olive-oil, and with black bread?" cried Maria, horrified. "They don't eat 'gazpachos.'" "What *do* they eat then?" "Potatoes and milk." "Bien provecho y salud para el pecho!" (Much good may it do them!) "But the worst is this, Maria, that in all that land there are no monks or nuns." "What do you say, son?" said she. "What you hear. There are few churches, and these look like unfurnished hospitals, without chapels, altars, or santissimo." "Jesu María!" exclaimed all but Maria, who, with terror, had become like a statue. Then, after a while, she crossed her hands with joyful fervour, and exclaimed: "Ah! my son! Ah! my white bread! My church, my most Blessed Virgin, my land, my faith, my '*Dios Sacramentado*!' A thousand times happier I, who was born here, and by grace Divine will die here. Thanks be to God, you did not stay in that land, my son! A land of heretics! how horrible!!"'

into a military college; but the magnificent Gothic portal and façade remain. The streets are as narrow and dirty in this part of the town as in the filthiest Eastern city; but at every turn there is a beautiful doorway, as at Cairo, through which you peep into a cool 'patio,' with its usual fountain and orange-trees; while a double cloister runs round the quadrangle, and generally a picturesque side staircase, with a beautifully carved balustrade, leading up to the cloisters above, with their delicate tracery and varied arches. The beauty of the towers and 'campanile' is also very striking. They are generally thoroughly Roman in their character, being built of that narrow brick (or rather tile) so common for the purpose in Italy, but with the horse-shoe arch: that of S. Romano is the most perfect. There is also a lovely little mosque, with a well in the court-yard near the entrance, which has now been converted into a church under the title of 'Sta. Cruz de la Luz,' with a wonderful intersection of horse-shoe arches, like a miniature of the cathedral at Cordova. Toledo certainly does not lack churches or convents; but those who served and prayed in them, where are they? The terrible want of instruction for the people, caused by the closing of all the male religious houses, which



Church of La Cruz, Toledo.

were the centre of all missionary work, is felt throughout Spain; but nowhere more than in this grand old town, which is absolutely *dead.* The children are neglected, the poor without a friend, the widow and orphan are desolate, and all seek in vain for a helper or a guide.

On the opposite side of the Tagus, and not far from the railway station, are the ruins of a curious old château, to which a legend is attached, so characteristic of the tone of thought of the people that it is given verbatim here.* 'The owner had been a bad and tyrannical man, hard and unjust to his people, selfish in his vices as in his pleasures; the only redeeming point about him was his great love for his wife, a pious, gentle, loving woman, who spent her days and nights in deploring the orgies of her husband, and praying for God's mercy on his crimes. One winter's night, in the midst of a terrible tempest, a knocking was heard at the castle door, and presently a servant came in and told his mistress that two monks, half dead with cold and hunger, and drenched by the pitiless storm, had lost their way, and were begging for a night's lodging in the castle. The poor lady did not know what to do, for her hus-

* This legend has been translated by Fernan Caballero, in her 'Fleurs des Champs.'

band hated the monks, and swore that none should ever cross his threshold. "The count will know nothing about it, my lady," said the old servant, who guessed the reason of her hesitation; "I will conceal them somewhere in the stable, and they will depart at break of day." The lady gave a joyful assent to the servant's proposal, and the monks were admitted. Scarcely, however, had they entered, when the sound of a huntsman's horn, the tramping of horses, and the barking of dogs, announced the return of the master. The sport had been good; and when he had changed his soiled and dripping clothes, and found himself, with his pretty wife seated opposite him, by a blazing fire, and with a well-covered table, his good humour made him almost tender towards her. "What is the matter?" he exclaimed, when he saw her sad and downcast face. "Were you frightened at the storm?—yet you see I am come home safe and sound." She did not answer. "Tell me what vexes you; I insist upon it," he continued; "and it shall not be my fault if I do not brighten that little face I love so well!" Thus encouraged, the lady replied: "I am sad, because, while we are enjoying every luxury and comfort here, others whom I know, evenunder this very roof, are perishing with cold and hunger."

"But who are they?" exclaimed the count, with some impatience. "Two poor monks," answered the lady bravely, "who came here for shelter, and have been put in the stable without food or firing." The count frowned. "Monks! Have I not told you fifty times I would never have those idle pestilent fellows in my house?" He rang the bell. "For God's sake do not turn them out such a night as this!" exclaimed the countess. "Don't be afraid, I will keep my word," replied her husband; and so saying, he desired the servant to bring them directly into the dining-room. They appeared; and the venerable, saint-like appearance of the elder of the two priests checked the raillery on the lips of the count. He made them sit down at his table; but the religious, faithful to his mission, would not eat till he had spoken some of God's words to his host. After supper, to his wife's joy and surprise, the count conducted the monks himself to the rooms he had prepared for them, which were the best in the house; but they refused to sleep on anything but straw. The count then himself went and fetched a truss of hay, and laid it on the floor. Then suddenly breaking silence, he exclaimed: "Father, I would return as a prodigal son to my Father's house; but I feel as if it were impossible

that He should forgive sins like mine." "Were your sins as numberless as the grains of sand on the sea-shore," replied the missionary, "faithful repentance, through the blood of Christ, would wash them out. Therefore it is that the hardened sinner will have no excuse in the last day." Seized with sudden compunction, the count fell on his knees, and made a full confession of his whole life, his tears falling on the straw he had brought. A few hours later the missionary, in a dream, saw himself, as it were, carried before the tribunal of the Great Judge. In the scales of eternal justice a soul was to be weighed: it was that of the count. Satan, triumphant, placed in the scales the countless sins of his past life: the good angels veiled their faces in sorrow, and pity, and shame. Then came up his guardian angel, that spirit so patient and so watchful, so beautiful and so good, who brings tears to our eyes and repentance to our hearts, alms to our hands and prayers to our lips. He brought but a few bits of straw, wet with tears, and placed them in the opposite scale. Strange! *they weighed down all the rest.* The soul was saved. The next morning, the monk, on waking, found the castle in confusion and sorrow. He enquired the reason: its master had died in the night.'

CHAPTER X.

ZARAGOZA AND SEGOVIA.

THE following morning found our travellers again in Madrid, and one of them accompanied the sisters of charity to a beautiful fête at San Juan de Alarçon, a convent of nuns. The rest of the day was spent in the museum; and at half-past eight in the evening they started again by train for Zaragoza, which they reached at six in the morning. One of the great annoyances of Spanish travelling is, that the only good and quick trains go at night; and it is the same with the diligences. In very hot weather it may be pleasant; but in winter and in rain it is a very wretched proceeding to spend half your night in an uncomfortable carriage, and the other half waiting, perhaps for hours, at some miserable wayside station. After breakfasting in an hotel where nothing was either eatable or drinkable, our party started for the two cathedrals. The one called the 'Seu' is a fine gloomy old Gothic building, with a magnifi-

cent 'retablo,' in very fine carving, over the high altar, and what the people call a 'media naranja' (or half-orange) dome, which is rather like the clerestory lantern of Burgos. In the sacristy was a beautiful ostensorium, with an emerald and pearl cross, a magnificent silver tabernacle of cinquecento work, another ostensorium encrusted with diamonds, a nacre 'nef,' and some fine heads of saints, in silver, with enamel collars. But at the sister cathedral, where is the famous *Virgen del Pilar*, the treasury is quite priceless. The most exquisite reliquaries in pearls, precious stones, and enamel; magnificent necklaces; earrings with gigantic pearls; coronets of diamonds; lockets; pictures set in precious stones; everything which is most valuable and beautiful, has been lavished on this shrine. In the outside sacristy is also an exquisite chalice, in gold and enamel, of the fifteenth century; and a very fine picture, said to be by Correggio, of the 'Ecce Homo.' The shrine of the Miraculous Virgin is thronged with worshippers, day and night; but no woman is allowed to penetrate beyond the railing, so that she is very imperfectly seen. It is a *black* figure, which is always the favourite way of representing the Blessed Virgin in Spain: the pillar is of the purest alabaster. There is some fine 'azulejo'

work in the sacristy; but the cathedral itself is ugly, and is being restored in a bad style. Our party left it rather with relief, and wandered down to the fine old bridge over the Ebro, which is here a broad and rapid stream, and amused themselves by watching the boats shooting through the piers—an operation of some danger, owing to the rapidity of the current. There is a beautiful leaning tower of old Moorish and Roman brickwork, in a side street, but which you are not allowed to ascend without a special order from the prefect. The Lonja, or Exchange, is also well worth seeing, from its beautiful deep overhanging roof. This is, in fact, the characteristic of all the old houses in Zaragoza, which is a quaint old town formed of a succession of narrow, tortuous streets, with curious old roofs, 'patios,' columns, and staircases. After having some luncheon, which was more eatable than the breakfast, our travellers took a drive outside the town, and had a beautiful view of the lower spur of the Pyrenees on the one hand, and of the towers, bridges, and minarets of the city on the other. Then they went to the public gardens, laid out by Pignatelli, the maker of the canal, which are the resort of all the people on fête-days: they were very gay, and full of beautiful flowers. From thence they drove

to the castle, or 'Aljaferia,' where there is a very curious moresque chapel still existing, though sadly in ruins. Above are the rooms occupied by Ferdinand and Isabella, and the apartment where St. Elizabeth of Portugal was born, with the font where she was baptized. The Hall of the Ambassadors is very handsome, with a glorious moresque roof, and a gallery round. The castle is now turned into a barrack; but the officers, who, with true Spanish courtesy, had accompanied the priest who was showing the rooms to our travellers, *had never seen them before themselves.* How long they had been quartered there none of our party had the courage to ask! But this is a specimen of the very little interest which appears to be taken by the Spaniards in the antiquities or art treasures of their country. Not one of them was ever to be seen in the matchless gallery of Madrid. Coming home, they visited San Pablo, a curious and beautiful subterranean church, into which you descend by a flight of steps. A service was going on, and an eloquent sermon, so that it was impossible to see the pictures well; but they appeared to be above the average. This church has a glorious tower in old Roman brickwork. The palace of the Infanta has been converted into a school. It is the most perfect spe-

cimen of the Renaissance style of Gothic architecture, with beautiful arches, columns, staircase, and fretted roof. Exhausted with their sight-seeing, our travellers went back to their inn; agreeably surprised, however, at the vestiges of ancient beauty still left in Zaragoza, after the frightful sieges and sacking to which the city has twice been subjected.

In the evening, the Canon de V——, who had been their kind cicerone at the cathedral in the absence of the bishop, came to pay them a visit, and gave them a very interesting account of the people, and a great deal of information about the convents and religious houses in the place, especially that of the Ursulines, who have a very large educational establishment in the town. He has lately written a very interesting account of the foundress of this order.

The return to Madrid was necessarily accomplished again by night; and jaded and tired as they were the following day, our party had not the courage for any fresh expedition. One only visit was paid, which will ever remain in the memory of the lady who had the privilege. It was to Monsignor Claret, the confessor of the queen and Archbishop of Cuba, a man as remarkable for his great personal holiness and ascetic life as for the un-

just accusations of which he is continually the object. On one occasion, these unfavourable reports having reached his ears, and being only anxious to retire into the obscurity which his humility makes him love so well, he went to Rome to implore for a release from his present post; but it was refused him. Returning through France, he happened to travel with certain gentlemen, residents in Madrid, but unknown to him, as he was to them, who began to speak of all the evils, real or imaginary, which reigned in the Spanish Court, the whole of which they unhesitatingly attributed to Monsignor Claret, very much in the spirit of the old ballad against Sir Robert Peel :—

Who filled the butchers' shops with big blue flies?

He listened without a word, never attempting either excuse or justification, or betraying his identity. Struck with his saint-like manner and appearance, and likewise very much charmed with his conversation during their couple of days' journey together, the strangers begged, at parting, to know his name, expressing an earnest hope of an increased acquaintance at Madrid. He gave them his card with a smile! Let us hope they will be less hasty and more charitable

in their judgments for the future. Monsignor Claret's room in Madrid is a fair type of himself. Simple even to severity in its fittings, with no furniture but his books, and some photographs of the queen and her children, it contains one only priceless object, and that is a wooden crucifix, of the very finest Spanish workmanship, which attracted at once the attention of his visitor. 'Yes, it is very beautiful,' he replied, in answer to her words of admiration; 'and I like it because it expresses so wonderfully *victory over suffering*. Crucifixes generally represent only the painful and human, not the triumphant and Divine view of the Redemption. Here, He is truly Victor over death and hell.'

Contrary to the generally received idea, he never meddles in politics, and occupies himself entirely in devotional and literary works. One of his books, 'Camino recto y seguro para llegar al Cielo,' would rank with Thomas à Kempis's 'Imitation' in suggestive and practical devotion. He keeps a perpetual fast; and when compelled by his position to dine at the palace, still keeps to his meagre fare of 'garbanzos,' or the like. He has a great gift of preaching; and when he accompanies the queen in any of her royal progresses, is generally met at each town when they

arrive by earnest petitions to preach, which he does instantly, without rest or apparent preparation, sometimes delivering four or five sermons in one day. In truth, he is always 'prepared,' by a hidden life of perpetual prayer and realisation of the Unseen.

After taking leave of him and the Nunzio, and of the many other kind friends who had made their stay at Madrid so pleasant, our travellers started at eight o'clock in the evening for Villa Alba, where they were to take the diligence for Segovia. The night was clear and beautiful, and the scenery through which they passed was finer than any they had seen in Spain. At dawn they came almost suddenly on this most quaint and picturesque of cities, standing on a rocky knoll more than 3,000 feet above the sea, encircled by a rapid river, and with the most magnificent aqueduct, built by Trajan to convey the pure water of the river Frio from the neighbouring sierra to the town. This aqueduct commences with single arches, which rise higher as the dip of the ground deepens, until they become double. The centre ones are 102 feet high, and the whole is built of massive blocks of granite, without cement or mortar. A succession of picturesque towers and ancient walls

remain to mark the boundaries of the old Roman city.

The diligence unceremoniously turned our travellers out into the street at the bottom of the town, and left them to find their way as best they could to the little 'fonda' in the square above. It was very clean and tidy, with the box-beds opening out of the sitting-rooms, which are universal in the old-fashioned inns of Spain, and always remind one of a Highland bothie. The daughter of the house showed off her white linen with great pride, and was rather affronted because two of the party preferred going to church to trying her sheets, stoutly declaring that 'no one was yet awake, and no mass could yet be obtained.' However, on leaving her, and gently pushing open one of the low side-doors of the cathedral close by, the ladies found that the five o'clock services had begun at most of the altars, with a very fair sprinkling of peasants at each. The circular triple apse at the east end of this cathedral, from the warm colour of the stone, and the beauty of its flying buttresses and Gothic pinnacles, is deservedly reckoned one of the finest in Spain. The tower also is beautiful; and the view from the cupola over the city, the fertile valleys beneath, and the snow-tipped mountains beyond, is quite

unrivalled. The interior has been a good deal spoiled by modern innovations, but still contains some glorious painted glass, a very fine 'retablo' by Juni of the 'Deposition from the Cross,' and some curious monuments, especially one of the Infanta Don Pedro, son of Henry II., who was killed by being let fall from the window of the Alcazar by his nurse. The Gothic cloisters are also worth seeing. After service, as it was still very early, the two ladies wandered about this beautiful quaint old town, in which every house is a study for a painter, and found themselves at last at the Alameda, a public promenade on the ramparts, shaded by fine acacias, and the approach to which, on the cathedral side, is through a beautiful Moorish horse-shoe arched gateway. From thence some stone steps led them up to a most curious old Norman church, with an open cloister running round it, with beautiful circular arches and dog-toothed mouldings; opposite is a kind of Hôtel de Ville, with a fine gateway, cloistered 'patio,' and staircase carved 'à jour.' In a narrow street, a little lower down, is the exquisite Gothic façade of the Casa de Segovia, and turning to the left is another curious and beautiful church, La Vera Cruz, built by the Templars, and with a little chapel in it on the exact model of

that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The zigzag and billet dog-tooth mouldings round the windows and doorways are very fine. A little higher up is the Parral, a deserted convent, with a beautiful church, richly carved portal and choir, fine monuments, cloisters, and gardens : the latter had such a reputation that they gave rise to the saying, 'Las huertas del Parral, paraiso terrenal.' Fairly tired out with sight-seeing before breakfast, the ladies climbed up again to the Plaza de la Constitucion, which was like the square of an old German town, having endlessly varied and coloured houses with high roofs; and were glad to find the rest of the party awake at last, and sitting round a table with the invariably good chocolate and white bread of the country. The meal over, one of the ladies started off, with a little boy as her guide, to present her letters of introduction to the bishop, who lived in a picturesque old palace in the Plaza of San Esteban, the fine church opposite, with its beautiful tower, Saxon arches, and open cloister, being dedicated to that saint. He received his visitor with great good-nature, and instantly countersigned the Nunzio's order for her to visit the Carmelite convent of Sta. Teresa, sending his vicar-general to accompany her. This house is the original one purchased for the saint, in 1574,

by Doña Ana de Ximenes, who was the first lady to receive the habit in Segovia. It is dedicated to St. Joseph, and the first mass was said in it by St. John of the Cross. The nuns maintain the reformed rule in all its austerity. They showed their visitor the saint's cell, now converted into an oratory, and also the room of St. John of the Cross, whose convent is in the valley below, just outside the walls of the town. There his body rests—that body still uncorrupted, of one of whom it has been truly said, that he was a 'cherub in wisdom and a seraph in love.' On the door of his cell is his favourite sentence :—

Pati et contemni pro Te!

This convent is rich both in his letters and in those of St. Theresa. Here it was that the saint received the news of the death of her favourite brother, Laurence de Cepeda. She was quietly at work during recreation when he appeared to her; the saint, without uttering a word, put down her work and hastened to the choir to commend the departing spirit to our Lord. She had no sooner knelt before the Blessed Sacrament than an expression of intense peace and joy came over her face. Her sisters asked her the reason, and she told them that our Lord had then revealed to her

the assurance that her brother was in heaven. His sudden death occurred at the very moment when he had appeared to her in the recreation room. Over the door of her oratory are the words: 'Seek the cross;' 'Desire the cross;' and a little farther on, 'Let us teach more by works than by words.' After spending two or three hours with the sisters, the English lady was compelled reluctantly to leave them and return to her party, who were waiting for her to go with them to the Alcazar.

This palace, originally Moorish, was rebuilt by Henry IV. in the fifteenth century. It was the favourite residence of Isabella of Castile, and from thence, on the occasion of a revolution, she rode out alone, and 'by her sweetness of countenance more than by her majesty,' as the old chronicle says, 'won over the people to return to their allegiance.' Our King Charles I. lodged here also, and is recorded to have supped on certain 'troutes of extraordinary greatness,' doubtless from the beautiful stream below. At the time of the French invasion the Alcazar was turned into a military college, and these wretched students, in a freak of boyish folly, set fire to a portion of one of the rooms two years ago. The fire spread; and all that is now left of this matchless palace is a ruined

shell, the façade, the beautiful Moorish towers and battlements, one or two sculptured arabesque ceilings, and the portcullised gateway, each and all testifying to its former greatness and splendour. Its position, perched on a steep plateau forming the western extremity of the town, is quite magnificent, and the views from the windows are glorious. Our travellers stayed a long time sitting under the shade of the orange-trees in the battlemented court below, enjoying the glorious panorama at their feet, and watching the setting sun as it lit up the tips of the snowy sierra which forms the background of this grand landscape; while the beautiful river Eresma flowed swiftly round the old walls, its banks occupied at that moment by groups of washerwomen in their bright picturesque dresses, singing in parts the national songs of their country. In the valley below were scattered homesteads and convents, and a group of cypresses marking the spot where, according to the legend, Maria del Salto alighted. This girl was a Jewess by birth, but secretly a Christian; and having thereby excited the anger and suspicions of her family, was accused by them of adultery, and condemned, according to the barbarous practice of those times, to be thrown from the top of the Alcazar rock. By her faith she was miraculously

preserved from injury, and reached the ground in safety; a church was built on the spot, of which the 'retablo' tells the tale.

Segovia is famous for its flocks, and for the beauty of its wool: the water of the Eresma is supposed to be admirable for washing and shearing.

Our travellers now began to think of pursuing their journey to Avila; but that was not so easy. The diligence which had brought them, flatly refused to convey them back till the following night, except at a price so exorbitant that it was impossible to give it. And here, as everywhere else in Spain, you have no redress. There are no carriages whatever for hire, except in the two or three large capitals, like Madrid and Seville; and even should carriages be found, there are no horses or mules to draw them—or, at any rate, none that they choose to let out for the purpose. Such as they are, they are always reserved for the diligence; and if the latter should happen to be full, the unhappy passengers may wait for days at a wayside 'posada' until their turn comes. Therefore, it is absolutely necessary in Spain to write and make the contract for places beforehand: and to be hard-hearted when the time comes, as it almost invariably happens that you leave behind certain luckless travellers who have

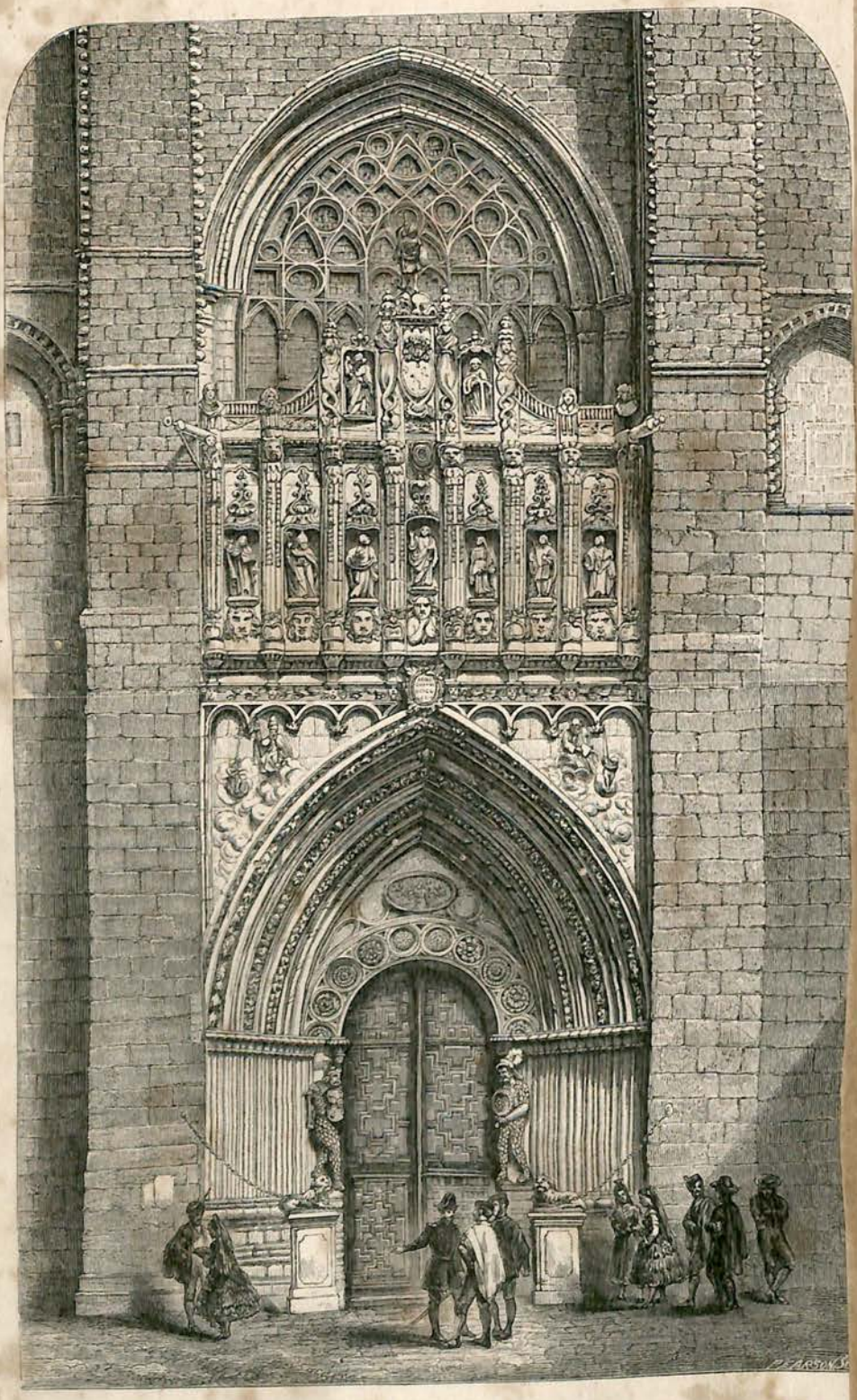
not adopted a similar precaution; and the struggle for seats, and consequent overcrowding of the carriages, are renewed at every station. Making a virtue of necessity, our travellers at last made up their minds to another miserable diligence night out of bed—the fatigue of which must be felt to be thoroughly sympathised with—and spent the intervening hours of the evening in dining, and then going to a religious play, which they had seen advertised in the morning, and which was a very curious exhibition of popular taste and religious feeling. The little theatre was really very clean and tidy, and there was nothing approaching to irreverence in the representations given. A similar scene in a very different place recurred to the memory of one of the party, as having been witnessed by her in Paris, some years ago, when on a certain occasion she accompanied a somewhat stiff, puritanical old lady to the opera. A ballet was given as an entr'acte, in which the scenery was taken from the Book of Genesis, and Noah and his sons appeared just coming out of the Ark. This was too much for the good lady: 'If Noah either dances or sings,' she exclaimed, 'I'll leave the house!' The poor Segovians, trained in a different school, saw nothing incongruous in the repre-

sentation of the shepherds, and the wise men, and the cave of Bethlehem: and only one comical incident occurred, when, on a child in the pit setting up a squeal, there was a universal cry of *Where's Herod*? At ten o'clock they left their play, with its quiet and respectable little audience, and once more found themselves tightly stowed in their diligence prison for the night. The moon, however, was bright and beautiful, and enabled them to see the royal hunting-box and woods, and the rest of the fine scenery through which they passed, so that the journey was far less intolerable than usual, as is often the case when a thing has been much dreaded beforehand. At four o'clock in the morning they were turned out, shivering with cold, at a wayside station, where they were to take the train to Avila; but were then told, to their dismay, by a sleepy porter that the six o'clock train had been taken off, and that there would be none till ten the next morning, so that all hopes of arriving at Avila in time for church (and this was Sunday) were at an end. The station had no waiting-room, only a kind of corridor with two hard benches. Establishing the children on these for the moment with plaids and shawls, one of the party went off to some cottages at a little distance off, and asked

in one of them if there were no means of getting a bedroom and some chocolate? A very civil woman got up and volunteered both; so the tired ones of the party were able to lie down for a few hours' rest in two wonderfully clean little rooms, while their breakfast was preparing. The question now arose for the others: 'Was there no church anywhere near?' It was answered by the people of the place in the negative. 'The station was new; the cottages had been run up for the accommodation of the porters and people engaged on the line; there was no village within a league or two.' Determined, however, not to be baffled, one of the party enquired of another man, who was sleepily driving his bullocks into a neighbouring field, and he replied 'that over the mountains to the left there was a village and a curé; but that it was a long way off, and that he only went on great "festas."' It was now quite light; the lady was strong and well; and so she determined to make the attempt to find the church. Following the track pointed out to her by her informant, she came to a wild and beautiful mountain path, intersected by bright rushing streams, crossed by stepping-stones, the ground perfectly carpeted with wild narcissus and other spring flowers. Here and there she met a peasant

tending his flock of goats, and always the courteous greeting of 'Vaya Usted con Dios!' or 'Dios guarde á Usted!' as heartily given as returned. At last, on rounding a corner of the mountain, she came on a beautiful view, with the Escurial in the distance to the left; and to the right, embosomed, as it were, in a little nest among the hills, a picturesque village, with its church-tower and rushing stream and flowering fruit-trees, towards which the path evidently led. This sight gave her fresh courage; for the night journey and long walk, undertaken fasting, had nearly spent her strength. Descending the hill rapidly, she reached the village green just as the clock was striking six, and found a group of peasants, both men and women, sitting on the steps of the picturesque stone cross in the centre, opposite the church, waiting for the curé to come out of his neat little house close by to say the first mass. The arrival of the lady caused some astonishment; but, with the inborn courtesy of the people, one after the other rose and came forward, not only to greet her, but to offer her chocolate and bread. She explained that she had come for communion, and would go into the church. The old white-haired clerk ran into the house to hasten the curé, and soon a kind and venerable old man made his

appearance, and asked her if she wished to see him first in the confessional. He could scarcely believe she had been in Segovia only the night before! Finding that she was hurried to return and catch the train, he instantly gave her both mass and communion, and then sent his housekeeper to invite her to breakfast, as did one after the other of the villagers. Escaping from their hospitality with some difficulty, on the plea of the shortness of the time and the length of the way back, the English lady accepted a little loaf, for which no sort of payment would be heard of, and walked with a light heart back to the station, feeling how close is the religious tie which binds Catholics together as one family, and how beautiful is the hearty, simple hospitality of the Spanish people when untainted by contact with modern innovations and so-called progress. There was no occasion when this natural, high-bred courtesy was not shown during the four months that our travellers spent in this country; and those who, like the author of 'Over the Pyrenees into Spain,' find fault on every occasion with the manners of the people, must either have been ignorant of their language and customs, or, having no sympathy with their faith, have wounded their susceptibilities, and to a certain degree justified the rudeness of which they pretend to have been the victims.



West Door of Cathedral of Avila.

CHAPTER XI.

AVILA AND ALVA.

After a clean and plentiful breakfast in the cottage, our party started by train for Avila, where they arrived at one o'clock; and having washed and dressed, found themselves at vespers at the cathedral, which is a beautiful Gothic building, begun in 1107, with a glorious western façade, a very fine circular apse at the east end, grand monuments, and magnificent painted glass. The 'retablo' over the high altar is in better taste than almost any in Spain, and contains some beautifully carved subjects, especially one of the 'Annunciation.' Both this cathedral and the cloisters are built of a peculiar shaded red and white granite, unlike any other, but which gives rather the effect of the cathedral of Sienna. After vespers, some of the party went to the archbishop's, who was absent on a confirmation tour, but had left orders that they should be received, boarded, and lodged at his palace, and had desired

his vicar-general to do the honours in his absence. This hospitality our party considered themselves too numerous to accept, and they had already found very tolerable accommodation in a little 'fonda' opposite the cathedral; but they gladly accepted the offer of his kind and courteous secretary to act as their escort, especially for the inspection of St. Theresa's house and convent on the following day.

Avila is a noble specimen of an old Castilian fortified city, teeming with curious Gothic monuments and inscriptions of the thirteenth century, which, unfortunately, no one seems to care for or to be able to explain. Fragments of these are worked into every house: at every turn are quaint old basilicas with circular apses, beautiful doorways, and dog-tooth mouldings. Of these, the finest is that of S. Vincente, in a 'plaza' on the way leading to the railway station. It contains the body of St. Vincent, who suffered in the Decian persecution. His monument, on raised twisted pillars, is in the centre of the church. There is a subterranean crypt, which also contains the bodies of martyrs and several fine monuments. The tower, cloisters, and portico, with clustered columns, are beautiful; and from the cloister there is a magnificent view over the rich 'vega'

beneath, and of the unique east end of the cathedral built into the city wall.

This is almost the only place our travellers had yet seen in Spain where the women wore the old national costume. In Granada, Cordova, and Seville, the men retain their picturesque dresses; but their wives rarely do so. Here the women are all dressed in bright yellow canary-coloured stuff petticoats, with red cloth 'appliquéed' in patterns, on the skirt, green or red bodices, strings of pearls, and hair in circular rolls on the side of the head, with pins across each. From the bridge, the view of the river, of the towers, (of which there are eighty-eight), and of the grand old crenellated walls which encircle the town, is very fine. The following morning, after high mass at the cathedral, one of the party started with the vicar-general to see the house in which St. Theresa was born. On their way they passed by the beautiful palace of the Medina Cœli, which has the arms of the family (thirteen balls) over the door, and four of those curious granite rhinoceros, or 'toros,' as the people call them, found here and there in Spain, the origin of which is so disputed by the learned. There is also a curious inscription on a bas-relief over the principal entrance, in old and quaint Spanish,

the meaning of which in English would be: 'When one door shuts, another opens,' probably alluding to some family legend now forgotten.

St. Theresa was the daughter of Alonso de Cepeda and Beatrix de Ahumada, both of noble and even royal blood, and it was in their house that our party now found themselves. It is a beautiful palace, which has passed through many phases, having become, after St. Theresa's death, a Carmelite monastery; and now, since the destruction of the religious houses in Spain, a college for boys. There is a very fine church attached to it, full of beautiful marbles and frescoes; and leading out of this church is the room of Madame de Cepeda, in which Theresa was born. It has been converted into a chapel. Here are kept her bedstead, part of which was made into a cross; her rosary; her walking-stick, with a crook for the thumb; her shoes, &c., &c. Everything belonging to her, however remotely, is preserved with a veneration which it would be almost impossible to imagine out of Spain.

From thence, they went on to the convent of St. Joseph, called 'de las Madres,' being her first reformed foundation. A statue of the saint is placed over the portal. Here, on St. Bartholomew's-day, 1562, St. Theresa saw at last the

accomplishment of her prayers: here, the habit of rough serge and the veil of coarse unbleached linen were first given to the four sisters of the new reform, which was afterwards to embrace so many thousand devout and holy souls. In the church are the tombs of her favourite brother Lorenzo, and of the good Bishop of Avila, Alvarez de Mendoza, through whose powerful protection this first house was started, and who chose to be buried in this humble little chapel sooner than in his own beautiful cathedral, in the hope, which was not destined to be realised, of resting near the saint. St. Peter of Alacantara's letter to this bishop, when pleading for permission for the foundation, is among the treasures contained in this convent. The superior and the sisters received their English visitor most kindly, and showed her everything. The saint's cell, now converted into an oratory; her bed; her chair; her clothes; the coffin in which her body was placed before it was removed to Alva; her jug and cup; her musical instruments; her leathern girdle; her discipline; some of her blood; a bone of her neck; her books and letters. Among the books is a folio in two volumes of St. Gregory's 'Morales,' belonging to St. Theresa, with her notes and marks; a book written by St.

John of the Cross, with annotations on a kind of 'Canzone' of Ann of St. Bartholomew; and a MS. copy of the saint's 'Foundations.' In the hermitages which she founded in the garden are some very curious pictures belonging to the saint, and some old engravings. One picture was painted by her desire, in consequence of a vision in which she saw our Lord bound to the pillar after the scourging. These hermitages were constructed so that the nuns might have less interruption in the quiet and fervency of their prayers. The well still remains in the garden, of which the water was at first so bad that they could not use it; and then, by the simple prayer of faith of these poor nuns, it pleased God so to sweeten it that it has been ever since good and sufficient for the wants of the community. Here, after all the storms and difficulties she had had to encounter, St. Theresa spent five years in comparative peace and happiness. She had thirteen sisters in this house, all of whom were endowed with such rare spiritual gifts, that the saint declared 'she was ashamed to live amongst them herself.' Yet, even here, she had much to suffer. One day, as she was ascending the steps which led to the choir, before compline, she was suddenly thrown down, falling with such violence

that her nuns thought she was killed. They found, however, that only her arm was broken. According to the rough surgery of those days, the female practitioner, who had been sent for, went to work so violently to set the broken limb that the bones were dislocated. Theresa did not utter a cry, but contemplated all the time the violence with which our Lord was stretched on the cross, telling her sisters that she should have been sorry to have missed this opportunity of suffering something with patience. These steps are still shown, as also a picture representing the occurrence.

From St. Joseph's the English lady went on to the convent of the Incarnation, the house where St. Theresa made her first profession of religion, and in which more than twenty years of her life were passed. A prophecy preceded her arrival. A stranger had come to the convent a short time before, and said, 'A saint will shortly come to dwell in this house, whose name will be Theresa.' When told of this prophecy, St. Theresa, then a young and merry novice, laughingly said to a companion, who also bore the name: 'Which of us two shall be the saint?' This convent is in a beautiful situation, in a fertile valley, at a little distance from the town, with a fine church,

magnificent cloisters, and a spacious garden and orchard, watered by a clear quick-flowing stream. Among the treasures in this house are the veil and dress in which she made her first religious profession; the wooden crucifix and the infant Jesus which she always carried about with her in her travels, and used for her mass in her first foundations; her room, chair, and pictures; and quantities of letters, both of St. Theresa's and of St. John of the Cross, who was prior and confessor of the convent. One of the saint's letters is countersigned by the four nuns of the first foundation: Antonia of the Holy Ghost Mary of the Cross, Ursula of the Saints, and Mary of St. Joseph. Here also is a very curious picture, painted by the saint's desire, of St. Peter of Alacantara as he appeared to her in a vision after his death, saying: 'My present glory, through the mercy of Christ, is the fruit of my penitence.' A few years after St. Theresa had left this house for those of her reform, that is, in 1571, she was appointed, by the provincial, superior of this convent of the Incarnation, in order to remedy the evils which existed in the house. This caused a furious storm, which was only quelled by Theresa's wonderful prudence, humility, and gentleness. The day the first

chapter was held, the nuns came in a body prepared to rebel. But in the place of the prioress, they found only a beautiful statue of the Virgin, holding the keys of the convent, and St. Theresa, addressing them as the most unworthy member of the house, only craved permission to aid them in every way in her power. As is admirably said by the clever authoress of her 'Life,' before alluded to: 'Those who had been accustomed to look upon the saint as a visionary enthusiast, were both astonished and touched by the ready presence of mind and the minute solicitude with which she regulated all the complicated worldly affairs of the community, and supplied the most trifling wants of each of its members.' The little parlour is still shown where the saint and St. John of the Cross were found raised from the ground in an ecstacy while discoursing on the love of God; which can only be explained by the saint's own words: 'It is certain that when for the love of God we empty our souls of all affection for creatures, that great God immediately fills them with Himself.'

There are seventeen nuns in this house, and their veneration for the saint seems as great as that of her sisters of the reform.

Returning to the 'fonda,' and taking leave of

the kind vicar-general and this most interesting old town, our travellers started at two o'clock in the morning by diligence for Salamanca. Of course, the diligence authorities would not condescend to come up to the 'fonda' to fetch the ladies, who had no alternative but to grope their way through the streets in pitchy darkness, amidst torrents of rain, and under cut-throat-looking archways, until they reached the grimy, undesirable vehicle.

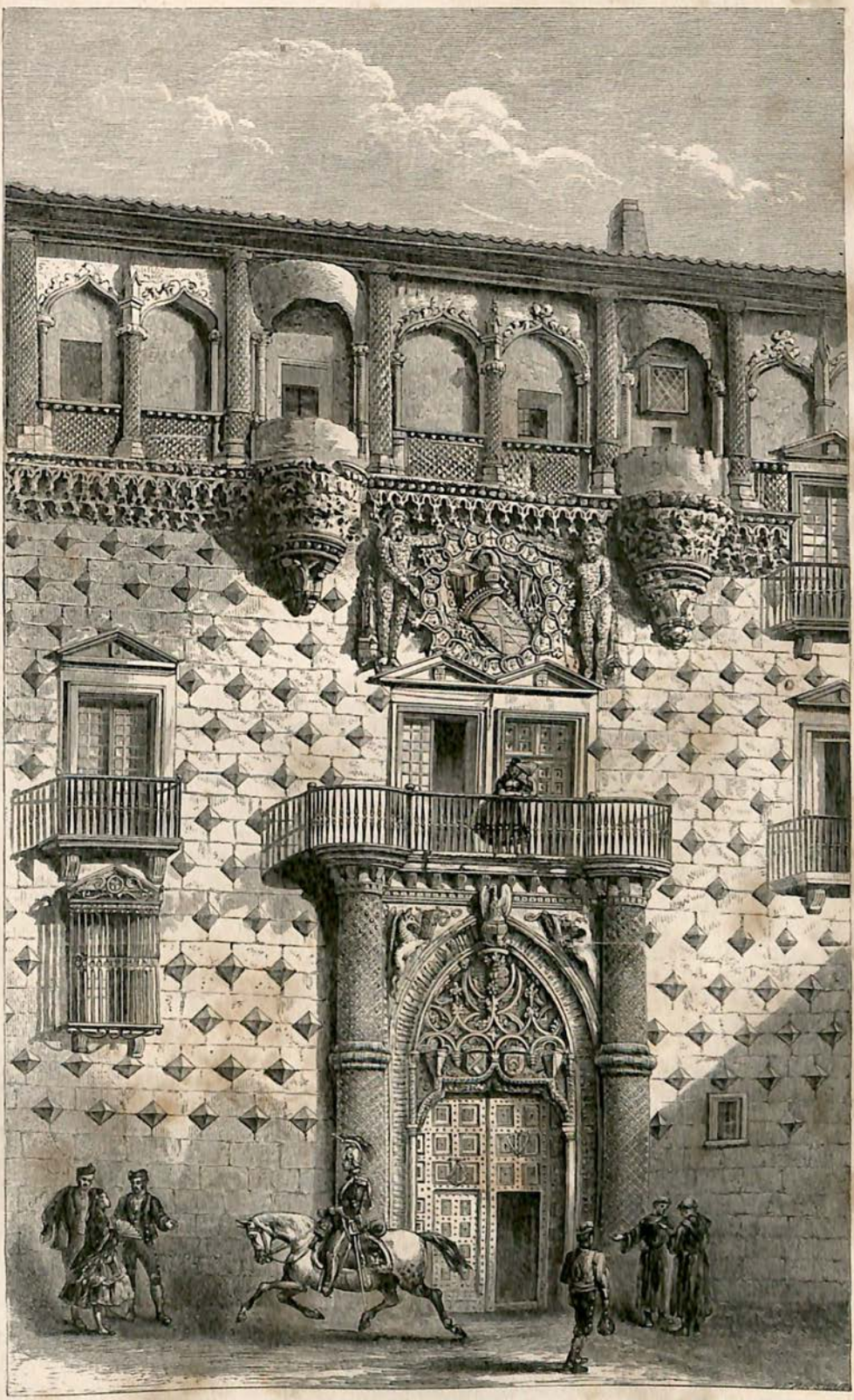
The country, after leaving Avila, is hideously flat and ugly, more like an old post-road through parts of France or Hanover than anything they had hitherto seen in Spain. Salamanca itself stands on a height, the river Tormes encircling the town, over which is thrown a very fine Roman bridge of twenty-seven arches. The diligence dragged them painfully up the steep streets and over the horribly disjointed pavement to the Plaza Mayor, the largest square in Spain, of which the façade is adorned with busts of kings, and with a colonnaded arcade all round, looking like Bologna. Here the bull-fights are held; and with more humanity than at Seville, the horses being almost invariably saved from injury. The 'posada' in the Plaza was so uninviting that our party betook themselves to a private lodg-

ing in a side street, which had been recommended to them at Avila. Here they found some very nice clean rooms and the best food they had had since leaving Madrid. After changing their crumpled and dusty clothes (for one of the many miseries of diligence travelling is the dust), they started off for the cathedrals, for there are *two*, one above the other. The one below is simple, massive, and what we call Norman in character; the one above is the most florid and elaborate Gothic. The carving of the portal and of the whole façade of the west front is the most gorgeous and beautiful thing which it is possible to conceive. One's breath is fairly taken away by the number and variety of the figures. Inside, its principal features are the height of the arches and the beautiful open pierced work of the galleries which run round the cathedral. The rest has a new, white, cold look, which did not please eyes accustomed to the solemn sober aisles of Seville. In the sacristy are some curious pictures and relics; among others, 'El Crucifijo de las Batallas,' a small Byzantine bronze crucifix which the Cid always carried before him in battle, and some very interesting letters of St. Theresa's.

Nearly opposite the cathedral is the far-famed University, of which the magnificent façade is

alone worth a journey to Salamanca to see. It is in the richest period of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose badges are worked into the arabesque lace-like scrolls, together with the inscription in Greek: 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' Equally elaborate is the carving of the façade of San Esteban, in a 'plaza' a little below the cathedral. The beautiful creamy colour of the stone adds immensely to the effect of all this work. But the French destroyed and desecrated every religious building in Salamanca: only ruined cloisters, bare refectories, and mutilated doorways remain to testify to past beauties.

From the cathedral our travellers went up the steep hill to the Irish College, having a letter from the English minister at Madrid to the principal; but he was ill and unable to see them. His students, however, received them with hearty expressions of welcome, and offered to be their cicerones during their stay in Salamanca. It was so curious to hear a very decided Irish brogue in the 'patio' of a Spanish convent. But their numbers are few; and the University itself has dwindled down to 400 or 500 students instead of the 17,000 talked of in the sixteenth century. Cardinal Ximenes was once tutor in a



Palace, Guadalajara.

college here; and Cervantes lived for a long time in a house still pointed out as his in the Calle de los Moros. The palaces in Salamanca are very beautiful, especially the Casa de las Conchas, so called from the pecten shells projecting out of each stone; the Casa de las Salinas, with its overhanging roof and gallery and richly ornamented windows; and the Palacio del Conde de Monterey, with its turrets and an upper gallery of arcaded windows, which look like the rich lace fringe of the solid building below. After lionising the whole morning, one of the party went to call on the bishop, a man universally esteemed and beloved in Salamanca, who received his visitor with fatherly kindness, and at once volunteered to walk with her and show her the different conventual establishments, which she had obtained Papal permission to see. The lady soon found, however, that walking with the bishop, though a great honour, was a matter of some difficulty. No sooner did his broad green-tasselled hat and emerald cross appear at the corner of any street, than every human being, old and young, rich and poor, gentle and simple, rushed out of their houses, or across the road, to kneel and kiss his hand and receive his apostolical benediction, their faces all

the while beaming with a pleasure which it did one's heart good to see. He first took her to the great Jesuit college, opposite the Casa de las Conchas, which contains upwards of 800 students. It is a magnificent building, with a cloistered gallery running round the roof, from whence the view over the whole country is beautiful. The church is a fine specimen of churrigueresque work, with some pretty side chapels, and several valuable pictures and relics. From thence they went to the convent and church of the Augustinians. The latter contains some very fine pictures by Ribera—that great artist so little known out of Spain—especially a 'Conception' over the high altar. This church is exceedingly rich in marbles and monuments, and in the Florentine 'pietra dura' pulpit, St. Vincent of Ferrer preached. Traversing the public gardens, now full of flowers, from every corner of which the little children ran forward to obtain the smile and loving word of the good bishop, they came to the discalced Carmelite convent, which is a little outside the town, and where great joy at his visit was shown by the nuns. This house, like all the rest, was founded by the saint in great poverty and difficulties. In her 'Life' there is an amusing description of her arrival on the

Vigil of All Saints, 1570, and finding the house full of students, who were with difficulty ejected; the alarm of one of the nuns lest any stray ones should be concealed in the garrets; and their sleeping on straw, having found no sort of furniture or beds. Even later, when a chapel had been built and dedicated to St. Joseph, St. Theresa found that the rain came in on every side, and threatened to put a stop to the consecration; but the storm passed away at the prayers of the saint. She wrote at that time, 'In none of the convents which our Lord allowed us to found, have the nuns undergone greater hardships than in this one.' But their faith and patience triumphed over all. 'Ann of the Incarnation' was the first prioress of this house, and 'Anne of Jesus,' first mistress of novices. These two ladies were cousins of St. Theresa, and among the first to adopt her reform. Their portraits are in the parlour of this convent, and 'Anne of Jesus' has the sweetest and most saint-like face that can be imagined. The rest of the house, in its arrangements, discipline, and hermitages, is the same as all the others, and the nuns have equally preserved her letters, and those of St. John of the Cross, and of several of the religious of the first foundation.

The English visitor confided to the bishop her great wish to visit Alva, the 'clôture' of the whole to one interested in the life of St. Theresa, as there she died, and there the body of the saint rests. But Alva is twelve miles from Salamanca, and neither carriage nor horses could be procured for the expedition. The bishop directly solved the difficulty by offering her his episcopal coach and mules, which, after some hesitation and reluctance, she ventured at last to accept. The next morning, therefore, after early mass at the beautiful Jesuit church, the two ladies started in solemn state for Alva, the only sad thing being the disappointment which their presence created in the villages, where the people, when they saw the episcopal equipage, rushed out of their houses to get the bishop's blessing, and saw instead nothing but two stupid women! The vicar-general kindly accompanied them, the bishop being detained in Salamanca by the procession on St. Mark's-day. They passed by Arapiles, the scene of Wellington's great battle (called of Salamanca), in which he utterly defeated Marmont, and by which Madrid and Andalusia were saved. Nothing but two low hills, one flat, the other conical, marks the spot immortalised by this great victory. Alva is on the Tormes, and is approached through a fine

natural ilex wood, and over a picturesque Roman bridge. Above the town towers the palace fortress of the dukes of Alva, now in ruins. But the episcopal mules, whose slow and stately pace had been the despair of our travellers ever since they left Salamanca, went straight to the Carmelite convent, which was evidently their usual destination. Here the curé, a kind and benevolent old man, met them, and, together with the vicar-general, desired to speak with the superior. This lady, evidently wearied with the number of pilgrims to the shrine of the saint, demurred greatly at the notion of admitting the strangers, and it required all the eloquence of the two priests, backed by the authority of the bishop and nunzio, and above all by the papal rescript, to obtain permission to enter the 'clausura.'

About two months after the foundation of Salamanca, St. Theresa was invited by Francis Velasquez, treasurer to the Duke of Alva and Teresa de Layz his wife, to found a house at Alva. These two people had long been praying in vain for children, when one night, in a dream, they saw a house, in the courtyard of which was a well and a corridor, and near it a green meadow full of beautiful flowers. By the well stood a saint-like man, who, pointing to the flowers, seemed to say to

them, 'These are far holier children than those for whom you are longing.' A short time afterwards they removed to Alva, and when they came to take possession of the house which had been prepared for them, their astonishment was great at recognising the very place they had seen in their dream. There was the court, the well, the corridor, everything, except the saint! Perceiving the hand of God in this matter, both Velasquez and his wife determined to convert the house into a convent, and asked St. Theresa to accept the foundation. In accordance with their wish, St. Theresa opened the house on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, under the title of the 'Incarnation.'

The visitors were taken first into her original cell, and thence to the room in which she died: the stones on which she sat, the bed on which she was laid, all remain untouched. It was on the 3rd of October, 1653, that, feeling her strength almost entirely spent, she took leave of her religious, and asked to receive the Holy Viaticum. When It came, though previously unable to move, she sprang up, and the love of her full heart burst forth in the words: 'O Lord! the hour is come which I have looked for these long, long years. It is time, my Lord, that I should depart hence. Let

Thy most holy will be done. The end of my weary exile is come at last, and my soul rejoices in Thee, whom it has desired so ardently and so long.' She repeated over and over again, 'After all, O Lord, I am a *child of the Church*,' a thought which seemed to fill her with unspeakable joy. Then she said the Miserere, especially the verse, 'Cor contritum et humiliatum Deus non despiciet,' which she continued repeating as long as she had the power of speech. She was asked where she would wish to be buried. She answered quickly, 'Ought I to have a will of my own?' and then added with touching humility, 'Will they not give me a little corner of earth here?' Mother Ann of St. Bartholomew never left her during the last days of her life, and the saint died with her head resting on her arm. A picture representing her death hangs in this room, as also one of the vision in which our Lord and His angels appeared at the moment of her death at the foot of her bed to escort the pure spirit up to heaven. There is also a picture of her body as it appeared after death, in her religious habit, over which had been thrown a cloth of gold, exactly as she had seen in a dream forty-eight years before! The face had recovered the youth and beauty of girlhood, and the complexion had become white as alabaster. The body

was placed in a very deep grave, by desire of the foundress, who feared that it might one day be removed. Nine months after, it was taken up, and found as perfect and beautiful as the day of the burial. It was then conveyed to St. Joseph's convent at Avila, where, having been judicially examined, it was, by order of Pope Sixtus V., brought back to Alva, where it rests now over the high altar in a magnificent silver shrine. To this sanctuary our visitors were now led, through the choir, which contains likewise her heart in a crystal case, and a multitude of relics, pictures, and crucifixes, including the heads of St. Felix and St. Justus, brought from Rome, a quantity of the saint's letters and of Padre Garcia's, and a picture of St. John of the Cross, with the question of our Lord and his answer inscribed on the base :—

John, what recompense dost thou ask for thy labour?
No other than to suffer and be condemned for Thy love, O Lord!

There are twenty-five religious in this house, which is one of the most interesting that can be seen in Spain. In the church are the bodies of Velasquez and his wife, the founders of the house, and of John de Ovalla and Doña Juana de Alhumada, the saint's favourite sister, whose monuments, with their child at their feet, are placed in a side transept. After spending the whole morn-

ing in this holy house, the two ladies went on to the curé's, who had kindly prepared an excellent dinner for them, and received them in his little presbytery with the frank and gentle courtesy which is so characteristic of the Spaniards: only his hospitality was almost overwhelming; his guests found it impossible to eat and drink all the good things which his generous heart had collected together in their honour! The evening saw them once more at Salamanca, in the palace of the kind bishop to whom they owed their deeply interesting Alva visit. He took leave of them with fatherly tenderness, and at parting gave one of the ladies a large and very admirable photograph of himself, which she had much desired, but scarcely dared ask for.

The peasants at Salamanca adhere to their old national costume—the men with enormous hats, the women, in addition to the bright yellow petticoats, with a kind of scarf or striped blanket, red, white and black, which they throw over their shoulders, or, if wet and cold, over the head: this scarf seemed universal in the district. The men had scarlet burnous, with heavy tasselled fringes thrown picturesquely over one shoulder, as at Valencia.

CHAPTER XII.

ZAMORA AND VALLADOLID.

At seven the next morning our travellers bade adieu to Salamanca, and went on by diligence to Zamora. The road is flat and uninteresting till you come to Corrales, where, to the left, in a sheltered valley, is Valparaiso, the once fine convent in which St. Ferdinand, that best of Spanish kings, was born. From the hermitage, called El Cristo de Morales, Zamora appears with its battlemented walls, fine cathedral; and picturesque old bridge, with circular towers, which spans the Douro. The water of this river is said to be as nutritious as chicken-broth, 'Agua de Duero, caldo de pollos;' so runs the proverb. The peasants here use those dreadful carts (as in Portugal) with solid wheels—mere circles of wood without spokes or axles, which make the most abominable creaking noise that can be imagined; but their drivers never seem to find it out.

Our travellers were taken to a little 'posada' in the principal square, opposite a kind of Hôtel

de Ville, with a beautiful Venetian façade, exquisite windows, and carved portals. The mistress of the house showed them into a room out of which was the universal box-bedstead recess; but they found it evidently occupied. Its owner, the colonel of the detachment of troops quartered there, came in a few minutes afterwards, and the ladies apologised for their unintentional intrusion, but were assured that he was delighted to place his apartment at their service, and in fact that there was no other. Presently a meal of some sort was announced to them, and our travellers no longer wondered at the colonel's choice of quarters. The uninviting dish of 'garbanzos' was brought up by a girl whose beauty will ever remain as an ideal in their minds. A perfectly oval face, the most tender lustrous eyes, a beautiful mouth, hair rolled above the delicately formed ear, behind which was stuck a bright pomegranate blossom—she would have made her fortune in six months as a model to a painter! and her shy, retiring, modest manner added to the wonderful charm of her appearance. At Cadiz, at Seville, and still more, in the outlying villages, beauty of this type had been met with by our party, but never in such perfection.

The train for Medina del Campo not starting for four or five hours, they resolved to employ their

time in exploring the curiosities of the town, and first went to the cathedral, which has a curious tower, fine Saxon arches and cloisters. The inside has been modernised, but contains some beautiful wood-carving in the choir and on the bishop's throne, and some very fine monuments. But the glory of Zamora is the Templar Church of Sta. Magdalena. The deeply-recessed entrance, with its remarkable circular arches enriched with Norman and Moorish patterns, the rose-windows, and the high altar, with its round arch and billet mouldings, are really unique in their beauty. The 'Alameda,' or public walk, begins opposite this church, the space in the centre being filled with roses, at that time in full blossom. From thence there is a picturesque view of the old walls and of the prison of the Cid, with the open cloister and gallery of the bishop's palace, and the rich and cultivated valley below. The hour for the departure of the train having now arrived, our travellers went down the hill to the station, their bags being carried for them by the beautiful girl who had so charmed them before, and who, refusing all remuneration, shyly kissed the elder lady's hand and vanished. Here was enacted one of those scenes from real life which are often so much more touching than the most exciting romance. A

young bride was starting with her husband, and grouped round the railway carriage were all her friends and old servants, to wish her good-bye. One of the latter was her nurse, and the despair of the poor woman was piteous to see. Dressed in her beautiful peasant's holiday costume, with strings of pearls on her white bodice, but her face swollen and disfigured by weeping, she clung to her young mistress with a tenacity which was both painful and touching. The tie between masters and servants in Spain is very close and very sacred. No one dreams of *ordering* their man or maid to do anything; whatever is wanted must be asked for with a deference and courtesy which they consider their due, and which is invariably accorded. The servants consider themselves entirely as part of the family into which they enter, and identify their interests, their sorrows, and their joys, with those of their employers.

Our travellers arrived at Medina del Campo too late to stop and visit the Carmelite convent there; but were obliged to push on to Valladolid, which they reached at eleven o'clock at night, very tired, but charmed with their expedition.

Valladolid, once the capital of Spain, the birthplace of Philip II., and which witnessed likewise the death of Columbus, has been entirely ruined by

the French, who sacked or destroyed everything in it which was most interesting either in religion or art. It is now being rebuilt in a stiff, commonplace way, and boulevards planted, as in a third-rate French town. There is a great museum of pictures, to which some of the party went, and reported them, with very few exceptions, as execrable. The cathedral was built by Herrera, the architect of the Escurial, but was never finished. It is cold and uninteresting to the last degree, the only beautiful thing remaining in it being the silver custodia.

The church of the Dominicans, called San Pablo, was once a marvel of beauty and art; but nothing now remains save the exquisite façade. The fiat went forth from the Emperor Bonaparte: 'Sa Majesté a ordonné la suppression du couvent des Dominicains, dans lequel un Français a été tué.' The same fate awaited the neighbouring college of San Gregorio, containing the wonderful 'retablo' of Juan de Juni: the beautiful double cloisters alone remain. One of the most interesting things in Valladolid, rarely visited by travellers, is the house of the two famous sculptors Juni and Hernandez, at the corner of the Calle de San Luis. Juni was an Italian, of the school of Michael Angelo, and equally daring and grand in his conceptions.

Hernandez, who succeeded him both in his fame and in his studio, was the Murillo of Castilian sculpture. Like Angelico da Fiesole, he never began any work without prayer, and his whole creations breathe that same spirit of love and holiness which made an Englishman exclaim, on leaving Overbeck's studio one day in Rome: 'I feel as if I had been all the time in church.'

His private life was that of a brother of charity, and his name was a household word for all that was 'lovely and of good report.' Yet few care to go and see the little room which witnessed for twenty-three years that hidden life of piety and genius. The people in the house at present seemed utterly ignorant of the whole matter: the window of his studio is blocked up; and his works are every day disappearing through the bad taste and indifference of his degenerate countrymen. Another interesting private house in Valladolid is the 'Casa del Sol,' now a barrack, once the residence of Gondomar, ambassador of Philip IV. to our James I., whose library was one of the most valuable in Spain. It contained a very curious collection of English literature of the time of Shakspeare. The whole was sold to Charles IV.; but as his Majesty did not pay, some 1,600 volumes were kept back and left to the tender mercies of the carpenter or brick-

layer who had charge of the house; and so these priceless treasures were finally sold for waste-paper and disappeared. Those seen by our travellers in the Queen's Library at Madrid formed only a small portion of his secret correspondence during his embassy in England. There are ten volumes there, and some others in the hands of the great antiquary, Señor Gayangos; but as yet no authentic translation or account of their contents has reached this country, which is very much to be regretted.

The next visit of our travellers was to the bishop, whose palace contains a handsome staircase, cloistered 'patio,' and beautiful garden. He showed his guests, among other things, a very fine Murillo of the Crucifixion, and a beautiful 'retablo' by Pinturicchio, which he is having restored for his private chapel. His secretary volunteered to accompany one of the ladies to the Carmelite convent, while the rest continued their wanderings over the town. Entering into the parlour, while the superior was examining the permission to enter her 'clausura,' the lady's eyes fell on this quatrain over the door:—

Hermano, una de dos:
Ó no entrar, ó hablar de Dios.
Que en la casa de Teresa
Esta ciencia se profesa.

The original convent given by Bernardin of Mendoza, brother of the Bishop of Avila, was in an unhealthy situation near a river; so that St. Theresa removed her nuns to the house where they now are, and which was purchased for them by his sister. It bears the title of 'Our Lady of Mount Carmel.' Mary of Ocampo (in religion called Maria de S. Juan Bautista) was the first prioress here, and trained her sisters to such perfection that St. Theresa spoke of the house as 'the most admirable of all her foundations.' It became the home of a perfect galaxy of saints, ladies of the highest rank and fortune devoting their lives to God in spite of all human difficulties and oppositions. The secret of their perfection is disclosed in the reply of one of them, to a person who was marvelling at her undisturbed tranquillity in the midst of severe trials and sufferings: 'The value of whatever we do and bear, however small it may be, for the love of God, is inestimable. We should not so much as turn our eyes, except to please Him.' This sanctity, and singleness of purpose, have descended like a precious heritage to the sisters now in the house. It was impossible not to be struck with the expression of their countenances. They have the usual mementoes of the

saint: her letters, her clothes, her hair shirt, &c., and the MS. of her 'Camin de Perfeccion.' In the garden are hermitages, as at Avila: over the door of one is the inscription: 'At Carmel and at the Judgment Day, God only and I.' Philip II. decorated one of these little oratories, and placed in it an altar of 'azulejo' work. They have also some very interesting pictures, portraits, crucifixes and relics.

The great trade of Valladolid is in silversmith's work. With the discovery of a new world a vast quantity of silver and gold poured into Spain; and this was wrought into beautiful forms and patterns by Antonio and Juan d'Arphe, Germans by origin and birth, but who settled at Valladolid, and executed almost all the beautiful cinquecento work which our travellers had seen in the different ecclesiastical treasuries of Spain. Juan became Master of the Mint at Segovia, and published his designs for church plate, which have been generally adopted. Now, great artists and a taste for art seem to be equally extinct. But there is still a large manufacture of crosses, reliquaries, and the like in Valladolid, which are much sought after in other parts of Spain, like the silver buttons of Cordova and Granada.

It must be confessed, however, that Valladolid was a disappointment to our travellers; partly, perhaps, because they had been spoiled by the gorgeous beauty and antiquity of the south, but also because the hand of the spoiler has really left nothing but shells of buildings to testify to the bygone glories of the ancient capital.

Without much regret, therefore, our travellers went on the next day to Burgos, where many things were yet unvisited by them. They arrived late at night, and the next morning found one of the party very early in the streets, enquiring the way to the 'Iglesia Mayor.' She was directed to a church a long way off in the heart of the town, which turned out to be the very beautiful old Benedictine Church of San Juan, instead of the cathedral of which she was in search. It was, however, well worth a visit, and contains some very fine tombs of the Torquemada family. Service over, the lady wished to retrace her steps, but then suddenly recollected that they had come to a new hotel the night before, of which she knew neither the name nor the address. The different turns she had taken in going to the church had completely bewildered her small notions of geography, and she could not ask her way, being in the absurd position of not knowing what place

to ask for! In despair at last, after having wandered half over the town, she addressed herself to a peasant woman sitting in a corner of one of the streets, whose son was holding in his arms one of those black and white lambs which always bring to one's mind Murillo's picture of St. John the Baptist. With the most ready and gentle courtesy, the woman left her basket with a neighbour, and undertook to guide the stranger to the two or three principal hotels in the place till they should find the right one—and this was only a fresh proof, if one had been needed, of the universal kindness which characterises the people.

Later in the day, our travellers returned to the glorious cathedral, for which even their Toledo and Seville experiences had not spoilt them; and then went up the steps to the Church of San Nicolas, which is on a steep ledge above, and contains the most wonderfully carved 'retablo' of every event in the life of the saint. It was the finest and most delicate work of the sort which they had seen in Spain. There were also some interesting alabaster monuments in a side chapel. From thence, ascending still higher, they came to San Esteban, the oldest church in Burgos, but which had been terribly knocked about during the siege. A beautiful doorway and

rose-window, an internal gallery and pulpit, and a fine old picture of the Last Supper in the sacristy, are all that remain of its ancient splendour. The priest, seeing strangers in the church, good-naturedly came forward and invited them to come into the cloisters, from whence the view over Burgos is very beautiful.

Descending the hill, they went to see several of the old houses in Burgos: among others La Casa del Cordon, the house of the constable, so called from the rope over the portal, and the Casa de Miranda, with its beautiful fluted pillars and 'patio.' But one thing was still unvisited, and that was the Carmelite convent, the last of St. Theresa's foundations, and one accomplished in spite of contradictions and difficulties of all kinds. It was on the 26th January, and therefore in the depth of winter, with deep snow on the ground, and the floods out in every direction, that the saint, though already in failing health and strength, undertook this work. She and her eight nuns were nearly drowned in passing what is called 'The Bridges,' near Burgos, the water having covered all the tracks, so that the waggons were perpetually sinking in the mire. In order to comfort her companions, St. Theresa showed no fear, but cheerfully exclaimed: 'Courage, my sisters! What

greater happiness can you wish than, if need be, here to become martyrs for the love of our Lord? Suffering, through obedience, is a great and beautiful thing.' They arrived safely at the house of a devout widow lady, Catherine de Tolosa, who had purchased a building for their convent, and had already given up two of her daughters to be nuns under the saint's direction. Before their arrival they had obtained the consent both of the city and of the archbishop; but, to their dismay, found that the primate had changed his mind, and was now very much opposed to the new foundation, positively refusing permission for mass to be said in the house where they were. After weeks of vexatious delays, on the Vigil of St. Joseph, the archbishop granted the license. But now a fresh peril awaited them. The river rose and raged with such violence against the convent, that it threatened its total destruction. It flooded the lower storeys, so that they were obliged to remove everything up to the garrets; and they nearly died of hunger, no one being able to approach the house, and their stores being all buried beneath the waters. St. Theresa was very ill at the time, and said to Ann of St. Bartholomew: 'My child, I am fainting; see if you can find me a mouthful of bread.' One of the

novices waded waist-deep into the water, and got her a loaf. At last two men swam to the house, and, diving under the water, broke open the doors to let it out of the rooms. The quantity of stones and rubbish left behind filled eight carts.

Such were the obstacles thrown in the way of this Burgos foundation; but our saint's courage did not fail her, and the house remains to this day a monument of her loving faith in our Lord's promises. Speaking of the privations they had endured, she could still exclaim: 'Oh, my God! how little do fine buildings and exterior delights contribute to interior joy!'

The nuns received their unexpected visitor with immense kindness, and showed her everything in their house, inviting her to dine with them, and making a special 'tortilla' (omelette) in her honour. They have some of the saint's letters, written in 1582, only one month before her death, and showed the stranger both these and the saint's cell, chair, dress, and writing materials, all of which have been preserved by them with the most filial veneration. Afterwards they took her into the choir, and sang while she played the harmonium for them, and a beautiful Benediction service concluded this her last visit to the Carmelite convents of Spain. If it be objected by

some of our readers that too much stress has been laid upon the life of St. Theresa in a simple book of travels, the writer must give as the reason not only that one of the objects of her Spanish tour was an inspection of these convents, but that without understanding something of the history and inner life of one who has had so great an influence over the minds of her countrymen, it is almost impossible rightly to enter into the spirit of the people. She is the type of a character peculiar to Spain, and which could scarcely have existed in any other country; but its wonderful combination of spirituality and common sense makes her example the more invaluable to the age in which we live.

And now the sad day had come when our travellers' holiday was over, and they were compelled to leave Spain. Sorrowfully, for the last time, they drove under the massive old gateway of Burgos, with its turrets and statues, which has witnessed so many changes; and over the rapid river Arlanzon which skirts its walls. A couple of days' travel found them once more at the clean little inn of Bayonne, striving to reconcile themselves to the uniform French houses, French tongue, French climate, and French toilette, contrasting so painfully with their experiences of the

last four months. They rested there a day, revisiting the cathedral, which, poor though it looked to their Spanish eyes, has been very prettily restored in the last few years; and then went for a short time to see the French sisters of charity at the great hospital established by the Mère Dévos. Some of her old sister-companions are still labouring there, and they saw her room, her bed, her place in the chapel, and the good Sœur Madeleine mentioned in her life, who had worked with her so indefatigably for ten years, and will labour on till God calls her to share the rest of her much-loved superior. Taking a little carriage in the afternoon, they drove over to Biarritz, that bright little watering-place, with its picturesque rocks jutting out into the sea, which roars under its tiny caverns, its nice smooth sands, and its white image of the 'Star of the Sea' standing on the extreme point of the little pier. Though it was not a regular show-day, the presentation of their cards obtained admission for our travellers to the emperor's palace, which is like an ordinary private gentleman's house, very simple and very comfortable. The empress's bed-room, fitted up with a gay linen chintz, contains but two little pictures, one of the Blessed Virgin, the other of St. Vincent de Paul, which hangs over her bed.

The gardens slope down to the sea, and she has just built in the grounds a beautiful little chapel, thoroughly Spanish in its decorations, with Moorish coloured roof and 'azulejo' walls, and the choir or tiny apse beautifully painted, the subject being the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by angels, with a background of 'white lilies and vermilion roses.' This was our travellers' last reminiscence of Spain —a country which they left with the greatest regret, and with the earnest hope of revisiting it before the so-called march of civilisation has utterly destroyed all that is beautiful, simple, and characteristic of this noble people.

APPENDIX.

SEMANA SANTA EN SEVILLA.

Entre las ciudades que más se han distinguido en el orbe cristiano por la grandeza de sus cultos, figura la Capital de Andalucía; contribuyendo á este éxito la veneranda antigüedad de su devocion á representar los augustos misterios de la redencion humana con procesiones y ostentosas ritualidades, el brillo que comunicaron á estas ceremonias la esplendidez de su ilustre aristocrácia, lo píngue de su comercio, y el fervor de sus cuerpos gremiales, al par del incentivo poderoso que añadió á tan célebres festividades el concurso de tantos artistas esclarecidos como enriquecieron con admirables obras de escultura las lujosas andas presentadas por las Hermandades á la adoracion de un vecindario eminentemente católico.

El orígen de las cofradías se remonta á los fastos honrosos de los gremios, los cuales, obedeciendo á la inspiracion religiosa para consagrar debidamente sus asociaciones, erigieron magníficos santuarios, hospitales y casas de misericordia, rivalizando en públicas muestras de piedad con las hermandades instituidas por los caballeros y ricos tratantes en el comercio de las Indias Occidentales. El espíritu de las épocas y el carácter particular de un pueblo de tan ardiente fantasía esplican las escenas místicas que mostraron un tiempo las procesiones de penitencia y su acertada supresion por incompatibles con el lustre y severidad del culto.

En nuestros dias la Semana Santa conserva sus sagrados recuerdos y representa al vivo esa armonía maravillosa de la

religion cristiana con el estado civil; refluyendo el rito en pró de las artes, industrias, ciencias y tráfico, á quienes paga con creces el auxilio que prestan á sus solemnidades.

DIVINOS OFICIOS EN LA SANTA IGLESIA METROPOLITANA.

Nuestra insigne y famosa basílica, correspondiendo á sus tradiciones, á la religiosidad nunca desmentida de su Cabildo y á su celo del esplendor de la Metrópoli, no ha perdonado sacrificio por continuar en este año el ritual solemnísimo que atrae á los fieles á su sagrado recinto. El Emmo. Prelado de esta Diócesis, coadyuvando solícito á tan augustos fines, esfuerza á pesar de su quebrantada salud la magnificencia de las ceremonias con que recuerda la Iglesia los misterios de la pasion de Jesucristo.

Los oficios del Domingo de Ramos principiarán á las seis de la mañana. Despues de tercia bendice el Sr. Dean las palmas y olivas y sale el Ilmo. Cabildo Eclesiástico en procesion por Gradas. Al regresar al Templo, el subdiácono dá con el asta de la cruz un golpe en la puerta contigua á la Giralda, para significar que el Redentor con la suya nos abrió las del cielo. Concluida esta ceremonia predica el Sr. Canónigo Magistral; cantándose luego la misa y la pasion con acompañamiento de música. Por la tarde se hace la misteriosa ostension de la sagrada bandera.

En los del Mártes y Miércoles Santos se canta tambien la pasion con la misma solemnidad; rompiéndose en la del segundo el velo blanco con estrepitosos truenos. En las vísperas se hace la última ostension de la sagrada bandera. Terminan las tinieblas con un solemne Miserere de nueve á diez de la noche y acto contínuo se conduce en procesion el Santísimo Sacramento á la capilla del Sagrario.

El Jueves Santo empieza á las nueve el augusto sacrificio de la misa. El clero comulga en ella y luego deposita la sagrada

forma en el magnífico monumento que se erige en la sétima bóveda del trascoro sobre la sepultura de D. Fernando Colon, hijo del descubridor del nuevo mundo. Trazó tan maravilloso proyecto Antonio Florentin en el año 1545; concluyéndose en 1554 y sus reformas posteriores en 1689. El monumento tiene la altura de 40 varas, es enteramente aislado y consta de cuatro cuerpos, presentando cuatro frentes iguales con la planta de una cruz griega. Sobre 16 pedestales de 9 pies se elevan otras tantas columnas de 22 de alto y tres de diámetro y en grupos de cuatro sostienen su arquitrave, friso y cornisa. Dentro de este primer cuerpo aparece otro pequeño, que lo forman otras cuatro columnas y bajo una cúpula con ricos adornos ostenta su gallardia la famosa custodia de Juan de Arfe con una urna de oro, donde se coloca el Santísimo Sacramento. Imita la blancura del alabastro, esmaltado de oro en labores, filetes, perfiles é inscripciones. Ciento cuarenta lámparas de plata, diez y seis blandones gigantescos del propio metal y 581 luces de cera iluminan tan suntuosa obra.

Diez y seis columnas del Templo se visten con una riquísima colgadura de terciopelo carmesí y anchos galones de oro, apareciendo igual adorno en todo el espacio de la puerta grande.

Su Eminencia sirve á las doce una espléndida comida á trece pobres, vestidos á su costa. Las mesas están de manifiesto al público en el palacio Arzobispal desde por la mañana hasta que acaban los oficios.

Á las tres de la tarde lava el Sr. Dean los pies á los referidos pobres en la crujía del coro al presbiterio; continuan las completas y las tinieblas que concluyen á las diez de la noche y entónces se repiten las patéticas entonaciones del Miserere, que como el que se canta en la anterior, puso en música el maestro Eslaba y cuyas notas, admiracion de propios y estraños, llenan de melodías delicadas y armonías sorprendentes las magestuosas bóvedas del Templo.

El Viernes Santo á las seis predica un Misionero junto al Monumento. Acto contínuo empiezan las horas canónicas,

cántase la pasion y el celebrante pide misericordia para todos los hombres y ostenta solemnemente la Cruz á la adoracion del pueblo. Despues se forma la procesion al Monumento y vuelve con la Divina Magestad á la capilla mayor donde termina el rito de la mañana; principiándose las tinieblas por la tarde á las tres y media.

Los oficios del Sábado Santo comienzan á las siete por la bendicion del fuego nuevo y la del cirio Pascual, que en todos tiempos se ha reconocido como símbolo de la resurreccion del Salvador. Acto seguido se cantan doce profecias para instruccion de los catecúmenos; se bendice la pila bautismal; entónanse las letanías de los santos; continúa la misa y se descubre el retablo al GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO enmedio de truenos y con un repique general de campanas, que interrumpe el piadoso silencio de tan solemnes dias.

Aumentará el esplendor de la Semana Santa la estacion á la Iglesia Catedral de las siguientes Cofradías.

DOMINGO DE RAMOS.

Santo Cristo del Silencio, desprecio de Herodes y Ntra. Señora de la Amargura.—Parroquia de S. Juan Bautista.

El Tribunal de Herodes en el acto de mandar que Jesus fuese conducido con la vestidura blanca á la presencia de Pilatos, representa el primer paso de esta Cofradía. La escultura del Señor es obra de Pedro Roldan; dos de los soldados romanos son de Pedro Duque Cornejo, constructor de la célebre silleria del coro de la Catedral de Córdoba; otros dos y Herodes se deben á D. Benito Hita del Castillo. Las andas son modernas, de órden corintio, con los Evangelistas en los ángulos, cuatro medallones de medio relieve en los centros, recordando pasages del antiguo y nuevo Testamento, diez y seis profetas y varias alegorías. En el segundo paso aparece la Santísima Vírgen bajo pálio y con profusion de luces, acompañada de S. Juan, cuya famosa efigie esculpieron con mucha fortuna los cinceles del susodicho Hita del Castillo. Las túnicas de los nazarenos que preceden al primero son blancas, y negras las de los que van ante el segundo.

Sagrada Entrada en Jerusalen, Santo Cristo del Amor y Ntra. Señora del Socorro.—Parroquia de S. Miguel.

Lleva esta Cofradía tres pasos. Representa el primero la entrada triunfante del Salvador en la ciudad Santa; acompañado á su sagrada efigie los apóstoles S. Pedro, S. Juan y Santiago. Delante aparecen arrodillados seis hebreos, tendiendo sus capas, para que las pise el Señor y al lado una palma. El segundo conduce al Crucificado exhalando el último suspiro. Los músculos violentamente contraidos, la lividéz del semblante y la expresion de los ojos, dán una idea admirable de la agonía del Redentor y prueban el acierto del insigne Juan Martinez Montañés en sus obras. El tercer paso, sobre peana dorada y bajo pálio de terciopelo bordado de oro, sostenido por doce varas de plata, ostenta á la imágen dolorosa de nuestra Señora del Socorro, con multitud de alhajas y candelabros.

MIÉRCOLES SANTO.

Santo Cristo de la Columna y Azotes y Madre de Dios de la Victoria. Iglesia de los Terceros.

Desde 1846 dejó de hacer estacion esta Hermandad; pero á impulsos de una ardiente devocion y venciendo multitud de obstáculos han logrado sus individuos, pertenecientes á una clase honrada de artesanos, ofrecer en el presente año á la adoracion de los fieles las imágenes de su instituto. El primer paso conduce, sobre peana antigua delicadamente tallada y con ricos adornos dorados, á Ntro. Sr. Jesucristo amarrado á una columna y dos judíos azotándolo. En el segundo aparece bajo pálio la Santísima Vírgen con piedras preciosas y saya y manto bordados de oro; atribuyéndose, tanto esta distinguida escultura, como las otras de la misma Cofradía, á los discípulos del celebre Roldan. La tristeza del primer asunto y la dulzura y resignacion espresadas con feliz verdad en el rostro de la amorosa Madre de Dios, conmueven tiernamente el ánimo y lo inducen á contemplar con recojimiento sus acerbos dolores.

Santo Cristo de las Siete Palabras y María Santísima de los Remedios. Iglesia de Ntra. Señora del Cármen.

El Calvario con el Redentor crucificado y en actitud de pronunciar sus últimas palabras, la Santísima Vírgen, S. Juan y la Magdalena al

pié de la Cruz, representa el único paso de esta Cofradía. Las imágenes son de aventajados escultores, entre los cuales figura el jóven D. Manuel Gutierrez, y merced á los esfuerzos piadosos de los nuevos hermanos estrenan trajes de terciopelo. Serán conducidas sobre una peana dorada con tableros diestramente tallados y primorosos adornos; coronando sus ángulos ángeles mancebos con grupos de luces.

JUEVES SANTO.

Sagrada Oracion del Huerto y María Santísima del Rosario, en sus Misterios Dolorosos.—Iglesia de Monte-Sion.

Aparece en el primer paso Nuestro Padre Jesus orando de rodillas delante del Angel, que con el Cáliz y la Cruz se eleva sobre un trono de nubes, junto á una palmera. Al frente se vé la puerta del huerto de Gethsemani, detras de la cual duermen los apóstoles S. Juan, S. Pedro y Santiago. El zócalo, restaurado con mucho gusto en este año, es de bastante mérito. Todas las efigies son del célebre escultor sevillano Pedro Roldan, excepto el Angel y los medallones de la peana, que la tradicion atribuye á su hija Luisa, conocida con el nombre de la Roldana. Figura este misterio, con una propiedad interesantísima, una de las mas dolorosas escenas de la pasion del Hombre-Dios. El pensamiento se transporta á aquella memorable noche, víspera de la redencion del mundo, y al batir de los penachos de la gentil palmera, se imagina al Salvador *retrocediendo un instante ante la sombra espantosa de la muerte*, segun una poética frase, y exclamando: *que pase lejos de mí este cáliz.*

En otras andas sale bajo pálio la Santísima Vírgen, con un rico manto de terciopelo cubierto de estrellas de oro de alto relieve, ostentando alhajas de gran valor y considerable número de candelas. Los nazarenos visten túnicas blancas y mantos negros de lana, y entre otras insignias estrena esta Cofradía un *Senatus* enteramente igual al que usaban las legiones romanas.

Dulce Nombre de Jesus, Sagrado Descendimiento de Ntro. Señor Jesucristo, y Quinta Angustia de María Santísima.—Parroquia de Santa María Magdalena.

Dos pasos suntuosos lleva esta Cofradía. El primero representa la aceptacion del cruento sacrificio, para redimir al hombre del pecad

Osténtase magestuosamente sobre una elevada colina la efigie del divino Nazareno en su infancia, obra maravillosa del célebre escultor Gerónimo de Hernandez, bendiciendo los atributos principales de la Pasion, reverentemente ofrecidos por un grupo de ángeles. Al pié se distingue el Santo Precursor, anunciando á las generaciones, figuradas por graciosos párvulos, entretenidos en juegos infantiles, la mision augusta que el verbo humanado vino á desempeñar lleno de generoso interés por la salvacion de las almas. Preciosos corderos, símbolo del rebaño de Cristo, acuden á beber las cristalinas aguas de la Salud eterna, que descienden de la cumbre; divisándose en segundo término un árbol alegórico al del fruto prohibido, con una serpiente ya exánime por la aparicion de Jesus. La montaña, apesar de sus grandes dimensiones, ofrece mucha ligereza por sus acertadas quiebras embellecidas por los arbustos, flores y plantas aromáticas, que embalsaman el aire con su fragancia. La inspiracion de esta obra y las nuevas esculturas son hijas de la acreditada inteligencia de dos artistas contemporáneos, cuyos nombres recordará la posteridad con aplauso.

Los santos varones José y Nicodemus en los extremos superiores de las escaleras y apoyados en los brazos de la Cruz, que presenta á la veneracion pública el segundo paso, suspenden con fajas de lienzo el cuerpo de Jesus difunto, en el acto del descendimiento. Junto al árbol sagrado aparecen Nuestra Señora de la Quinta Angustia, así titulada por la que padeció en este trance; S. Juan Evangelista, la Magdalena y las Santas Mugeres con sábanas de riquísima tela para recibir el cadáver del Redentor, cuyo descenso parece que se presencia realmente, por el efecto admirable que causa en los que lo contemplan el movimiento de la dolorosa efigie, balanceándose en el aire, pendiente de las ligaduras que sujetan las manos de los varones. Las esculturas dan honra por su relevante mérito al ingenio del fecundo Pedro Roldan. Las imágenes lucen magníficos trajes de terciopelo con espléndidos bordados de oro, formando dibujos elegantes, que se extienden por toda la tela, y las peanas de las andas son de mucho gusto con altos relieves. Los nazarenos usan túnicas moradas con mantos blancos y todas las insignias de esta Hermandad corresponden al brillo de sus cultos.

Nuestro Padre Jesus de la Pasion y María Santísima de la Merced. Parroquia de S. Miguel.

Sobre una peana dibujada por el inteligente adornista D. Juan Rossi, construida y dorada con singular esmero en sus talleres, aparece, vistiendo túnica de terciopelo con bordados de oro, la bellísima efigie del

Nazareno, obra maravillosa del famoso escultor Juan Martinez Montañés, quien, segun refiere Arana de Varflora en sus 'Hijos de Sevilla,' *salia á encontrarla por las calles cuando la sacaban en procesion, diciendo que era imposible hubiese él ejecutado cosa tan admirable.* Lleva el Señor la Cruz al hombro con la ayuda del Cirineo, que se atribuye al mismo autor, siendo, por su expresiva naturalidad, de las mejores esculturas de su clase. Cuatro ángeles estofados sobresalen en los ángulos del zócalo y en su centro escudos esmaltados de órdenes religiosas.

En otras andas salen con lujosísimos trajes, recamados de oro, la devota efigie de Nuestra Señora y la de S. Juan Evangelista bajo pálio, con varas y cornisa de plata, siendo del propio metal su moderna peana. Profusion de alhajas y de luces, en vistosos candelabros, dán mayor realce á este paso. Los nazarenos visten túnicas blancas con antifáz morado.

VIERNES DE MADRUGADA.

Jesus Nazareno, Santa Cruz en Jerusalen y María Santísima de la Concepcion.—Iglesia de S. Antonio Abad.

Esta Cofradía, primera que juró defender la Pureza de la Vírgen, se distingue por la rígida observancia de su instituto y por el piadoso recogimiento de sus nazarenos al hacer estacion á la Sta. Iglesia. Lleva dos pasos: en el primero, últimamente restaurado, sale el Señor con una cruz de carey al hombro, ofrenda del comercio de las Indias, llevando una riquísima túnica bordada de oro. Á los lados se encuentran dos ángeles mancebos muy bellos, con faroles de plata y candelabros en los ángulos.

En el segundo aparecen sobre una peana de plata la Vírgen Santísima y S. Juan Evangelista bajo pálio de terciopelo salpicado de estrellas y sostenido por varas del propio metal; luciendo multitud de reliquias, macetas y ramos tambien de plata, con profusion de bujías en candeleros. La imágen del Nazareno es antiquísima y las otras dos se ejecutaron por Cristóbal Ramos, reconociéndose en todas ellas no escaso mérito.

Nuestro Padre Jesus del Gran Poder y María Santísima del Mayor Dolor y Traspaso.—Parroquia de S. Lorenzo.

Su primer paso, ostenta la sagrada efigie del Redentor, llevando sobre sus hombros el grave peso de la Cruz en actitud de caminar hácia el

Gólgota, donde debia consumarse el divino sacrificio. Escultura del eminente artista Juan Martinez Montañés. La expresion del rostro recuerda la escuela de Murillo en la verdad pasmosa, con que traduce el alma de los santos. La peana figura un elegante canasto calado de riquísima talla, y su perfil es de tanto gusto que, á pesar de su excesivo tamaño, hace ligera y graciosa la inimitable combinacion de sus contornos. Los ángeles y relieves, que adornan el referido zócalo, son tambien de imponderable mérito.

Ocupan el segundo las imágenes de la Vírgen Santísima y del discípulo querido, obra del mismo autor, viendo con hondísima pena el tránsito de Jesus al Calvario. Todas tres efigies visten túnicas y mantos de terciopelo, espléndidamente bordados de oro; brillando en las últimas andas alhajas de inmenso valor y profusion de luces. Distínguese tambien esta Cofradía por el órden y devocion de sus hermanos.

Sentencia de Cristo y María Santísima de la Esperanza.—Parroquia de S. Gil.

El Tribunal de Pilatos, en el acto de pronunciar su sentencia, es el asunto del primer paso. Pilatos aparece sentado en el testero, bajo un dosel de madera tallada y delante los ministros en sus respectivos asientos. Enmedio se vé al Redentor con las manos ligadas y dos judios armados, que lo tienen preso. Á los lados del trono de Pilatos se encuentran dos criados, uno con palangana y otro con el jarro y la toalla para lavarse las manos. La riqueza de la peana, hábilmente construida por el tallista D. José Vicente Hernandez, honra al arte y muestra el fervoroso celo de los cofrades. Bajo pálio de plata sale en otras andas la Santísima Vírgen, engalanada con un magnífico manto y saya de terciopelo, luciendo profusos y lujosísimos bordados de oro. Las efigies principales son de Roldan. Los nazarenos llevan túnicas blancas con antifáz verde y acompañará á una numerosa escolta de milicia romana, ricamente vestida, su correspondiente música con trajes análogos. Conserva esta Cofradía la ceremonia de la humillacion, que se verifica en el campo de la Macarena al regresar á su iglesia.

POR LA TARDE.

Santísima Cruz en el Monte Calvario y Ntra. Señora de la Soledad. Iglesia de S. Buenaventura.

Presenta el único paso de esta ilustre hermandad á la Santísima Vírgen al pié de la Cruz, sintiendo en su soledad amarga la muerte de

su querido Hijo. El árbol sagrado ostenta las escaleras y el sudario con que lo descendieron los Santos Varones. La efigie luce un precioso manto de terciopelo bordado de oro, y se debe á los cinceles del distinguido artista D. Gabriel Astorga; siendo la peana de mucho gusto, con bajos relieves y atributos de la pasion en medallones.

Santísimo Cristo de la Exaltacion y Ntra. Sra. de las Lágrimas. Parroquia de Sta. Catalina.

Aparece en el primer paso el Salvador de nuestras almas, ya enclavado en la Cruz, cuya elevacion procuran cuatro verdugos, para erigirla en el hueco de una peña. Es devotísima la actitud del Señor y aflictiva la de los ladrones, los cuales manifiestan en sus semblantes el dolor que les causa el tormento y la idea de su próxima muerte. Dos ministros de justicia á caballo presencian tan angustiosa escena; atribuyéndose las esculturas á la acreditada inteligencia de Pedro Roldan La peana es nueva, embelleciéndola delicados adornos de talla dorada sobre fondo blanco y escudos de órdenes religiosas, pintados con la propiedad heráldica que distingue á las obras del profesor D. José Diaz. El segundo lleva á la Santísima Vírgen, estrenando una saya y un manto ricamente bordados de oro, sobre peana de plata y bajo pálio, que sostienen diez varas del mismo metal, adornándolo candelabros y otros objetos preciosos, con crecido número de bujías. Los nazarenos visten túnicas blancas con antifáz morado.

Santo Cristo de la Conversion del Buen Ladron y María Santísima de Monserrate.—Parroquia de Santa María Magdalena.

Esta Cofradía, notable por su ostentosa restauracion, decora con inmensa esplendidez sus pasos. El primero conduce á S. Isaias Profeta, sentado bajo una esbelta palmera de plata, en el acto de escribir la venida pasion y muerte de Cristo. El segundo representa al Señor crucificado, en el instante de ofrecer el paraiso al buen ladron en premio de su reconocimiento. Esta escultura es una de las obras mas insignes del célebre Montañés. Al pié de la Cruz figura la Magdalena en actitud de abrazarla. Las peanas forradas de terciopelo, lucen ricos ardornos dorados; coronando los ángulos ángeles y candelabros de mucho mérito. El tercero ostenta bajo pálio de plata á la Santísima Vírgen con saya de terciopelo blanco profusamente bordada de oro y suntuoso manto azul de la misma tela, guarnecido de dos anchas franjas y recamado de oro en el fondo, brillando el escudo de la Corporacion en la cola que recogen sacerdotes. Dos magnificos candelabros de plata iluminan la parte

posterior del paso, cuyas andas van cubiertas con caidas de terciopelo azul tambien bordadas de oro y plata. Estotra efigie es igualmente de Montañés, y entre la pedrería con que la adornan se vé el aderezo regalado por la Reina Doña Maria Amelia, apareciendo á sus pies multitud de reliquias, alhajas y candeleros. Una magnífica banda de música con lujosos vestidos á la romana precederá á la centuria que custodia el segundo paso, representándose la Fé y la Muger Verónica por jóvenes con preciosos trajes análogos. Los nazarenos visten túnicas blancas con antifáz azul.

Sagrada Mortaja de Nuestro Señor Jesucristo y María Santísima de la Piedad.—Parroquia de Sta. Marina.

Nuestro Padre Jesus descendido de la Cruz, la Santísima Vírgen, S. Juan, las tres Marías y los Santos Varones reunidos en el Calvario al pié de la Cruz en actitud de subir el cuerpo del Señor con el sudario, primorosamente sembrado de flores para colocarlo en el sepulcro, forman el único paso de esta Cofradía. Su zócalo figura un canasto con relieves y medallones dorados que recuerdan asuntos de la pasion y lleva seis magníficos candelabros. Las efigies son de Pedro Roldan y la de Ntra. Sra. estrena un rico manto bordado de oro. Los nazarenos irán con nuevas túnicas moradas y mantos negros de merino, rodeando las andas sacerdotes con estolas. El doloroso aspecto de aquellas sagradas imágenes en el Gólgota, produce en el ánimo una profunda melancolía y agolpa á los párpados el llanto.

Nuestra Señora de la Soledad.—Parroquia de S. Miguel.

Esta Cofradía, cuyos cultos tuvieron una ostentacion estraordinaria, redobla sus afanes para mantener su antiguo lustre. Lleva dos pasos: uno con la Cruz, separado ya el cuerpo sacrosanto del Redentor, y otro con la Santísima Vírgen, llorando en su amargo aislamiento la intensidad de su pena. Bajo pálio, sostenido por varas de plata, aparece esta sagrada efigie, vestida de terciopelo con relieves bordados de oro. Los hermanos usan túnicas blancas con antifáz negro.

El órden seguido en la presente descripcion, no limita las facultades de las jurisdicciones eclesiástica y civil para fijar definitivamente el que deban guardar las Cofradías en su estacion á la Basílica Metropolitana. Todavía es posible que tenga aumento su número, porque las hermandades no com-

prendidas en este manifiesto pueden resolver su salida antes del Mártes Santo.

Excúsase inculcar al pueblo de Sevilla el espíritu de piadoso recogimiento propio de tan solemne época, porque la cultura del vecindario es uno de los timbres que justamente lo enorgullecen, mereciendo la entera confianza de sus autoridades.

Sevilla, 20 de Marzo de 1866.

El Presidente del Excmo. Ayuntamiento,
JOAQUIN DE PERALTA.

JOSÉ ELIAS FERNANDEZ,
Secretario.

PLAZA DE TOROS DE SEVILLA.

CON PERMISO DEL EXCMO. SR. GOBERNADOR DE ESTA PROVINCIA.

DOS GRANDES CORRIDAS DE TOROS

en las tardes de los dias 18 y 19 del presente mes de Abril de 1866 (si el tiempo no las impide).—2ª. y 3ª. DE ABONO.

La plaza será presidida por la Autoridad competente.

Los DOCE TOROS que han de lidiarse pertenecen á las ganaderías siguientes:—

DIA 18. Seis de la del SR. D. JOSÉ ARIAS DE SAAVEDRA de Utrera, hoy de la propiedad del Excmo. Sr. D. Ildefonso Nuñez de Prado de Arcos de la Frontera.

DIA 19. Seis de la de la Señora Doña Josefa Fernandez VIUDA DE MIURA, de Sevilla.

ESPADAS.

FRANCISCO ARJONA GUILLEN (CUCHARES), de Madrid; ANTONIO SANCHEZ (EL TATO) y MANUEL CARMONA, ambos de Sevilla; los que matarán alternando.

Sobresaliente de espada.—Francisco Arjona Reyes, de Sevilla.

Picadores.—Manuel Ledesma (el Coriano); Francisco Calderon, de Alcalá de Guadaira; Antonio Pinto, de Utrera; Miguel Alanís, de Dos-Hermanas, Ramon Fernandez (el Esterero), de Madrid; Francisco Rodas y Juan Trigo, de Sevilla; trabajando este último en la tarde del 18 y Miguel Alanís en la del 19. Si los picadores anunciados se inutilizan no exigirá el público otros aunque queden toros por lidiar.

Banderilleros.—Matías Muñiz, Pablo Herraiz, Juan Sanchez (no Teveas) y Mariano Anton, todos de Madrid; Francisco Ortega (el Cuco), de Cádiz; José Gomez (el Gallito), y José Martin, ambos de Sevilla.

Cacheteros.—Manuel Bustamante (Pulga) y Manuel Gallango, de Sevilla.

Prevenciones de la Autoridad.—Siguen las establecidas para el órden y gobierno de la plaza. Se usará de banderillas de fuego para los toros que no tomen varas y para los que disponga la Presidencia, habiendo preparados perros de presa para los casos que la misma juzgue oportunos. No se permitirá la entrada por las puertas de las cuadras mas que ha lidiadores y operarios. Bajo ningun pretesto se tomará dinero en las puertas. Todo billete que no se encuentre signado con el sello de la Empresa, será considerado como ilegítimo. Por disposicion de la Autoridad superior queda espresamente prohibido que persona alguna solicite permiso para la ejecucion de ninguna clase de suertes durante las corridas.

Notas.—Los vendedores de frutas, dulces, gaseosas y demas, entrarán esclusivamente por la puerta del Principe con billete de sombra. Á los aguadores se les espenderán billetes al precio de 4 reales, á las 7 de la mañana de los dias de las corridas en la sala de Diputacion de la plaza de Toros, siendo la puerta de entrada para aquellos la del Principe y hora de la una de la tarde. Los despachos de billetes se situarán en la calle de Génova, Campana, Dados, Imágen y Plaza de Toros, abriéndose á las seis de la mañana de los dias de las funciones, retirándose de dichos puntos á las dos de la tarde para ocupar los de los alrededores de la plaza. Una bánda de música compuesta de los mejores profesores y bajo la direccion de D. Antonio Palatin, tocará piezas escogidas media hora antes de empezarse las corridas y en los intermedios. Los toros se encontrarán en Tablada las tardes vispera de las funciones.

Las localidades de preferencia para ambas corridas se espenderán en contaduría con el aumento de dos reales, desde las

diez de la mañana de los dias 16 y 17 hasta las tres de la tarde de cada uno de ellos, en la calle Tetuan núm. 27 y en los dias de las corridas en los despachos de calle Génova y Campana al precio de tarifa.

La plaza se abrirá á la UNA Y MEDIA, empezando las corridas á las CUATRO en punto.

TARIFA.—Delanteros de palcos altos y bajos, Rvn. 34.—Segundas de id., 20.—Barandillas de piedra, 24.—Barandillas de Diputacion y asientos de Toril, 20.—Id. de cajon, 30.—Id. de vallas, 15.—Centros de piedra, 12.—Id. de Diputacion, 10.—Sombra, 9.—Sol, 6.

LA MULETA.

REVISTA TAURINA MADRILEÑA.

TERCERA media corrida de toros, verificada hoy 15 de Abril, en la que se corrieron tres de Don Justo Hernandez, vecino de Madrid, y otros tres del Excmo. Sr. Marqués del Saltillo que lo es de Carmona.

Salió el primero de Hernandez, llamado *Pandereto*, retinto, oscuro, ojinegro, bien armado, boyante y de libras, duro al hierro y rematando. Tomó cuatro varas y un marronazo de Pinto, sufriendo dos caidas é hiriéndole el penco, y seis de Onofre, dándoles dos caidas de *padre y muy señor mio*.

El inteligente Muñíz le clavó dos pares cuarteando, y otro el Cuquito á topa-carnero con grandes aplausos; sentido el vicho al castigo, se huyó á las tablas; el Tato armado con los *trastos* lo pasó con gran trabajo por haberse hecho receloso y tapiarle la salida al diestro; y despues de ocho naturales y cuatro con la derecha, le dió muerte de una magnífica á volapié en los tres Ochavos.

De Lesaca fué el segundo, llamado *Capucha*, negro, meano, algo corni pasó y de cabeza, sintiéndose al hierro y haciéndose tardo. Tres veces le clavó la pica Onofre, dándole un marronazo y sufriendo dos caidas, con pérdida de un caballo, y dos de Pinto, con otro marronazo con su correspondiente *costalazo* y pérdida del *pitillo* que montaba.

Los Banderilleros Yust y Chesin le clavaron tres pares de palos al cuarteo.

Tocaron á muerte, y el Gordito que á manera de hacerle cuadra y

partir derecho, despues de diez pases naturales y un cambio, por puro lujo, le mandó á mejor vida de una buena, cuarteando en el embronque.

Brincó el tercero en el circo, de nombre *Comisario*, de la ganadería de Hernandez, retinto, súcio, ojó de perdiz, bien armado. Salió avanto, parándose y creciéndose al *palo*.

Cuatro veces le *pinchó* Pinto (el cerviguillo), matándole un jamelgo, otras tantas por la de Onofre, y dos del reserva (francés) muy bien puestas, agradando al público que justamente le aplaudió.

Este picador nos parece que promete, no obstante lo poco que le hemos visto trabajar.

Tocaron banderillas, y Jaqueta le colgó en lo bueno dos pares de frente y uno Villaviciosa, cuarteando.

El vicho se huyó al castigo, escupiéndose al trapo y haciéndose de sentido, y lo mató Lagartijo despues de varios pases, sin concluir de un golletazo, dándole las tablas.

—Sor Lagartijo para matar toros hay que parar los pies y arrancar corto y derecho.

Lesaqueño fué el cuarto, llamado *Ligero*, correspondiendo á su nombre, salió *arrancao*, era de pelo negro, meano, cornicorto, brabucon y blando sin rematar la lidia. El brazo *férreo* del picador Pinto, le hizo huir al castigo á la segunda vara, despues de otra de Onofre.

Tomaron los rehiletes Mariano Anton y Muñiz, clavándole dos pares por mitad, uno al cuartéo de Mariano y otro *Barvian* de Muñiz, metiéndose en la cuna.

Aun cuando este *vicho* se habia hecho receloso, tomó los *avios* el Tato y empajándole en el trapo le compuso algo la cabeza; pero arrancándole con bastante *asco*, le dió un pinchazo saliendo el *vicho* detrás. Volvió á pasarlo otras mil veces y sin tener en cuenta que el vicho le tenia ganado el terreno por no estar *igualado* lo pinchó de nuevo, saliendo arrollado y viéndose obligado á abandonar otra vez al trapo. Continuó la faena pinchándolo cuatro veces más, callendo descabellado del último (silva descomunal y toques *Chironescos*).

De nombre *Pinturero* fué el quinto, de pelo retinto, oscuro, negro y bien armado. Salió como el *aire*, tomando dos varas á la carrera de los dos picadores de tanda, y tres mas de Pinto, dos de Onofre y otras dos del Francés, á las cuales correspondió el *vicho* con gran fuerza.

Sonó el clarin y á peticion del público Lagartijo le clavó un par cuarteando en el embronque, no pudiendo hacer el vicho entrar al quiebro y otros dos mas dando el quiebro en uno de ellos con unánimes aplausos de el público que premia siempre todo lo que es bueno y vale.

Lo mató el Gordito despues de muchos pases innecesarios la mayor parte y por puro lujo, concluyendolo de dos pinchazos, una corta en direccion contraria, descabellandole al primer intento.

Salió el último de Lasaca, llamado *Merino*, negro azabache *cornicorto*, y huido.

Lo cojió Lagartijo con seis lances al *natural*.

Tomó cinco varas matando un caballo y lo banderilló el Gordito, poniéndole dos pares al quiebró uno bajo, otro delantero y medio por la izquierda en el brazuelo.

Se aomó Lagartijo de *trastos* y le hizo morder el polvo despues de varios pases de una buena hasta los *deos*.

En resúmen: los toros medianos, del propio modo los picadores: bien los banderilleros, señalándose el Cuco y Muñiz en inteligencia y bravura: los éspadas . . . silencio. La presidencia acertada: la entrada un lleno: murieron unos diez ciez caballos.

BARRABÁS Y CALDERILLA.

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